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MAR 28 1927

V H O L L Y W O O D

V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX

Published by BILLY JOY

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Volume 1, Number 1.

Thursday, February 10th, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

RAPID KULTUR

New touch for the silent drama, as reported by the publicity offices of Universal:

They put roller-skates on a country schoolhouse full of people in shooting Hoot Gibson's latest picture, etc.

Succinct allegory emanating from the same p. o. of Universal:

Paderewski would indeed have an equal, could Caesar Gravini play the baby grand as magnificently as he acts, etc.

Third choice morsel plucked from Mr. Laemmle's pronounciamen-

toes:
At an astounding price, said to be the largest ever paid for a horse, Carl Laemmle has purchased Rex, king of wild horses, from Hal Roach.

THE WILD WEST

That the woolly west is still wild and wicked is shown by this:

New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts are termed "the most tolerant states" of 1926, in a review released by the American Civil Liberties Union.

THE DEATH OF "REALISM"

Epitaph nailed on the corpse of photoplay realism by Jesse Lasky:

"The world is turning back to romance after a siege of sordidness that has been called 'realism.'"

Belle Bennett Faints After Goldwyn Row

Powers Home Put on Realty Mart

Pat Powers, producer, plans to desert Flintridge for a home nearer his studios. He has placed his Spanish estate on the market.

Reeves Eason Directs 'Hoot' Gibson's Next

"Nine Points of the Law" will be Hoot Gibson's next picture. Reeves Eason will direct.

Star and Producer In Controversy Over Pact

Belle Bennett, star of "Stella Dallas," was rushed to a sanitarium last week, on the verge of a nervous breakdown as a result of a scene "not in the script," staged in the private office of Samuel Goldwyn, her producer, it was exclusively revealed to Hollywood Vagabond as its first issue went to press.

Chafing under financial restrictions of a contract which she has repeatedly attempted to have rectified, Miss Bennett called on Goldwyn to insist on "a showdown," according to Fred Windemere, the director, Miss Bennett's husband, who was an eyewitness to the scene.

"Mr. Goldwyn refused point blank even to discommode himself for a moment to look at Miss Bennett's side of the matter and started to bellow and roar," Windemere told the Vagabond informant. "He completely upset my wife, who heretofore has been treated on every hand with respect—respect both as a woman and an artist—and in a moment of forgetfulness she addressed to Mr. Goldwyn a remark which I consider to be couched in his own language, and therefore quite intelligible to him. Miss Bennett is very contritionate—not for the

(Continued on Page 3)

VALENTINO UTOPIA PLAN MAY BE AIRED IN COURT

Shortly before his departure for New York on the trip that ended in his death, Valentino and Ullman are said to have signed an agreement with the Beverly Ridge company for the purchase of 110 acres of hills, stretching from Falcon's Lair, the Valentino home, to the Chaplin and Pickford-Fairbanks estates.

The property was to be cut up into homesites of five and ten acres each, and sold to members of the film colony. Pola Negri was among those who had agreed to build on the land, according to report.

It was the plan of Valentino to erect a high stone wall, enclosing the entire tract, with gatekeepers' lodges at the three entrances. Behind these walls, the residents of Valentinetown were to live shielded from the gaze of curious tourists.

The property was valued at approximately a million dollars, the Hanson Finance company holding a mortgage for \$700,000. Valentino and Ullman, when they signed the contract calling for the payment of \$140,000 within sixty days, also issued a note for \$20,000, payable in thirty days.

The note fell due as the actor lay on his deathbed. Then the contract expired, Ullman failing to make good the \$140,000. As a result of this, the Hanson Finance company foreclosed on the property, throwing the Beverly Ridge company into bankruptcy, according to Attorney Andrews.

Beyer, as receiver, has made several demands on Ullman for the amount of the note and the contract. On the advice of Attorney Gilbert, these have been ignored, resulting in the notice by Andrews of court action.

"Notoriety, Publicity & Prestige"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Brown Fulfills Two-Year Prophecy As "Flesh and The Devil" Triumphs

Mark these words . . . within two years Clarence Brown will be the biggest director in the business, bar none . . . Fred W. Fox, Film Mercury, March 6th, 1925.

The Clarence Brown that tomorrow will carry to the heights of motion picture glory has been an industrious and serious apprentice.

The strides he has made in his profession are not only an indication of public recognition of one who knows his business but the crystallization of a faith and a will-to-do that has seen many dark days before the light came.

It is hard to develop enthusiasm about people in this business of up-today and down-tomorrow. Sometimes their mettle does not meet the test. We believe in Clarence Brown. You will, too. . . . Fred W. Fox, Motion Picture Director, February, 1926.

Rising from the quasi-obscure of an assistant director some years ago, Brown startled the motion picture industry with a masterful production of "The Great Redeemer." He next drew attention to himself with his direction of "The Acquittal," where he proved himself a stickler for technical detail and the utilization of camera trickery far different from the dogmatic tendencies of the times. However, it was "The Signal Tower," his noteworthy railroad melodrama for Universal, that brought Brown from the vast entity of the practically unknown to the point where he was an entity with a name and motif at the box office. When "The Goose Woman" had run its course it was obvious that Clarence Brown was one to reckon with in the compendium of directorial masters, native or foreign.

Overnight, it seemed, Brown had stepped from his Universal apprenticeship to the megaphone on the picture that was destined to bring back Rudolph Valentino to the screen. "The Eagle" was radically different from anything the memorable Latin had ever attempted before, and in each scene the new ideas of Clarence Brown were evident. His production of "Kiki," which followed immediately thereafter was one of the most successful Norma Talmadge pictures ever made. It enjoyed a two-weeks' run at the Capitol theater, New York (box-office criterion of the motion picture); clicking off \$74,211 the first week and hitting a mark of \$50,174 the second week.

Now, right upon the heels of this sensational run comes the record-breaking run of Brown's "Flesh and the Devil" at the same house. Since the day the Capitol Theater first opened its doors seven years ago no picture has ever played more than two weeks. This record was shattered when "Flesh and the Devil" ran into three weeks with a record of \$71,446 the

first week \$61,059 the second week; and \$54,550 the third week. Then to the utter amazement of the entire film world, "Flesh and the Devil" was held over for a fourth week and immediately Clarence Brown had become one of the first directors of the films and "Flesh and the Devil" one of the most noteworthy box-office bonanzas of years.

With the box-office, as the commercial indicator of a director's worth in the motion picture field, gloriously satisfied, and with Brown's acknowledged mastery of artistic photodrama, his position as one of the top-notchers in the cinema is absolutely cemented.

With further runs of "Flesh and the Devil" beginning in other metropolitan centers of the country, all of which are expected to be as sensational as the New York opening, it is believed that "Flesh and the Devil" will run one of the highest quick grosses ever made by any film in the history of the industry.

In the meantime Brown is making preparations to top this record with an even more spectacular production of Robert W. Service's "The Trail of '98," which will be filmed in Colorado. Report has it that it will be made on the same magnitude as "The Covered Wagon," "Old Ironsides," and other big pictures. Brown will, as usual, be assisted by Charles Dorian, who has shared in all of his successes since the first days of Brown's directorship.

Neilan, Sweet Wait New Beverly Manse

Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet have relinquished their lease on the home of Julian Eltinge in Edendale and taken up their residence at the Ambassador, awaiting completion of the new Beverly residence they recently acquired.

What's Happened to "The American?"

At a luncheon tendered the editors and representatives of the Los Angeles daily press and various motion picture trade journals at the Hollywood Athletic Club a few weeks ago, J. Stuart Blackton, then preparing to start on his first natural-vision production, "The American," solemnly announced that this picture would have its premiere as the opening feature of the magnificent new Roxy Theater in New York.

In view of this declaration added interest is given to the statement made in last Sunday's *Los Angeles Times* to the effect S. L. Rothapfel, sponsor of the New York theater, had announced Gloria Swanson's first production for United Artists, "The Loves of Sunya," as the first picture to play the Roxy.

We make bold to inquire of the Messrs. Blackton and Rothapfel as to the identity of the picture that will inaugurate the new playhouse. Will it be "The American" or "The Loves of Sunya"?

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Two Companies in Alaska Film Race

Universal and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are pitted against each other in a race to bring a big picture of Alaska to the screen.

Almost simultaneously comes the news that Clarence Brown, who is to make Robert Service's "The Trail of '98" for the M.G.-M. forces, has started under way and that Ernst Laemmle is whipping the scenario for his production of "The Yukon Trail," by William McLeod Raine, into shape.

It is understood that Brown will film his exteriors in Colorado, while Laemmle will journey to northern Canada.

Actor Opens High Class Tailor Shop

Larry Wheat, former stage comedian, who has furnished the comedy in most of Tom Meighan's pictures for the last few years, has deserted the screen for business, having opened a fashionable tailoring establishment on Wilshire boulevard.

Mary, Doug Add to "Pickfair" Home

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who have offered their home, "Pickfair," to President Coolidge as a summer White House, are erecting an addition to the structure, which they will continue to occupy until their ranch home near San Diego is completed.

Leni, Veidt To Film 'Chinese Parrot'

Paul Leni's next directorial effort at Universal will be the screen version of Earl Derr Bigger's novel, "The Chinese Parrot." Leni, proclaimed a master of fantastic settings, has recently completed "The Cat and the Canary."

BENNETT, GOLDWYN ROW

(Continued from Page 1)

sentiment expressed, but because of her breach in resorting to the idiom of her employer."

Monday Miss Bennett left the sanitarium to start work at the Paramount studio opposite Emil Jannings in the German screen actor's first American made film, "The Man Who Forgot God," re-

Song of the Vagabond

By Don Blanding

West of the sunset stands my house
There—and east of the dawn;
North to the Arctic runs my yard;
South to the Pole, my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships
To the ends of the earth—beyond;
Drifter's gold is for me to spend
For I am a vagabond.

Fabulous cities are mine to loot;
Queens of the earth to wed;
Fruits of the world are mine to eat;
The couch of a king, my bed;
All that I see is mine to keep;
Foolish, the fancy seems—
But I am rich, with the wealth of Sight,
The coin of the realm of dreams.

... from "Leaves from a Grass House."

turning again at night to the sanitarium, a procedure she is following every day. Long rests between scenes are giving Miss Bennett an opportunity to regain her strength.

"Miss Bennett has no choice in the matter, even if she had to drag herself on the set for every scene," Windemere explained. "Mr. Goldwyn, by the terms of the five-year contract which binds Miss Bennett to him in as abject economic slavery as ever there was physical slavery, can lay off Miss Bennett twenty-two weeks of the year—which sounds less, but is just exactly half a year minus two weeks—without pay and without the privilege of procuring work on her own initiative. A man who would demand a grief-numbed woman sign a contract on his own terms forty-five minutes before her dying son was operated upon and insist on sending her off on location the night of the day of her boy's funeral, as Mr. Goldwyn demanded of Miss Bennett, is incapable of a sympathetic understanding of Miss Bennett's rights and prerogatives as an artist and a woman."

Rumor has it that Goldwyn is receiving \$5000 per week for Miss Bennett's services, while Miss Bennett's salary by her contract is limited to \$1000.

"She received that much in dramatic stock years ago," Windemere declared. "Actually, with Mr. Goldwyn exercising the twenty-two weeks' layoff clause, her salary is cut almost in half, giving her a weekly income of approximately \$500 for the year.

"We are not opposed to Mr.

Several weeks ago Miss Bennett, through her attorney, Charles B. Hazelhurst, appealed to Will Hays, president of the Producers' and Distributors' association, for an adjustment of the contract.

"But," stated Windemere, "Mr. Hays contented himself with reporting that Mr. Goldwyn had declared himself as satisfied with the contract and would not agree to any revision. Therefore, it's up to Miss Bennett to do her chores, like any good bricklayer—even though picture, vaudeville and legitimate stage offers come to her consistently every season, doubling, trebling, quadrupling the salary she is being paid by Mr. Goldwyn."

Windemere stated that Goldwyn has not risked a cent on a production with Miss Bennett since "Stella Dallas," which won him a United Artists release, preferring to use the great reputation she has achieved in that picture as a ballyhoo to "farm her out" to any producing concern able to pay the price—which, Windemere adds, never has been less than two and a half times as much as Goldwyn paid her.

"And yet," adds Windemere, "artists' agents are limited to ten per cent—and must have a license."

Melbourne Spurr

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The Quality Filmpaper

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NOTORIETY, PUBLICITY & PRESTIGE

The boresome bromides and altogether puerile jargon of the flimflam press agent has assailed the motion picture industry now for many years. We are face to face with the painful

realization that our publicity chiefs can attain only one of two ends . . . they can create prestige, or, they can invite notoriety.

Times without number these cicerones of free advertising have been reprimanded, with gentility and good humor, by editors and newspaper executives everywhere. However, they have elected to persistently follow their ruthless course and it is upon their shoulders that the majority of the industry's newspaper woes can be laid today.

Obsessed, it appears, with an inescapable yearning to inject touches of sensationalism in their writings, these so-termed "publicists," who clamber all over Hollywood in their heterogeneous array, have brought upon our heads the wrath of the editorial gods. We have no quarrel with the true press agents of the various studios. While their facile juggling of myriad adjectives and construction of highly impossible events are at times irksome to the seeker for fact and truth, yet their pastime is merely harmless play when compared to the wild and even vicious pronouncements of the unfettered press agents.

Basically, motion picture publicity is not even remotely connected with circus press-agentry, despite all of the arguments to the contrary. The photoplay is presented in so many thousands of theaters regularly that it is not necessary for the "public relations counsel" to arouse the sensibilities and risibilities of the public.

Every producer, every director, every actor or actress, in fact, anybody in motion pictures who hires a press agent does so, consciously or unconsciously, with the idea of creating prestige and commercial value in the industry and in the public eye. Very rare indeed is the film person who solicits the acrobatic laudations and editorial silliness as dished up by the stupid and short-sighted publicity man. Consoling themselves with the thought that they possibly do not know the "inside" of the publicity game they happily accept the trite fare offered by these gents. But those who have had notoriety poured upon their heads are much the wiser.

It behooves every individual who has the industry's interests at heart and who is sincere about self-advancement to give this publicity problem serious thought.

Negro Photoplay

When an announcement was made, not very long ago, that Cecil B. De Mille intended to make a photoplay with a cast composed entirely of negroes, the industry was stirred by what promised to be a real innovation.

The negro has always been represented in the movies by comedy washerwomen; butlers whose hair stood on end and visages momentarily whitened at the approach of a Soft-Footed Something attired in a white sheet or that good old standby, the way-down-south plantation mammy who tossed griddle cakes before the Big City Man Who Went Back Home for a Visit. Never, however, have the negro people had the opportunity to reveal the wealth of romance that assuredly must be theirs.

The work of James Lowe in the title role of Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, according to inside report, is of remarkable texture, again arouses the moot question of the negro and the silent drama.

Once upon a time somebody suggested that a picture be made dealing with the negro in slavery in the pre-Confederate era. This suggestion, in turn, brings up the question of the negro photoplay south of the Mason-Dixon line. As a great deal of the revenue of American motion pictures is taken from such cities as New Orleans, Birmingham, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville and other southern metropolitan centers, it is obvious that the producer of such a picture would face an unpleasant and undoubtedly unprofitable venture where the South is concerned.

Critics claim that while the male negro is gifted with pantomimic ability, the negress is utterly devoid of any acting ability. Judging from this a first-rate photodrama with negroes would be principally a masculine enterprise. Just what a group of negro men could accomplish in a picture is a puzzle.

Reports that a prominent producer was considering a film version of O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" again gives impetus to this question. Tempered, as it must be, with racial prejudice, the success of such an undertaking would certainly be very much in the dark. Yet it is a sorry thing that such an effort should be beset with so many limitations and obviously fraught with so many difficulties.

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THE ARGOSY OF A
BLONDE GIRL

The self-satisfied fat man in the big chair blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. I knew he was mobilizing words for a question; he stared at me rather malevolently. The four others in the room shifted on their perches and expectantly awaited the inevitable argument.

"What makes you think Marion Davies is an actress?" he rumbled.

"My common sense," was my sarcastic retort.

"Don't you agree with me that she is over-publicized?" he cracked, with a jaunty movement of his head.

"Yes, I do but at the same time, what has that to do with her ability? Did you see 'Lights of Old Broadway,' or, say, 'Little Old New York'?" Most people thought it was a lot of box-office flim-flam; but, to me, there were a few fleet moments in those pictures where Marion showed ability that verges near to genius. Furthermore, I don't think she puts much stock in the gobs of publicity, the giant settings, the rich-worded talk of newspaper minions."

"Have you ever met Marion Davies?" he asked, with a triumphant leer.

"Never met her; only saw her twice in my life," was my hasty answer, "what makes you so positive Marion is, as you claim 'over-advertised'?" Just because you read a lot of sentimental hokey in the papers and have probably seen her in a couple colossal films where she is practically smothered in sets and mobs?"

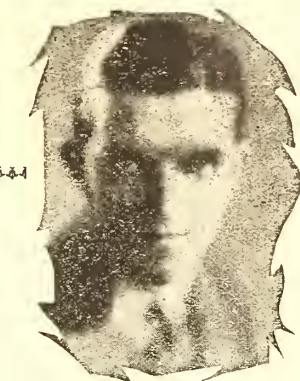
"Well," he started, rather hesitantly, "I have never seen Marion Davies do such work as a John Gilbert in a 'Big Parade' or a Belle Bennett in a 'Stella Dallas' or, say, a Dick Barthelmess in a 'Tol'able David' or a Jannings in 'Variety.' God, you know what I mean; something that reaches the heart, not a lot of architecture and a cut-

back of Attila devastating Europe. If Marion Davies is as good as you say she is, why doesn't she do something that is impressive in sheer simplicity? Do they have to prop up her pictures with silks and satins and a half-million dollars worth of background to get her over? Answer me that!"

"Well, that is one of the mysteries of the motion picture business. The people that make Marion Davies' pictures evidently know what they're doing, because if they weren't successful they'd soon change their tactics. I agree with you, though; I, too, would like to see Marion make a picture that would be a triumph for her own individual self; an achievement, not by circumstance of her surroundings, but by the sheer artistry of her own work; a picture where one could forget the vastness and the elegance of the picture and be arrested by the acting of the girl herself."

The conversation ran to other things. There was a dense, blue haze about the face of the rhyolite philosopher. He was lost in a reverie. I knew now that here was not a slave to public arrogance. This man was a dreamer. Underneath all of his braggadocio, his swank, and his vitriolic argument, I knew that he, too, had as much faith in the ability of Marion Davies as I had myself. He, too, had often wondered why this blonde girl had not stepped out and shown the world what she could really accomplish. He puffed furiously at the shortening cigarette. The others talked on in a monotone. Suddenly the fat man stirred and looked my way. A smile hovered over his face. He got up and walked over to my chair.

"Say," he said, "why doesn't somebody write the things about Marion that we have said here. I think she'd be glad to hear about



our conversation; I think maybe there are many other people who would like to tell her the same things, but lack opportunity, or, even the courage. She is a girl with an open mind; I think she would welcome the criticism of friends as much as, I am sure, she resents patronage. Why don't you put these things down on paper some day, eh? Why not?"

"Yes, I will . . . some day," was my half-absent reply. "Some day I will write about this. I think Marion will be interested. . ."

With that the fat man passed out of the room, with a trail of blue smoke stretching like a ribbon behind him.

* * * *

THE fugitive enthusiasm of that conversation has returned to me many times since that night. To me there was nothing unctuous or garrulous about the things we discussed. Perhaps we were stirred by the ever-human spirit of resenting unjust criticism.

To us, for some unknown reason, Marion Davies was a blonde girl on an argosy. She was trying to evade, to surmount, the artificialities of motion pictures; the idea that one of her pictures must be so big and so grand to do her justice.

We wanted her to do something great, something fine, something that would make critics and audiences go into raptures over her work and not into tantalizing tributes over some eighty-five foot doorway or voluptuous drapery.

We wanted her to do these things because we would then have the joy of saying to the world, "We told you so! Marion Davies is an actress." We wanted her to make a "Stella Dallas," a "Big Parade," a "Marriage Clause," a

(Continued on Page 6)

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'Window Panes' in New York Showing

"Window Panes," a stage play by Olga Printzlau, noted scenario writer, will open for a one-week run in Brooklyn next Monday night, prior to its showing at a Broadway theater in New York. Miss Printzlau is now in the east to be present at the showing.

An interesting history surrounds this play. Ten years ago it was written in scenario form and submitted to various film producers. It was consistently rejected. When it had been rewritten as a stage play, the second act was presented at the Mummers' Workshop here in 192, with Conrad Nagel, Claire McDowell, Clarence Burton and Frankie Lee.

Other stage vehicles written by Olga Printzlau include "Manna," from which the American Legion receives fifty per cent of the receipts by stipulation of the author; "The Jay Walker," and "The Sting," which has just been sold to A. H. Woods and Martin Beck.

"Camille," the Norma Talmadge film, is the latest script to be written by Miss Printzlau.

During 1927, fifty million feet of raw film will be consumed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, according to an estimate made by officials of that plant.

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article by

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vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

"Flesh and the Devil." We still want her to do this. We hope that "Tillie the Toiler" is a great picture; we have heard that it is. If it is not, then we want Marion to try again. We believe in her.

We believe in Marion Davies where our traditional faith in the Mary Pickfords, the Norma Talmadges and the Lillian Gishes has ceased.

Why? We will tell you why . . . because Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and those others have already shown us what they can do. Genius loses its lustre when it becomes too accessible. We have never seen what Marion can really do, by virtue of her own innate acting ability.

To the rank and file of motion picture people this may sound like an arpeggio of inverted critical judgment. Yet we are challenging you who claim that Marion Davies is not an actress.

It is the orthodox and thoroughly silly viewpoint of so many self-opinionated critics of the silent drama that bars this girl's name in the compendiums of the screen's really fine actresses.

As for the toxic welter of the publicity *cheka* and the newspaper harpies who are running amuck with their stupid laudations, this will never swing public opinion to Marion Davies, the actress. It is up to the girl, herself, to prove her own ability through roles and vehicles that give her full sway and do her true justice.

As for the trite apothegms of the critical brotherhood, mature or senile, they can never do Marion Davies any harm. Some day they will be treated to the ignominy of washing their scorn in the ink of their own praise.

That is, if they are candid enough to admit their mistakes.

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BELLE BENNETT

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Publicity
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FRED WINDERMERE
Director
Gladstone 8624

A. McARTHUR
Associate Producer
Monty Banks

F. RICHARD JONES
Director General
Roach Studios

"SUICIDE"

"Ridiculous!"

"Perfectly absurd!"

"Nobody will ever pay 20c for that!"

"Keep your bankroll!"

Those, dear readers, are just a few of the choice, happy, brightly optimistic orations that have been poured in my eager ears since the day the first plans for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND were outlined. The quotations are not a monologue; and, really, I never knew that the great god, Gloomy Gus, had so many sycophants in this town.

It was significant to me that the people who poured the gloom in stentorian tones down my blushing ears were folk who have, for some reason, not made their mark in their chosen fields. Every one of those who had an encouraging remark to make were people of consequence and position. From this one can draw an object lesson of rare value . . . that the spirit of optimism is too scant in Hollywood and that the pessimistic outlook is the contributing factor to the majority of our failures. The man with the will to do can overcome all obstacles and accomplish things. To him there is no such thing as failure. To the man with the pessimistic outlook there is certainly no future, because he hasn't the energetic force to visualize and create a future for himself.

It shall be one of the ambitions of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to destroy this evil influence of pessimism; to wage a relentless and unceasing battle upon the spirit of "it can't be done." To the exponents of "tough sledding" and "sure suicide" we can only say . . . you set your own limitations; don't be governed by dogmas, for dogma is a dead thing in this day and age.

If we had listened to the pessimists, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND probably would never have been (which might be just as well, after all, according to some). However, we take stock in optimism; because it radiates from success and successful people. Those are the type of people we like. About the rest we don't particularly care.

BILLY JOY, Publisher.

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A Home, But Different—

Standing out on a Beverly Hills street lined with arthritic and costly residences, is a ten-room house of English design. The first floor contains a large drawing room with fireplace, dining and breakfast rooms, sun parlor, kitchen and servants' quarters.

From an entrance hall a beautiful stairway leads to four master bedrooms, each with large closets, two tile baths, two cedar closets with cedar drawers for furs and bedding, and a large sleeping porch.

Into the construction of this home has gone the best materials the market affords. It was erected by true artisans. Lighting fixtures and hardware throughout are original and unique. The house is located at 607 Hillcrest road and is open for inspection from 11:30 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily. Take an architect or engineer with you. Have him thoroughly inspect the building, then ask the price. It will surprise you.

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Where the Arts and Sciences Will Gather

HOLLYWOOD is now assured of its own Lambs Club! Organized under the laws of the state, the California Lambs Club, Incorporated, of Hollywood, dedicated to the purpose of providing an exclusive rendezvous for representatives of the cultural, professional and business life of Southern California, is to have a beautiful home at Franklin and Whitley avenues, in the heart of the film capital.

THE land has been purchased, the contract for the erection of the building has been awarded to Meyer & Holler, of Los Angeles, architects and engineers of recognized standing, and designers of theaters and club buildings.

FINANCIAL requirements are so far projected as to make it unnecessary for the board of governors to extend the privileges of the Lambs Club to any but those it most desires as members.

IT IS with pardonable pride that the executives of this institution announce that the limited membership will comprise a roster of names equivalent to a Blue Book of those prominent in the world of fine arts, the sciences and business.

WE trust that our efforts will add one more brilliant jewel to the lovely diadem of social activity that Southern California wears so becomingly.

The California Lambs Club OF HOLLYWOOD

E. J. Post Company, Fiscal Agents
406 Taft Building, Hollywood
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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 2.

Thursday, February 17th, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

BATTLES AND LAFFS

Sudden prophecy attributed to Ben Schulberg of the Lasky studios:

"Filmdom has entered the upward curve of two great cycles as far apart as the poles... spectacular war drama and high grade comedy.

"The motion picture public wants three things in its screen farce," said Schulberg, "thrills, romance and laughter."

THE WAR IS OVER

Martial censorship in Europe as revealed in a news item in the Film Daily:

Coblentz, Germany—Showing of "The Cruiser Emden," a picture relating the exploits of the famous sea rover, has been prohibited by an order issued by the Interallied Rhineland Commission governing the occupied area.

MOVIES vs. THE PRESS

Far cry from the heyday of the nickelodeon, as shown in another Film Daily item:

Ottawa — "The Journal" has placed a ban on the word "movie" in its news and advertising columns. "Motion picture" or "screen production" will be used.

THESE RICH WORDS!

Diaphonic anomaly from the poignant-penned Mr. George Landy, entrepreneur of publicity for First National:

An elevated train rumbling overhead, the steel-ribbed trestle tremb-

(Continued on Page 2)

'Dick' Jones Quits Hal Roach Studio



F. RICHARD JONES

*Youthful Producer is
Flooded with Offers*

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All Rights Reserved.)

F. Richard Jones, vice-president and general manager of the Hal Roach studios, has resigned his position, it was learned late yesterday afternoon by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

Jones, who is only 33 years of age, is regarded as one of the most brilliant of the industry's younger executives and has a long list of achievements to his credit. The offers which he will now be able to consider will, no doubt, be accompanied by enormous financial considerations and assurance of high executive berths. There is as yet a strong likelihood that Jones may return to the Roach fold, but, it is believed, only under greatly enhanced conditions.

Starting with the Atlas Film Company of St. Louis in 1910 when he was seventeen years of age, Jones' initial salary was the giant sum of \$4 per week. By dint of hard work and inborn ability, he soon climbed ahead in the then extremely infant industry. After laboring for over one and a

(Continued on Page 7)

“New Blood in Motion Pictures”

—TURN TO PAGE THREE

Rumor Pathe Exchange to Invade Feature Realm; May Drop 'Shorts'

Is Pathe Exchange, one of the pioneer companies in the motion picture industry and also one of the wealthiest corporations in the business, about to abandon the particular phase of the business that has brought it to affluence?

Such, at any rate, is the rumor emanating from a reliable source that declares that Pathe, on the eve of its merger with Producers Distributing Corporation, is to quit the short subject field and go in for the bigger features entirely.

With Hal Roach, heretofore one of the bulwarks of the Pathe program, rumored about to join Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and with Mack Eennett, also one of the ace cards for this distributor, reported about to go over to Paramount, it is the general consensus of opinion among those who are keeping in touch with developments that Elmer Pearson will divert all of the resources, finances and energies of the Pathe company toward the production of big pictures.

Monty Banks, who has been making feature-length comedies for Pathe, is being eagerly watched by all of the first-line companies in the business. Under the leadership of Producer Arthur McArthur, this comedian has rapidly forged ahead to the place where he will soon have to be reckoned with Chaplin, Lloyd and Langdon and other big box-office drawing cards in the films. It is not known whether or not Banks will remain with Pathe, but it is understood that conferences will be held between Banks and Pearson upon the arrival here of the Pathe chief.

With the report coming out of New York that D. W. Griffith will join the Pathe-Producer Distributing combine, it is more than likely that Griffith will make an imposing list of feature films. There is a strong friendship between Griffith and Pearson and it is more than likely that this arrangement will be among the most amicable yet enjoyed by Griffith.

With one of the most powerful world-wide distributing organizations in existence, and the financial backing of big Wall Street banking houses, Pathe could step out and give the present feature producers serious competition.

Bryan Foy has been signed to write scenarios and think up comedy gags for Warner Bros. He has been with Buster Keaton, Syd Chaplin and others.

Basil Smith Named "Roxy" Stage Czar

Basil Smith, for many years connected with New York stage productions, recently with "Sunny" and Hazzard Short's "Ritz Revue," has been named stage manager of the new Roxy Theater in New York.

Max H. Manne has been appointed production manager, and Leo Staats, ballet master, will have Leon Leonidoff as his assistant. Manne was formerly with the orchestras in the Rivoli and Rialto Theaters in New York.

Can Lynn Reynolds Handle "Show Boat?"

Lynn Reynolds, youthful director, who has yet to make his mark among the masters of the craft, has been chosen to make "Show Boat," Edna Ferber's story of the Mississippi, for Universal.

It was only a few weeks ago, at the most, that Universal advertised in the trade papers for "2 Big Directors for 2 Big Jobs," the "2 Big Jobs" being the Ferber story and Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs." Everybody was on the qui vive to hear of a Griffith, a De Mille, or an Ingram who had been selected to these two important films. As a matter of fact, it was several times rumored that Griffith would join Universal to make "Show Boat."

Disappointment ran rampant among the wisecracks when Reynolds was named as the megaphonist for the Ferber novel. In the course of Reynolds' year affiliations with Universal he has been allotted only the general run of program pictures; mostly westerns.

It remains to be seen now whether Lynn Reynolds has the ability to lift himself to the forefront of the business. It is our prediction that he will be able to cope most effectively with the task that now confronts him.

"Don't Go 'Way, Folks!"

"Don't Go 'Way, Folks!"

What person in this fair land, who can boast of as much as a one-lung radio, has not heard that cheery hail from that static-squashing bon vivant and etheric prince of good fellows, Charlie Wellman?

The other night, Charlie, tripping gaily on the merry waves of K-M-I-C, Inglewood, told the world about HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND in no uncertain tones. "Don't Go 'Way, Folks!"

What we really want to know, though, is what Charlie Wellman, a one-o'clock guy, is doing in a nine-o'clock town. But, then, Charlie is the boy to make a one-o'clock city out of a nine-o'clock town. Wise, wise Inglewood!

We extend our sympathies to the Messrs. Warners' K-F-W-B, because it ain't what it used to be. Not since Charlie left the old home town.

"D-o-n't G-o 'W-a-y, F-o-l-k-s! ! ! !"

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

ling from the vibration. Smoke issuing from five thousand cigarettes; a blatant mob jostling into the Eastside Arena pre-Volsteadian saloons pouring out animated throngs . . . Out there under the California sky, hemmed in by the mountains of San Fernando Valley, this amazing phase of New York life was reproduced . . . Newsstands on the corners, signs shouting their wares and covered with the dust and muck of the East Side, the "L" pouring its load down the long staircases, the clanging of street cars and the shrill whistle of traffic cops . . . etc., etc., etc.

With elevateds rumbling, trestles trembling, smoke issuing, mobs jostling, saloons pouring, signs shouting, street cars clanging, cops whistling, dust and muck and whatnot all doing their stuff in one publicity yarn, what more could an editor expect for nothing?

Certainly, Mr. Landy has earned the right to a place in the Hall of Adjectives and Flowery Phrases.

PLEA FOR LARNIN'

Vindication for incessant

galloping tintypes of horse races, Prince of Wales, channel swimmers, Coolidge and beauty parades as set forth by Mr. Maurice Kann of the Film Daily:

The news reel . . . is now recognized as one of the great enlightening forces of the world.

* * *

OFFICIAL OPTIMISM

War against pessimism as inaugurated by Famous Players-Lasky in statement leveled at editors:

"One of the most dramatic, heart-breaking scenes in the history of motion pictures." This was the tribute paid by studio officials to Richard Arlen, one of featured leading men of "Wings," etc.

* * *

THE COMIC PROPHET

Proof that the old adage that "a prophet is without honor in his own country" is replete with veracity:

Pasadena, Calif.—Charles Chaplin pictures have been barred from exhibition here by the Municipal Board of Review.

Miami Beach, Fla.—In an effort to counteract what is termed the "silly attitude" which women's clubs have taken towards Charles Chaplin, the Miami Beach Woman's Club has petitioned local exhibitors to show all pictures that feature the comedian.

New Blood in Motion Pictures

The past few months have brought forth more new talent in motion pictures than in a corresponding period in many years.

Mingled with a score or more new faces are many who have been in pictures for some time but have only recently displayed their real abilities, either by virtue of real opportunities or because of a radical change in their roles.

James Hall, one time musical comedy actor in New York, is regarded as one of Paramount's budding stars. His most noteworthy work to date was opposite Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial."

Don Alvarado, whilom understudy for the late Rudolph Valentino, and later under contract to Warner Bros., has his biggest chance to date as leading man with Dolores Del Rio in Fox's "Carmen."

Madge Bellamy, erstwhile Thomas Ince player, has suddenly come forth as the flapper de luxe of the films. In the writer's estimation Madge has earned a place above Clara Bow by virtue of her work in "Sandy," and "Summer Bachelors." It is our prediction that this young lady will be one of the biggest favorites of the films within a year's time.

Richard Arlen and Raymond Keane, who will be seen in aeronautical adventures, the former for Paramount and the latter for Universal, are also creating interest. Arlen's progress has been slow but sure, while Keane has suffered several disappointments which should be amply compensated for in his latest effort.

Vera Reynolds of the De Mille fold has steadily progressed but, as yet, has not created any sensation. With the proper vehicles she should become a consistent box-office draw.

Danny O'Shea, appearing in Mack Sennett comedies, also looms as a bet. O'Shea bears a remarkable resemblance to Ralph Graves, one-time Sennett two-reeler, but is gifted with greater comedy powers. This boy has every attribute of a potential comedy favorite.

The same is also true of the wide-eyed and comic-visaged Eddie Quillan. This kid is William Sylvanus Baxter, Harold Teen and all of them in one. He is a born mimic.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's trump card is Greta Garbo, who, from the beginning, was a sensation. Her asbestos-destroying scenes with Jack Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil" are the talk of the town.

alias Molly O'Day, alias Kitty Kelly. Molly, as she's now named, is playing opposite Dick Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid" at First National. Critics would like to know if she's as talented as her famous sister.

Alice White, who used to be script girl for Josef von

with her remains to be seen but she certainly has the ability.

The rise of Gardner James from obscurity to a starring contract with Inspiration Pictures within the space of barely more than a year, is one of the sensations of today's film achievements. By the sheer splendor of his work in Blackton's "Hell Bent for Heaven," James thoroughly demonstrated his right to stellar prominence. His work with Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman" certainly didn't add any luster to Dick's record. Gardner is another who is a born actor.

In these pages, from week to week, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND hopes to tell of other people in the industry who are proving their right to recognition. We are happy to record the activities of the established favorites of the business, but we are essentially interested in what the up-and-coming folks are doing. New blood means a greater industry and a fresher perspective for everybody.

Why Did They Miss Rosita?

Producers who are looking for new talent for pictures have a sure bet in Rosita, the remarkable Spanish dancer who recently appeared at the Orpheum here.

This young lady is endowed with an almost perfect figure, a startlingly beautiful face and an impressive personality. If given a chance in pictures she would wreak havoc in the ranks of many of today's favorites.

Another Greta who is not in the back row by any means is the deluctable Miss Nissen, who can make any man stumble over a theater seat. Her work with Adolphe Menjou in "Blonde or Brunette" created a hundred new platoons of gentlemen in Hollywood alone, it is reported.

Two of the so-far meagerly heralded "finds" of recent months are Caryl Lincoln, of Christie comedies, who has taken a fling at features via the Fox studios, and Dorothy Gulliver, the dazzling blonde opposite George Lewis in Universal's "The Collegians." Caryl will make young ladies of the Anne Cornwall and Edith Roberts type do some stepping, if we don't miss our guess, while Miss Gulliver ought to create a lot more gentlemen within a brief time.

Speaking of "The Collegians," by the way, there are the Messrs. George Lewis and Churchill Ross. Lewis, the star, seems a much better bet than F. B. O.'s George O'Hara in his heyday. Ross, who will star in comedies for the Laemmle company, is a radically different type of comedian, and if he is handled right should prove very popular.

Reed Howes, the Arrow Collar boy who likes to do fancy flipflops from dangerous places and grasp the gal in his lunch hooks at the last minute, is a born melodramactor and a reason for the girls to send in photograph two-bits. If Howes was given a chance opposite a major star such as a Davies, a Talmadge or a Swanson, he would soon make his mark in the big-time pictures.

Interst at this time also centers around Sally O'Neill's sister, Sue,

Sternberg, had a brief contractual stay at First National as a stock actress. The report is that she has been let out, and if such is the case it will give First National officials something to cry about in, say, a year's time.

Another very promising young lady is Helen Foster, who has played leads in Educational comedies. Just what is going to be done

The Ultimate for Epicures

WHEN Shadowland thinks of Candies, pastries or food, the name Paulais flashes across the mental screen.

Have you tried our delicious new candies? Ask the saleslady for a Paulais Pack!

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

"The QUALITY Filmpaper"

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
BOB MOAK, Associate Editor
A. J. GASCHEN, Business Manager

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MEMORY

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.—Longfellow.

Joseph M. Schenck, film Croesus and manipulator of millions, pauses in the midst of his labors to voice enthusiasm for the proposed memorial abbey to be built in Hollywood where the earthly remains of the motion picture's glorious dead will rest and where their memories will be sanctified.

"Future generations will look back to the present period as one of the most important of all eras in which marked progress was made in the world's advancement. Of first importance among the factors that are contributing to advancement in the present stage is the motion picture.

"The motion picture, with its visualized story, education and entertainment, in a few brief years has gripped and held the serious attention of the entire civilized world. The pioneer artists and builders in this great art-industry have been individuals of courage, genius and vision. They have become better known to more of the world's peoples than any present-day potentate, leaders in other arts, or those of military or political greatness. There are a score of individuals now living who certainly have won a niche in the Hall of Fame, and there are some departed, who, by their artistry and pioneering genius, will be of the immortals.

"So it would seem to me that the plan for a memorial abbey, to be erected in Hollywood, would make possible a fitting and lasting recognition of those who have contributed in a creative way to this great medium of expression . . . the motion picture."

It is not merely the words of Mr. Schenck that carry so much significance to this message. It is the idea behind it all that a man, seeped in the practical and necessarily commercial phases of the industry, should lend his support and influence to a project of this kind. It kindles new hope in our hearts that there is still sentiment left in the world. Joseph Schenck, one of the most popular and beloved of the industry's leaders, is a man graciously fitted to bring such an ideal to life.

Every city of the world has some building that honors its illustrious sons and daughters. Athens has its Acropolis; Paris has its Madeleine; London has its Westminster Abbey, and there are others in countless numbers. Yet Hollywood, the ultimate city and focal-point of international scrutiny, has no lasting monument to those departed ones who have brought it to its present envious place in the world's affairs.

THE BABBITTS IN THE MOVIES

By JOSEPH H. STEELE

People have said, "The movies are made for morons; they will never become an art."

True enough in the sense the movies will never outgrow a certain babbittry, just as the stage and literature has never fully succeeded in escaping the same influence.

Probably ten thousand years from now the cognoscenti will debate and berate the silent drama and compare it to the spoken drama and literature. They will make no mention of literature's Harold Bell Wrights and Gene Stratton Porters or of the stage's John Goldens and Anne Nicholsons. And, as the aesthetes of today do, they will overlook the cinema's "Dr. Caligaris," "Last Laughs," "Stella Dallases," "Big Parades," "Broken Blossoms," and "Tol'able Davids."

The movies as an art has just as much a place in the sun as the most imposing literature or spoken drama, despite the George Jean Nathans and the Walter Pritchard Eatons. The motion picture will always have its Glyns, Kynes and Curwoods; but it will also have its Dreisers, its Cabells, and its Cathers.

Isn't all literature justified if it goes through a thousand yellow-backed novels to produce an "American Tragedy"? If an hundred "Abies Irish Roses" produce a single "Rain," are not lovers of the spoken drama appeased?

Then why constantly criticize the photoplay because each individual motion picture is not fraught with glory?

Aesthetic lapses are a part of life and work. A week devoted to the great American habit of munching sandwiches will usually end in a genuine epicurean feast.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND throws the light of publicity on the vital problems of the industry.
Know thyself.

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HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

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*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE SAD-EYED ZANEY

The strange anomaly of a harlequin cradled in the tragedies of a big city.

So true of Chaplin, whose childhood in the London slums was surfeited with poverty and despair, and whose young dreams were beleaguered by the sordid realities of life.

Conjure up a picture from out of the fog of years gone by of a newsboy crying his wares in the chaos and malodor of a city like Omaha . . . a city rife with sentiment and cruelty, a kaleidoscope of tall buildings; of muted echoes; of the clatter of trains and the roar of riveters perched on soaring steel frameworks, the muffled boom of an undying roulette of noise and life.

But more, conjure up a picture of this scraggly-haired newsboy who felt the tragedy of the city, but reached for the glamour beyond. A round-faced, wide-eyed

lad who played a part in this drama of everyday, but pictured only the grotesqueries of the things he felt and saw.

The intervening years have buffeted the newsboy who set out on life's highroad. This young Harry Langdon endured much of the bitter to earn the sweet.

Today the world and Hollywood, so prone to think only in terms of the day, says: "What a great break this Harry Langdon has had!"

There are unforgettable impressions that are aroused within me whenever the name, Langdon, is mentioned, or, when the man himself passes me in the studio or on the boulevard. To me Harry Langdon is infinitely more than a man; he is a symbol of America and the motion picture. A symbol of persistency and the victory of a dreamer.

It was about four years ago, I believe, when we first regarded the vaudevillian, Langdon, with more than a passing interest. He was at the Orpheum in Los Angeles with his skit, "Johnny's New Car," a whimsical little playlet that had fascinated countless audiences. They were talking about Harry Langdon in Hollywood. Somebody said, "What a great guy he would be in pictures!" It was several months before we heard of him again. Sol Lesser was going to make two-reel comedies with Harry Langdon of vaudeville. The pictures were made, but we heard no more of him.

One night, seated at the typewriter in the editorial offices of the "Camera" Magazine (cherish its memory!), the dapper and genial publisher, "Doc" Lawson, burst in on us with an excited, "Say, I just saw this fellow Langdon at the Sennett studio . . . I



think he's a wow . . . he's a real bet!" So Harry Langdon was the man who came back.

Three weeks later we saw "Picking Peaches" at the Mission theater. The leading lady was an unknown actress of the time by the name of Alberta Vaughn.

The audience was convulsed. Not so much by the picture as by the lackadaisical behavior of the sad-eyed zaney who wandered through the two reels of merriment. Harry Langdon, hmmm! . . . undoubtedly a very good comedian.

Almost two years passed by. One day Arthur MacArthur, now the business mentor for Monty Banks, took us for a visit to Mr. Sennett's cloistered studio. It was there we met Harry Langdon; a Harry Langdon who was not a boisterous oaf, not a sarcastic clown, but a man rather shy and somewhat melancholy, a mimic of tragedy. A Harry Langdon with a low and softly modulated voice, stray wisps of graying hair that caressed his temples, an eager and hopeful apprentice in Hollywood with achievements in the world behind him.

It was difficult for us to be gay or debonair with Harry Langdon then. It is difficult for us to be light-mannered with him today. There is something about him, that irrepressible aloofness that is peculiar to the true genius, that creates an unseen barrier. Nobody can really know Harry Langdon. At the best we can only be acquainted with the superficial clown. And this is not by choice but by the workings of human nature and destiny. It is this distant quality in the man that prompts people in the audience to say, "Really, this

is supposed to be a comedy, but I feel so sorry for him; I wish there was something I could do to help him overcome those obstacles, grotesque as they seem, or to win the girl."

The career of Harry Langdon dates from the yearning days of the Omaha newsboy, from the stagestruck youth of 10, from the program boy, the usher and, subsequently, ticket taker of the old Doheny Theater of Omaha; from amateur nights where the ambitious youngster won clocks, goldfish and other prizes for his songs and dances, through the era of a traveling medicine show that toured the middle west, to the heyday of Mickey Mullin's Music Hall in Omaha, to the glory of John Cort's company, "The Show Girl," that had an extended tour in the west and middle west.

Through all these years Langdon had realized that his forte was pantomime, especially comic pantomime. He had tried, with little avail, to convince motion picture producers that he had something. They kept him waiting in the outer offices. They kept him waiting sixteen years, but finally his chance came. But remember he waited sixteen years.

The world's applause is for Harry Langdon, the comic. Our profound admiration is for one of the finest men and truest geniuses that the motion picture can call its own.

Harry Langdon, sad-eyed zaney, who fulfilled the dreams of his youth. Who said the dreamers are not the world's doers?

HUMAN ACTORS

Zoological item from the facile pen of Mr. Maxwell Shane of the Warner Bros. publicity offices:

Four more human actors and one dog have been signed by Warner Brothers to support Rin-Tin-Tin, etc.

Our office boy comes forth with a disturbing query as to what constitutes a "human actor." If so, is it possible for a human actor to work with an inhuman director?

New motif for character actors, as devised by our inventive friend, Mr. Landy, of First National:

A layman watching Richard Barthelmess and Matthew Betz pass each other on the street might think they were lifelong enemies. This, however, is just a force of habit, for they spend these days scowling at each other as a part of their respective characterizations.

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Shall We Rival the Riviera?

By PAUL FRANCISCO LUPO

There probably are obscure sections of our country where the word provincial will not be mis-apropos but not in Southern California. Nowhere I believe, is there to be found such a happy blending of world citizens and *our own*, who have become world minded as here.

The lavish wealth with which California has showered so many of her favored ones has been the source of this new breadth of vision and love of the far places which travel and culture has so made possible.

Shall we not also render our due share of tribute to the great god Cinema in his many temples in Hollywood? One has only to join the great processions of his votaries to know that they are products of all the civilizations which the world has ever boasted.

California was once the domicile of the proud dons of Castile and Aragon. Royal old days of romance but they have passed. Other times, other men, other duties and so a new influence is being felt in the architecture and decoration of our homes. It is as well, perhaps. Spanish architecture so beautiful and fitting to our local history has been adopted by almost every state. We gladly pass on a thing of beauty. Our imagination has been caught and is already finding expression in the homes of the great which hang castle wise on the hills and cliffs of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. This happy influence may come under the name of *Mediterranean*.

Southern California is the perfect setting in which to carry out this new development of old arts. Consider the richness of our inheritance. There is no more fascinating story than that of the stages by which the arts of the East reached the Western Mediterranean countries. The Byzantine influence in Spain is a subject which has inspired volumes.

To what new development may we not aspire with our deserts and purple mountains against skies so clear and blue. Never before did such wealth and knowledge gather in so ideal a situation. It is our right to become a great art center. It is really our great responsibility since Hollywood has become a

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Paul Francisco Lupo, author of this article, is one of the most distinguished authorities on arts and decoration in America today. He is Honorary President of the International Artists Club; Member of the Art Committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce; Member of the Board of Governors of Artland Club; Member of the Advisory Board of the Los Angeles Opera and Fine Arts Club; Member of the Hollywood Architects Society, and prominently identified with many other noteworthy art and civic organizations.

source of inspiration and emulation to so large a part of our world.

Travel and the opinion of high authority has removed all need for discussion as to whether our shores and mountains are as beautiful as those of the Mediterranean Riviera. Distinguished Europeans cheerfully admit that it is true and that we have the greatest opportunity with the wealth gathered here to build more gorgeously, completely and happily than has been possible elsewhere in the world.

The desert colors against the tropical blue of our unclouded sky then forms the background against which we may build homes with all the exotic charm of Egypt, Morocco, Spain, France and Italy. Who will not be able to find an expression for his taste in such inviting possibilities? Returning from a Mediterranean cruise with the precious art treasures we have chosen we feel an incongruity when we place them in conjunction with our New England or Midwest home backgrounds. Or perhaps out of respect to the customs collectors we have brought only memories and mind pictures of mysterious inclosed gardens and palaces guarded by heavy wooden, iron bound doors but where once inside we have reveled in an atmosphere of beauty and comfort which only Mediterranean people have achieved in perfection.

Whatever our experiences after sojourning in such sunny picturesque places of romance we must always after, see our native land through their magic. So we begin to mold our homes to their designs and the harmonious blending of the fine and artistic of these many pleasing memories gives us the new tendency in architecture and interior ornamentation.

The much traveled people are only outclassed by the imaginative ones who live their cultural life in books of travel, history and beautiful

pictures. Charming and always happy they surround themselves with gardens, homes and treasures of art which will spur the mind with visions of the far places where they live in fancy. Since so much of hisroty, fiction and poetry has found its setting in the Mediterranean countries what more natural than that cultivated people will turn there for suggestions in building and furnishing their homes.

Perhaps another explanation of this new tendency is the prominence which gardens take in such plans. Who so poor in Southern California that he may not have a garden? And where can beauty, happiness and idealism find better expression? The old idea of a city garden has passed, for us at least. We desire oriental seclusion, protection. So we build a garden which introduces some little picture we caught somewhere, perhaps of a Moroccan chief's palace or the stronghold of a great prince of the Nile or the desert. It may be our taste dictates something more of Southern Spain, France or Italy. However, imagination and good taste are needed to build our Mediterranean home and garden.

Let us try to visualize such a home and its setting on a sunny hillside in Hollywood or toward the sea. There is little that is angular. Only rounded domes, Moorish arches with perhaps an arched bridge spanning to another highpoint. Roundly hewn stairways leading down from the roof. Arcades with many rounded arches which give grateful shade add mysterious seclusion. Windows long and narrow giving the idea of strategic value in case of attack. The walls ornamented on the outside with tiny watch towers, it may be. The inside garden wall becomes interesting with tall, possibly grotesque trees or fig or olive. Graceful palms hanging over the white plastered walls. Again the inside garden walls have niches with shrine like ornaments or it may be tiny fountains which drip into green pools.

Perhaps we build a desert garden with plenty of sand, rocks,

cacti, yucca and rare desert flowers enriched by graceful basin-like pools so typical of Moorish gardens. Such gardens are often lowered below the walks and approached from the house itself by mossgrown steps.

The inside decoration of such a home is not confined to any narrow latitude. We consider that the tendency in art is away from impression to symbolism and this feeling becomes manifest in our most interesting homes.

The garden romance continues as we enter through the thick substantial opening. Perhaps a court surrounded by a gallery which lends itself to the architect's skill in beautiful, graceful columns and balustrades. Carved doors create an air of mystery as they open to reveal vistas of arches and passages. Rich oriental rugs on the finely tiled floors. Hangings of tapestry and great oriental lamps from the ceiling. Color everywhere. Here again we orient ourselves and bring in all our favorite colors in barbaric splendor if that is our inclination.

Even a very tiny villa may attain a degree of spaciousness by careful arrangement of furnishing without crowding. Strive to build your home into its surroundings. Make the sweep of the mountain majesties outside a part of your home and garden. This is the secret of this Mediterranean charm and it is well worth our deepest study and consideration if we are to fall heirs to the gifts the great European home builders have left to us.

Much credit goes to the Hollywood and Beverly Hills architects who have caught splendid visions of distinctive architecture and whose innovations in this field are setting a stride which other cities will eagerly follow.

'Dick' Jones Quits Hal Roach Studio

(Continued from Page 1)

half years, Jones, then earning \$25 a week, left the Atlas Film Co. and the pleasant confines of St. Louis for the wide open spaces of California.

Upon his arrival he eagerly accepted a job with Mack Sennett, pioneer of pulchritude, who employed young Jones as a film cutter at \$18 per week. This was not as attractive, financially, as that \$25 job back in St. Louis, but the aspiring film cutter may have had an inkling of what lay before him in California . . . so he merrily worked on.

When Jones reached the sober old age of 20, he started to write and direct for Sennett. Two years later he first came into the Hollywood limelight, with his production of "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, which has gone down in film history as one of the real accomplishments of that comedienne.

"Mickey" brought the aspiring director many offers, but he rejected them all to stay with Sennett. He had not satisfied himself that he was as yet able to cope with directorial assignments to perfection. He believed that there was more for him to learn under the Sennett regime. His next endeavors included a series of comedies, which he directed. His most ambitious plans were along story lines and he became an adept in the creation and adaptation of stories that were both whimsically appealing and had box-office angles.

Not long after the seventh anniversary of his beginning with Sennett, Jones left to join David Wark Griffith, then producing in New York. To his mind there was no man in motion pictures who could make such beautiful love scenes as Griffith. Desiring to learn the much-publicized yet little-known "Griffith technique," Richard Jones remained with the dean of directors for one year. In that time he absorbed a great deal of knowledge that has contributed greatly to his subsequent success.

At the end of his Griffith association, Jones returned to the Sennett lot as a director. It was only a few months later that he came forth with some of the most intriguing and successful comedies that have been made. Among these were "Molly-O," "The Extra Girl," and "Suzanna," besides many others that have earned their niches in the Hall of Fame.

When he had reached the age of 28 years, Jones was made pro-

duction supervisor of the Sennett studios and acquitted himself in that capacity with such aplomb that he was soon coveted by a bevy of producers. Among those who offered "Dick" Jones fat bankrolls for his services was Hal Roach, who also offered him the post of vice-president of the Roach corporation, a most important position, as it was upon his shoulders that the manifold details of Roach production would evolve.

Having been instrumental in placing the Sennett productions at the head of the comedy field, he resigned from that organization and accepted the Roach offer. In two years time he transformed the Roach lot into one of the busiest and most profitable lots in Hollywood. It has been, to a great degree, due to the efforts of F. Richard Jones that the Hal Roach studio today occupies such a prominent position in the film world.

Just what the next move of this significant personality will be is as yet unknown. That there will be a hot race for his services is a foregone conclusion and it is expected that a new high record will be established when he again signs his name on the dotted line.

One of Jones' interesting theoretical projects is to establish an organization of skilled writers, directors, production managers, etc., thoroughly acquainted with every phase of picture making, and, necessarily, people of established prestige, to be made available to the big film corporations as a unit. The basic idea would be to resurrect any star who is on the verge of professional death by means of an analyzed remedy for the existing faults that may be contributing toward that particular star's near-demise.

Whether or not he will transform this interesting project from theory to fact remains to be seen, but that it will be a success is obvious when one considers the past record of this man, whose energy and vision has lifted him, in seventeen years, from a \$4-a-week job to one of the most important executive positions in the entire motion picture industry, where he can virtually "write his own check," at any time, with almost any company in the business.

Hanson Picked For Title Role

Lars Hanson will play the title role in "Captain Salvation," which John S. Robertson is to direct.

"The Miracle"

Who owns the screen rights to Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle?"

That is one of the big problems confronting the motion picture business today, along with Chaplin's divorce, censorship, the Wampas Frolic, D. W. Griffith's new

day is near at hand when Harry Burns of Filmograph will start out after his 1936 Christmas advertising.

Whether or not the claims and counter-claims, not to forget the denials and re-denials, attendant

Upon leaving the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles after having seen "The Miracle," the thoughts that crowded my mind were not of what a masterful production I had seen, but rather of how insignificant it will appear in contrast to the eventual screen version.

From a directorial standpoint, in my estimation, Morris Gest has none of the facile touches that would have characterized a stage production of "The Miracle," in such hands as those of De Mille, Von Stroheim, Chaplin, Clarence Brown or any number of other motion picture directors that can be brought to mind.

Looking back upon the presentation of "The Miracle," it is evident that it would have been more capably handled by our good friend and exceptional showman, Sid Grauman. Sid would have made Gest's effort look like a small town prologue staged by home talent.

Morris Gest should hang around Hollywood a few years and learn a few things from our motion picture directors and theater magnates. The MIRACULOUS thing about "The Miracle," is Mr. Gest's publicity organization.

B. J.

job and Jesse Lasky's announcements.

No sooner did the Messrs. Gest and Reinhardt disembark at Los Angeles than rumors began jumping all around the Santa Fe station. Wiseacres claimed that the fact Joe Schenck shook hands with the two gents meant that United Artists had bought the rights. As a matter of fact, an inside story said that the Los Angeles Examiner had both Harrison Carroll and Jim Mitchell on the case. At a late hour last night we heard that Jimmy Starr of the Los Angeles Record had regained his normal composure after receiving, it is said, 1736 announcements and denials as to who did and who did not, why they did or why they did not, buy the screen rights to "The Miracle."

However, when the statement came forth that M.-G.-M. had secured the coveted rights, it is said Tamar Lane of the Film Mercury became so distracted he actually ran away from a drug store soda fountain and was seen going into the Montmartre with seventy-five producers, director and actors who wanted some free praise.

The dramatic thunderbolt, however, hit Hollywood when First National sent out a publicity story that they had seized "The Miracle" for the screen. It is understood that this so excited Walter Irving of the Hollywood Topics that he immediately began writing a new version of his famous ditty, "The Piccolo Player." It may in a measure account for the fact that a prophet in East Orange, N. J., has been quoted as saying that the

upon the purchase of "The Miracle" had anything to do with Welford Beaton omitting a comma on Page 2 of the Film Spectator may never be known. It is quite likely, however, that it is responsible for the sinister whispering to the effect Arthur Ungar of Variety had actually embraced a press agent. On the same zephyr came the talk that Frank Donovan and William Swigart of the Motion Picture Review had plotted to write a film review in less than thirty-five hundred words.

The full seriousness of the hour was brought home with telling effect upon the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, however, when rumor reached us, from some dim source, that George Bradley of the Motion Picture Director had thrown Commodore Blackton's new natural vision camera out of the office window. At a late hour last night "Silent Harvey" Gausman of the Film Daily could not be reached for a statement regarding the Battle of Chateau-Thierry.

The real miracle of all . . . showing what an upsetting effect this has had upon the normalcy of Hollywood . . . was when Fred Fox of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND beat Dave Allen of Central Casting in five successive games of snooker with a score of 85 and up.

It is believed the true story of "The Miracle" screen rights will be revealed by Jack Townley in the Hollywood News as soon as he gets through reviewing four pictures, writing three editorials and covering an auto smashup in Calabasas this afternoon.



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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

Schenck-Loew Deal?

DEFI TO HOLLYWOOD

Dark plot to steal the proverbial Hollywood thunder, as reported in an Associated Press dispatch from Paris:

Paris—Gascons, famous for their tell tales, propose to reorganize the old Academy of Liars.

This is the truth. The ancient institution of prevaricators, with headquarters at Moncrabeau, in the south of France, was active until 1850. It held contests and awarded titles of capacity as liars.

Founder memberships should be sold in Hollywood, under the auspices of beach club membership salesmen.

BIG-HEARTED 1ST NAT'L!

Philanthropic gesture of First National, as reported by its inescapable publicist, Mons. George Landy:

First National Pictures gave a county fair and invited a whole city to attend for nothing last week.

The fair was staged in Riverside, Calif., and the citizenry became the guests of the movie troupe to provide the crowds, etc.

CLEAN MOVIES

Propaganda for clean movies as disclosed in further publicity sentiments received from Mr. Landy:

Arthur Stone...First National film comedian, is back at his old job...driving a laundry wagon...he's driving a wagon for an entirely fictitious laundry in "Babe Comes Home."



ESTELLE TAYLOR

She is the modern Helen of Troy in Fred Fox's sketch this week. See page Five.

Report Move To Combat Pathe-P-D-C

Some time ago negotiations to merge the distributing interests of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the United Artists were frustrated by the opposition of Charlie Chaplin, partner in the latter concern, who desired to maintain absolute freedom. At that time officials of both corporations declared the deal was all off.

Persistent rumors circulating in Hollywood and discussed in the trade journals are to the effect conferences are already under way to revive the deal and effect a speedy distributing liason, if not absolute merger, between the two companies.

In view of the impending \$100,000,000 merger of the Pathe-Producers Distributing-Orpheum-Keith-Albee-De Mille interests, it is believed in many quarters that any merger move at this time between the Loew and Schenck companies will be to combat the Pathe combine.

The warm friendship that exists between Loew, Schenck, Mayer and other officials of the two companies make this move highly probable and some declare that Schenck is now en route to New York to discuss the merger proposition.

“Our Mad-Cap Liabilities”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Gilbert Roland Looms as Candidate for Valentino Shoes; Public to Decide

Several years ago, in another film publication, we took to task an actor by the name of Reed Howes, who was being widely advertised as "the successor to Wallace Reid." Our suggestion to the young man was to prove, by his work, that he was entitled to the vacant shoes of Wally, and not to claim something that was, at the time, out of his reach.

We are now face to face with a similar case. This time, however, no claim has been made for the actor in question. He would resent very much, I am sure, being labeled a successor to anybody, especially the memorable Rudolph Valentino. However, we take it upon our own selves to draw a comparison here, not with the idea of burdening the ambitious young fellow with any "successor" labels, but rather to discuss an interesting and unavoidable comparison that is bound to come sooner or later. Especially as so many "successors to Rudolph Valentino" have sprung up in America and Europe since the famous "sheik's" demise.

We refer to Gilbert Roland, who will next be seen in the lead opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille," and who will also support the same star in "The Dove."

It was several years ago that we first met Gilbert Roland. At that time he was Luis Alonzo, unknown but ambitious. It was evident, even to the most casual observer, that this lad was destined for big things on the screen. In conversation with him, one was always conscious of a hidden fire that burned behind his more or less placid face. It seemed to be an unceasing ambition speaking, as if he were saying unconsciously, "I am unknown. I am a nobody. I have a hard road to travel. But I am going to be a success, because other people, even less fortunate than I am, have made their mark in this business. Therefore, I am going to succeed."

We used to feign despair for the boy's future, tell him that he would never beat the cruel game of Hollywood, that there were too many ahead of him, and that most of them were weary and heartbroken. This did not daunt him.

"My day will come," he would answer, a firm resolve lighting his face. Once, in a kidding moment, we said, "If there was no Valentino, you might have a chance.

You look too much like a sheik."

He answered, with serious finality, "I hope I never have to trade on Valentino. Too many people are trying to do that."

We knew he meant what he said.

Time passed. Forlorn days for the ambitious boy. Finally he got a "break." B. P. Schulberg would use him in pictures; he gave the boy a contract. Later he went with his boss to Famous Players, with Schulberg to Famous Players, when that producer joined the Zukor company.

They didn't seem to profess much interest in Gilbert Roland, as he was now named. When his contract was through, they let him go. So Gilbert Roland went to another studio and made a picture; all the time waiting for something to happen.

Finally he was called by John Considine of the Schenck organization. He was given tests and, eventually, given the lead opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille." Some five or six years previous to this time Rudolph Valentino had also played Armand opposite Nazimova in "Camille." The similarity aroused the interest of Hollywood.

One day the word went forth that the work of Gilbert Roland had been so fine that he had been given a five-year contract by Joseph M. Schenck.

Now the future is bright and rosy for Gilbert Roland, the boy who said, "My day will come."

Here is a boy of like appearance who said, "I will not trade on Rudolph Valentino." But the world knows that ultimately the shoes of this same Valentino will be filled by somebody. And why should those shoes not be filled by Gilbert Roland?

To that there is only one answer . . . public opinion. For Gilbert Roland we have only a wealth of encouragement. Here is a lad who attained his goal. Not all of us do that.



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Publicist Hagerman Writes a Three-Page Denunciation

There is upon the desk before me a document that bears all of the profound solemnity of the Magna Charta and the booming cadences of a Czarist ukase. It is a letter from Mr. Arthur Q. Hagerman, a youthful and adroit gentleman at the Hal E. Roach studios, Culver City. Mr. Hagerman is pleased to term himself a "Director of Publicity" and has indited three pages of closely-typewritten protests and sentiments.

The gist of the whole thing is that Mr. Hagerman takes to task Mr. Billy Joy, publisher of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, for something written by the editor. Mr. Hagerman has taken an intense dislike to, as he so succinctly describes it, "that high-powered but slightly unidentified dissertation on the 'immortals of the illerati'" which was printed on the editorial page of Volume 1, Number 1 of this journal. For the benefit of Mr. Hagerman, allow me to preface my trembling reply by acknowledging that I, Fred Fox, white and American, of the male sex, did utter the villainous remarks to which the estimable Mr. Hagerman alludes.

After a gentle literary pat on our back, Mr. Hagerman proceeds to point out the grotesqueries of this bad editorial dish, as he so skillfully detects them. He says that we have made "accusations which sound general, vague, broadcast and non-discriminating and leaves its exemptions—which I somehow infer to be the majority of local film publicity men—to a weak phrase somewhere, so puny, in fact, that I have to look it up now to see what it was. And I can't find it." (We are sure, Mr. Hagerman, that that particular issue of the VAGABOND, at least, was not printed in invisible ink. Take another look.)

Mr. Hagerman further

horrifies us by suggesting that we "broadly razz the ancient and honorable occupation of press agency without being sufficiently specific as to which culprits the thing was pointed at when you pulled the trigger." To emulate the terse jargon of Mr. Hagerman, allow us to suggest that, in our opinion, most of the free-lance press agents in Hollywood are lousy, that they are fat-heads, that they don't know how to write an intelligible piece of newspaper copy; and that they can create prestige or invite notoriety. They invite notoriety, not so much by deliberate intent, as by gross stupidity.

There are only a very few press agents in the motion picture business whom we believe have a concise idea of what it is all about. For the benefit of Mr. Hagerman, we will cite Don Eddy, with the Harry Langdon company; Joseph H. Steele; with the Richard Barthelmess company; Joseph A. Jackson, now a scenarist; Arthur MacArthur, now a producer; Harry Brand, now a producer; Arthur MacLennan, with the Joseph Schenck company; Pete Smith and Howard Strickland, of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer; Aileen St. John Brenon, Roxy Theater, New York; John Miles, C. B. De Mille studio and about ten others whose names we cannot bring to mind at this writing.

If Mr. Hagerman will take the trouble to turn to Page 89, of the January issue of Mr. Mencken's American Mercury, he will find an enlightening article, "Men of Vision." It was written by Stanley Walker, one of the most able newspaper executives in the country, now night city editor of the New York Herald-Tribune.

Mr. Walker refers to Mr.

Hagerman's "ancient and honorable occupation of press agency" as a "welter of shysters, shirt-stuffers, fakers, liars and brassy quacks whose living depends upon getting free newspaper space.....the bulk of the tribe, however, are simply pests — incompetent newspaper men who make easy money out of the space that belongs to some one else..... some day newspaper editors are going to become weary of synthetic interviews with bad actresses, and declare a ban on the whole business."

As for the rest, Mr. Hagerman goes into a long-winded literary expiation of the sins of the publicists with which we do not particularly care to burden our readers here.

Despite all of the three-page letters in the world the grim and immutable fact remains that the motion picture industry is surrounded by a horde or

parasitical inkslingers who pose in the guise of intelligent publicists.

If a righteous resentment burns in the breast of Mr. Hagerman we invite him to lend his eloquence toward the enlightening of his myriad brethren who are struggling in the dark. But if our arrow struck home, and Mr. Hagerman is perhaps stirred by an uneasy conscience then he should seek self-improvement rather than doling out rebuffs.

In any event, we are always glad to discuss things with our readers and, at least, we thank Mr. Hagerman for his interest in us and our possibly stupid remarks.

Actresses Gather at Paramount Studio

Ione Holmes, New York showgirl, has arrived at the Lasky studio here. She is under long-term contract.

Arlette Marchal has returned from a visit to France. She has brought Ginette Maddie, Paris actress, with her.

The Ultimate for Epicures

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The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

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OUR MAD-CAP LIABILITIES

It has been said that modern business is based upon the exercise of credit, and that failure to respect and adhere to its tenets will spell industrial ruin.

The credit of the motion picture producer with the exhibitor is in the form of good-will, or, "box-office names." Good-will is regarded as an inalienable asset in many commercial enterprises, but it is an intangible quantity insofar as the show business is concerned.

The human equation is the greatest asset of the film industry. Investments in studios, theaters, equipment, etc., are not the intrinsic assets of motion picture producers. It is true that the potential liabilities of any commercial undertaking is regulated, to a great extent, by the vision and energy of its executives. The liabilities of the motion picture are not determined by capital investment divergent from the human element itself. This industry is founded on personalities.

Overnight, producer good-will can die a sudden death. Let the breath of notoriety touch any motion picture celebrity whose name is written in marquee lights and on billboards, and millions of dollars are imperiled. And yet scores of our biggest human assets in the business are inviting economic suicide and industrial ruin by the conduct of their personal lives.

The public will not patronize a picture featuring a star whose immoral exploits are crowding the front pages of daily newspapers throughout the country. This is cold fact. There are those sad instances, such as in the case of the hapless Chaplin, when an unwarranted sensationalism can color the domestic tribulations of a film celebrity whose private life is let out for a public airing. Even with such a tremendous personality as Chaplin, however, it is a dangerous undertaking to tread on public risibilities.

There is a penalty that every great person in the motion picture industry must pay for fortune and position. This penalty is the extremely fine dividing line between their status as an asset or a liability. This penalty is that, in studio and home, in public and private life, they must lead a life of absolutely unimpeachable sangfroid if they are to enjoy the favor of the fickle and exacting public. This is not declared by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND with an eye to establishing a code of morals and ethics in the motion picture realm. We are citing inescapable facts.

Any celebrity in this business who stages wild parties, drinks vats of moonshine, carouses all over the country night and day, or even comes into contact with people

Drama Editor Raps Idea of Juggling Film Titles

By JACK TOWNLEY
Drama Editor, Hollywood News

"Box office titles," one must admit, are as essential to motion pictures' success as are good acting, directing, story and exploitation, but why are titles changed after publicity has been pounded out and printed? Why must a picture's name undergo two, three or four changes between the time it is put into production and the time it reaches the screen?

Are movie producers timid? Do they know a box office title when they see one? Are they too easily convinced and re-convinced?

The matter of title changes is pure inefficiency. Whenever a picture's title is changed, many thousands of dollars is lost in publicity.

"Viennese Medley" was widely publicized. First National's publicity staff worked overtime to tell the world of the gigantic production that was soon to be offered for their approval. Then suddenly "Viennese Medley" vanished from the earth. Nothing more was said of it. First National announced "The Greater Glory." Perhaps this was a better title than "Viennese Medley," but why the wait until the picture was ready for distribution?

This case is not singular. Every week there are at least half a dozen title changes announced. Wallace Beery's new picture was announced as "Taking the Air." After the original title had been nationally broadcast it was suddenly renamed "We're in the Air Now."

Universal announced "The Flaming Frontier." This also was widely circulated. Then officials in conference decided it should be "The Indians Are Coming!"

"The Indians Are Coming!" it was . . . to the extent of many stories and paid advertising. A second conference decided "The Flaming Frontier" wasn't such a bad title after all. It was released under its original title.

Other examples of this juggling may be found in the following pictures:

Constance Talmadge's "Carlotta," changed to "The Vamp of

Venice," then to "Venus of Venice." At the last hearing it was "Naughty Carlotta."

Colleen Moore's "Delicatessen" changed to "It Must Be Love."

"Man Without a Country" changed to "As No Man Has Loved."

"A Trip to Tilsit" changed to "Sunrise."

"The Runaway Enchantress" changed to "The Sea Tiger."

"Marriage" changed to "The Wedding Ring," later back to "Marriage."

Most producers are afraid of a title unless it has a "Love," "Flaming," "Passion," or some other wild word to "appeal to the emotions of the public."

Original and well known book and stage play titles are junked by the hundreds. The writer knows of one recent case in which a producer paid \$25,000 for a well-known play. The material was unsuitable for screen purposes, so his scenario staff wrote an original story around the title. Later a conference decided the title did not have box-office punch, and a new monicker was bestowed upon the thing. Why the \$25,000?

Barrymore Plans New Production

After a several weeks' cruise along the South American coast and in tropical waters in his yacht, "Mariner," John Barrymore is back at the United Artists studio with plans for his next film.

Von Stroheim Film Goes to Cut, Edit

"The Wedding March," Von Stroheim's film, is now in the Famous Players cutting room. Eight months has been spent on actual filming.

who lead a life of Bacchanalian revelry, is a liability or a potential liability to his employer. One misstep may cost the employer millions and bring untold sorrow upon him. That's why morality clauses are put into film players' contracts.

Failure to pay this tribute to decorum for life's fame and fortune has tumbled many idols from their fragile pedestals.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

ARGIVE HELEN &
AJAX, 1927

Today when Greek meets Greek they wrestle or open a restaurant. But there was a time, centuries past, when they spoke of bigger and better javelins; when they ran marathons, threw the discus and smote Trojans with giant-handled falchions.

In that bygone day there lived a queen by the name of Helen who was such a dazzling beauty that armies fought over her for ten years. This was Argive Helen, the unhappy damsel who was lured from her home in Sparta to the distant shores of Ilium by the redoubtable Paris, the original sheik. Then the war began; and Argive Helen became Helen of Troy. Her fame has been handed down through the centuries in the immortal songs of Homer.

It was this beauty of whom Tennyson, hundreds of years later, wrote:

"... at length I saw a lady with in
call,
Still than chisel'd marble,
standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely
tall,
And most divinely fair.
Her loveliness with shame and
with surprise
Froze my swift speech; she
turning on my face
The starlike sorrows of immortal
eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place."

The ecstasy of those lines possessed me the first time I saw Estelle Taylor. They recur to my thoughts each time I see her today. The languor of her personality is like the flavor of rare old charreuse.

Estelle is the modernized personification of a medley of the heroines of Homer, Virgil, Tennyson, Sir Walter Scott, Mallory,

Gorky, Dumas and Sax Rohmer. She has all the gestures of a Bourbon aristocrat; and all of the smart slang of up-to-the-minute feminism.

In the conflict that waged around the walls of Troy in those dim days of long ago there was a Greek warrior who was named by his comrades, Ajax the Mighty. Many historians claim that another Hellenic battler by the name of Achilles was the best of the two, but as a matter of fact, Paris made a heel out of Achilles before the Trojan war was done. Ajax believed in doing things in a hurry and when the war languished he simply fell on his sword. Nobody ever bettered Ajax.

One of the pastimes of Ajax during his martial sojourn by the banks of the River Scamander was to toss boulders at the soldiers of Troy, crushing several legions at a time. Once upon a time Ajax picked up a rock, estimated to be about the size of the Mack Sennett studio, and playfully threw it at Hector, Trojan heavyweight champ. Hector was laid up in the hospital for two weeks and four days.

So mighty were the feats of strength performed by Ajax that the citizens of Troy lived in daily fear that he would come over and pull down the walls of their city.

Helen happened to be on the parapet one day watching the battle at its height. Pope, in his Iliad, says Helen exclaimed, when she saw Ajax strolling around:

"What chief is that with giant
strength endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and
whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature far exceed the
rest?"



It is evident from this that Helen admired biceps and agility with a boulder. If the war hadn't lasted as long as it did it is almost certain that, sooner or later, Helen would have eloped with Ajax and left Achilles and Paris to fight it out.

The war lasted too long. Ajax committed suicide; Achilles and Paris were slain. Helen was retrieved by her husband, Menelaus, but neither history nor legend tells of domestic bliss when she returned home to Sparta. She probably kept a picture of Ajax on the mantelpiece.

* * *

Why speak of the good old days? 1927 is infinitely kinder to Helen and Ajax. You don't believe in reincarnation? Well, Helen is with us but her name now is Estelle Taylor. Ajax, too, walks in our midst. We know him as Jack Dempsey, mastodon of maul, and the most popular pugilist that ever lived.

Just the other day Helen told me that the stuff about Troy and Paris was simply a movie scenario. And Ajax said the rock throwing rumor was merely legend; it had never been conducted under Queensberry rules. He says Homer was the first sport press-agent and sometimes tangled his facts and fiction.

* * *

Estelle is unquestionably one of the finest inspired actresses in motion pictures. Scant attention was paid her until she married Jack. Immediately she became the cynosure of all eyes. Many figured she would forsake her career for the

domesticity of a Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

Such, however, has not been the case.

Today Estelle is more intent upon making a place for herself in the photoplay than ever before. She has a burning desire to create an identity for herself, equal to that accorded Jack. We are as positive that Estelle will make her mark in the photoplay as we are sure that Jack Dempsey can regain the heavyweight championship of the world.

With everything in the world that a girl could possibly desire in the way of home, luxuries, position and happiness, Estelle is spurred on by an ambition that seeks creative expression.

Lolling in the recesses of a giant chair, in a home of splendor, yet cozy warmth, Estelle told us of the ideals and the ambitions that urge her to continue on her quest for artistic triumph. Chafing somewhat under the monotony of enforced idleness, while she awaits the first developments of her new United Artists contract, she spoke of many things that clearly indicate her hopes for attainment in her chosen realm.

One of her greatest complaints is that her motion picture career has been surfeited with hauteur and cynicism. She has been doled out to audiences in endless reels of vapid vamping. Estelle resents roles that reflect her constantly as a dolorous and blase adventuress.

She shuns the sophistries of the world, for essentially Estelle is a democrat. She is a stickler for characterization, she loves costume pictures but she veers from repetition. Why do the same thing over and over again? That is the gist of her protest. Why not let versatility govern the range of a player's roles? Why this eternal "type?"

Endowed with a beauty that is exotic to the extreme; almond-shaped eyes that penetrate into one with a gazelle-like gentility; a figure lithely curved; delicately-chiseled features; a rose-like skin and a dark mass of hair, Estelle is a perfect counterpart of she for whom men in ages past battled ten long years. If there is such a thing as reincarnation, then we have found Helen of Troy.

And yet, the hoyden that jumps forth with every trill of her voice! A girl who could make a Shelley write stanzas all night and knock

(Continued on Page 7)

Rumor Quillian To Play 'Harold Teen'

Rather vague rumors circulating in Hollywood during the past few days state that Eddie Quillan, young Sennett comedian, will play Harold Teen in the screen version of the comic strip of that name to be made by First National.

Other talk states that Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen, will ge the part. There is no doubt that Quillan is much better suited to the role than Cleve Moore or any others.

Norma Writes Story For Satevepost Fans

Under the title of "Close-ups and Flash-backs," Norma Talmadge is writing her photoplay memoirs, dating back to her first appearance in 1911. The series will be published in the Saturday Evening Post.

Wright Renews Universal Pact

William Lord Wright's contract has been renewed by the exercise of option. He will be with Universal for at least another year. As supervisor of all productions except the specials and Jewels, he will spend \$4,000,000 during the next twelve months.

Atherton Tale For First National Film

Gertrude Atherton's novel, "The Crystal Cup," will be filmed by First National. The screen treatment is being prepared by Jessie Lee and Bernard Vorhaus.

Three Lloyd Foils Work at Paramount

Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis and Jobyna Ralston, all of whom have been leading ladies for Harold Lloyd, are working at Famous Players now.

Ray Rockett Will Film 'Lonely Ladies'

Ray Rockett will produce Lenore Coffee's story, "Lonely Ladies" for First National. It will feature Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

"Long Pants"

By Harry Langdon

So enthusiastic is our sad-visaged friend, Harry Langdon, about his new picture, "Long Pants," that he has written a lilting poem on the subject for the delectation of readers of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND:

I've roamed this country over,
Since the time I was a lad,
I've been a cheerful rover,
Had no time for feeling sad.
But the happiest recollection . . .
The most joyous circumstance . . .
I find upon reflection
Came with my long pants.

Ah, those trousers wide and airy . . .
Their shade was azure blue . . .
Seemed a gift from some kind fairy
And I loved them . . . fond and true!
They fit me like a gunnysack
They flopped about my shoes . . .
But if I could only have them back
No greater boon I'd choose.

I kept them 'till they lost their shape
And faded nearly white.
They hung about me like a drape
And made me look a fright . . .
That last time that I wore them
Was to a country dance . . .
It was there, alas, I tore them!
Farewell! my first long pants.

Mission Play is of Finer Texture than "Miracle"

Now that most of the hubbub over "The Miracle," has died down, we believe the time is ripe to ask those of you who have been swooning all over Hollywood Boulevard and the different studios with your laudations for Mr. Gest's opus, a pointed question:

"Have you ever seen the Mission Play at San Gabriel?"

If not, don't fail to see it when it opens a few days hence. Between now and the time you walk out of the San Gabriel theater, say nothing more about Mr. Gest's super-publicized production, because "The Miracle" is simply not in it with our home-made dramatic compote.

Obsessed for years with an inexplicable prejudice

against the Mission Play, probably believing it was one of the usual community efforts, we were almost forced to attend a showing last year. To us, at that time, was revealed one of the most brilliant and exquisite plays we have seen.

The lines, by the gifted John Steven McGroarty, are most enthralling. Teeming with an indefinable whimsy and pathos, pregnant with the drama and sorrow of a colorful era, the Mission Play is one of the most noteworthy institutions of our country.

Housed this year in its new theater it should prove even greater than ever. To motion picture people who are sincere in their quest for dramatic quality we earnestly recommend a visit to San Gabriel.

Critics Score Lax Photoplay Settings

Why do the movies use the "real thing" instead of imitations?

Why is it the case that on motion picture sets depicting wealth, for instance, producers find it necessary to use the actual and expensive furnishings which are part and parcel of the atmosphere depicted?

These two questions propounded in a publicity bulletin sent out by a local studio, are interesting in the face of remarks made by Martha Mattox, film actress, upon her return recently from a visit to relatives in Enid, Oklahoma.

While in a florist shop in Enid one day, Miss Mattox was engaged in conversation by the proprietor who knew of her affiliation with motion pictures.

"Why is it, Miss Mattox," he asked, "that artificial flowers are so often used on motion picture sets? Naturally, being a florist, it is easier for me to discern the difference between the genuine blossoms and the artificial variety, but many times friends of mine who have accompanied me to the theater have been quick to point out manufactured flowers where I thought they might pass muster before the eyes of laymen."

Martha explained that the time required to film scenes necessitated artificial flowers, so wilting would not be evident. This, however, did not quite satisfy the inquisitive florist who declared that such a trivial item can often mar an otherwise excellent setting.

An interior decorator of Enid also declared that many of his craft in that section of the country looked to the motion picture for new and unique decorative arrangements and were often disappointed to find clashing motifs in the arrangement of film backgrounds.

It is upon the criticism of such people that the motion picture must base its hopes for improvement. If the technical, art and assistant directors will only take cognizance of the fact their work is undergoing the scrutiny of such people throughout the world, and in many instances used as the basis for real life usage, they will exercise greater care in their work and demand the genuine article at all times.

vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

'em over with some keen slang.

Sometimes it seems that Estelle is anchored to aristocracy in the photoplay. What audience, gazing upon her enchanting loveliness, would ever accept her in a "Summen Bachelors;" or a "Kiki?" Yet Estelle is much more ideally suited to the Lenore Ulric roles than is Norma Talmadge.

With Estelle Taylor under contract, United Artists holds the potential contemporary of Norma; whom we believe destined to greater achievements if ever given the opportunity. There is a hidden warmth in Estelle Taylor that has never been discernible in Norma Talmadge. Norma is the crystallization of aristocracy and spirituality; but Estelle is Helen of Troy. One wins the admiration of men; but the other wins their love. And what have men said? . . . love me and the world is mine!

Some day, let us hope not in the distant future, there will come a day when Estelle Taylor will surprise the world.

Those who have regarded her in a lachadaisical fashion and believed her right to eminence based on her status as the wife of Jack Dempsey will have the opportunity to explain their critical forecasts. Estelle is as certainly destined for motion picture fame as was Rudolph Valentino. There is about her an aura of prophetic glory. She is imbued with an ambition to accomplish and gifted with the talent to achieve. The only thing lacking is the propitious moment and the facile role . . . things that, of course, deter many in their quest of success in this business, but especially true of Estelle Taylor.

When the ultimate triumph of Estelle Taylor is written in the annals of the photoplay, it will be said of her that she languished for years in inane roles, seeking her way from out the maze of cinematic sophistries. It matters not to Estelle where the locale of her characterization may be . . . Tierra del Fuego, Fifth Avenue, Castile, Russian Georgia, Yukon, Genoa, San Francisco or Vienna. It is insignificant whether it be a story of Arlen's Mayfair, or Marco Polo's fantasies, the Borgias, the Bourbons or a "Tiger Rose."

It shall be said, though, that she triumphed in characterization, for that is where her ambition leads. And that it was not a story of cynicism nor perfidy, not

Will M-G-M Keep Up Its Great Pace?

Almost from the day of its inception about two years ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has rapidly climbed to what the advertising department of that company is pleased to term "the top of the industry."

Under the guidance of Louis B. Mayer and his lieutenants, Irving G. Thalberg, Harry Rapf and Hunt Stromberg, this company has commanded the attention of the entire film business by the consistent merit of its films.

With an array of "Big Parades," "Ben Hur," and other big pictures, and an assortment of well-made program pictures such as "His Secretary," "The Unholy Three," "Brown of Harvard," etc., this organization has challenged the right of Famous Players-Lasky to dub their films "the best show in town."

Looking back over the history of the motion picture we find many companies, some now extinct, others of comparative insignificance, that enjoyed many bright days in the movie spotlight.

Will Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer follow these companies down the incline, or will it continue to hold anod advance its present enviable position?

of catiffs and jades, not of sombre vainglory nor impudence, but of a character that was true-to-life, that was edifying, that struggled and perhaps conquered, that buffooned a little and shed a tear or two; that was brilliant and alive and glorious.

A character that was sweet and lovely to behold, much like the ancient Helen of Try and the modern Estelle Taylor, whose presence is a pleasure and whose friendship is a privilege.

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"Many Thanks!"

We had never dreamed that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND would be given such an overwhelmingly fine reception as it has been accorded since its debut three weeks ago. We hardly know how to express our gratitude to our many friends for the pleasant sentiments and words of encouraging praise that have poured upon us through the mail, by wire, over the phone and in the studios, in the homes and on the boulevards.

Any words of acknowledgement that we might make here would appear so futile in comparison. We can only once again vouchsafe our ideals and reiterate our pledge that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will at all times adhere to its policy of constructive comment.

Ours is the desire to serve, and if we have your constant co-operation, the capacity to act. Again we thank you!

BILLY JOY, Publisher.
FRED W. FOX, Editor.

Negri Plans Quick Trip to Europe Soon

Pola Negri will leave about April 1st for a flying trip to Europe. She will return about May 15th.

MGM Film Sans Exterior Scenes

A motion picture without an exterior scene is being made by Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer. It is "The Thirteenth Hour."

Publicity . . . Publicity . . . Publicity

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Know thyself.

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

MOTION PICTURE ART

After reading the following, it is suggested that critics of the silent drama who are prone to speak of the intellectual growth of film audiences, resort to a dish of hasheesh for consolation:

Speech No. 1: "Our only hope of success in screen production is satisfying popular demand . . . and the screen successes of today are testimonials not to our taste, but to the discrimination of the public."—Louis B. Mayer.

Speech No. 2: "I consider 'Abie's Irish Rose' the greatest motion picture property we have ever handled."—Adolph Zukor.

Speech No. 3: (To be repeated by highbrows at intervals of fifteen minutes during day and night after reading the foregoing): "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves if we are underlings."

TOWN OF LAUREL CANYON

Compliment to hermits domiciled in Laurel Canyon, as revealed in the Film Daily of New York, discussing our recent torrential rains:

Los Angeles, San Diego, Long Beach . . . Laurel Canyon and many other small towns of the district are badly flooded, etc.

Hidden plea to keep Jack Dempsey out of pictures:

Richard Dix is suffering from a broken rib received from Jack Renault, Canadian heavyweight, in a fight scene for "Knockout Reilly," etc.

Giant Pathe Studio?



RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Who is termed "The Unhappy Pilgrim" by
Fred Fox. See Page Five

New Group Needs Plant in Hollywood

An interesting but unconfirmed report has been going up and down the local rialto during the past week to the effect the new \$100,000,000 Pathe corporation will build a giant studio in Culver City or Burbank to house the many units that will be brought together with the new merger.

At the present time Pathe is located at the Fine Arts studio here.

The De Mille studio in Culver City, and the Metropolitan and Christie studios in Hollywood are now practically taxed to capacity by units of Producers Distributing Corporation.

With the expansion program that has been rumored for the inception of the new Pathe company, it is obvious that greatly enlarged facilities will be required.

It is believed, if Pathe builds, a plant along the general lines of the First National studio at Burbank will be erected, providing ample space for both Pathe units and independent companies that may be producing for Pathe release.

“Monopoly and the Movies”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

McGuire Process Reveals Field for Development of Film Fantasies

Artist Creates New Marvels in Settings

The unanimous verdict of those who have been privileged to see that epochal one-reel film, "Mickey in Moonland," as conceived and produced by Neil McGuire, is that it has never been equaled in motion pictures for sheer splendor. This despite the fact the cost of its making was infinitesimal when compared to the millions squandered on huge film spectacles.

This work has all the earmarks of a step more revolutionary than any others of recent years in the motion picture industry, and in opening a new field for the artistic and economic development of the cinema far surpasses the new-found talking pictures.

Possessed with the knowledge that he had something that would open a new klondike to film producers, McGuire, who had previously created hundreds of the most startling art titles, endeavored to interest various studios in what he had to offer. Met with scepticism and discouraging remarks, he finally decided to put his theory into practice. With limited funds, and by dint of hard work and the aid of others who realized the possibilities of his creation, he made "Mickey in Moonland."

There are only one or two actual settings in the entire production. They are inconsequential to the progress of the story and only used to allow a close perspective of Mickey, the principal character.

The story is of a little boy and his dog, who go on a trip to the moon. Riding on a hobby-horse and in an elegant galleon, the youngster visits the fantastic cities of the moon. It is here that McGuire has attained effects that are breath-taking. Through the use of backgrounds that McGuire had painted himself to create the illusion of a third dimension, the boy and dog are seen entering the pearly gates of the fabulous cities, through Paradisial forests, sailing down rivers of silver and into castles of tremendous proportions and of resplendent beauty. The significant phase of the whole thing is that the boy and dog are

not merely projected against a background, **but actually walk into the background!**

In his one-reel effort, which is as yet in a crude form, according to McGuire, this young artist has surpassed, in pictorial splendor, all of the massive settings of "The Ten Commandments," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Robin Hood," "Intolerance," and other spectacles of the same magnitude where great sums of money were spent for huge settings.

The McGuire process is a great boon to producers interested in the production of stories based on fantasy. Grotesque and weird effects are obtained with utmost ease; while a beauty and grandeur is lent to the smallest detail of setting by McGuire's treatment, which far surpasses the present lighting effects and camera angles. Great interest has been aroused in Hollywood and New York by "Mickey in Moonland," and reports are circulating to the effect several of the big companies are trying to make a deal with McGuire for a series of short-subject fantasies, and to also use his process in the production of features.

It is expected that "Mickey in Moonland" will soon be released in theaters throughout the country by Paramount, Pathe, or one of the other large distributors.

Hearst, M-G-M and Roach in Big Pact

William Randolph Hearst, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Hal Roach have completed an alliance of far-reaching importance, according to a late announcement.

By the terms of the deal, Hearst will produce a twice-a-week newsreel for the M.-G.-M. organization. Just what effect this will have on the present contract between Hearst's International Newsreel and Universal has not been stated. It is quite possible, however, that Hearst will complete his agreement with Universal and create a second newsreel organization to carry out the M.-G.-M. pact immediately.

As an affiliated producer, and probably as an executive of the M.-G.-M. corporation, Hal Roach will inaugurate a short subject department for the Loew film interests. This will afford exhibitors who book the M.-G.-M. product a complete program at a flat rate.

Roach will bring the "Our Gang" comedies; ten Charley Chase comedies and ten Max Davidson comedies into the M.-G.-M. fold. In addition to his newsreel agreement, it is expected that Hearst will continue indefinitely with his Cosmopolitan features under the M.-G.-M. banner.

Famous Players is also to produce its own newsreel under the management of Emmanuel Cohen, who put the Pathe Newsreel into high favor over a period of many years. Famous is also understood to be nearing an agreement with Mack Sennett to head its short subject department.

Two Broncho Busters Slated for 'U' Films

Jack Perrin and Fred Gilman will make a series of two-reel westerns for Universal. Production will start in about sixty days.

Mildred Harris Back; May Re-enter Films

Mildred Harris has returned to Hollywood from San Francisco, where she played for two weeks to packed houses at the Orpheum with her skit, "Movie Mad."

While tentative arrangements have been made for Miss Harris to go across the country on vaudeville with this playlet and later to London to play Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," it is possible she may take advantage of several film offers here before leaving again.

W. R. Swigart Quits 'Review'; Writes Book

William R. Swigart has resigned as co-editor of the Motion Picture Review of Hollywood. Frank P. Donovan will carry on the editorial activities of that journal. Swigart is writing an analytical treatise on the film industry which will be published in book form this autumn.

Cast and Staff of "Belgrano" Set

J. G. Bachman has completed the cast and staff for "Belgrano," the film he is making for Julian Ajuria, South American theater magnate.

Albert Kelley is directing, assisted by Herbert Sutch and Monte Faust. Georges Benoit and Nicholas Musuraca are the cameramen and Robert Stevens is technical director. The cast is headed by Jacqueline Logan and Francis X. Bushman; others are Henry Kolker, Olive Hasbrouck, Paul Ellis, Guido Trento, Mathilde Comont, Lige Conley, Charles Mailles, Charles K. French and Jack Gordon.

Pathe will start work on another serial at the Fine Arts studio on March 7th.

Studios Pick New Titles—Very Happy

Several changes in motion picture titles have bobbed up in the studios during the past few days.

Paramount has renamed Emil Jannings' first Hollywood film. It was "The Man Who Forgot God." Now it's "The Way of All Flesh."

Famous Players has also redubbed Raymond Griffith's new opus. What was "Beautiful Women" is now "Wedding Bells," and Mr. Zukor thinks it will make more money with that name.

First National has had its ups and downs trying to settle on a nice, juicy title for its big war comedy. First the Charlie Murray-George Sidney picture was called "Bay-O-Nuts."

They probably thought the exhibitors would confuse it with "doughnuts" and forget to put up the "dough" to make the "nut." So the more explicit name of "Who Goes Where?" was tacked on the picture. In a few days very few people at First National were sure who was going where on this title proposition. So now it is "Big Bertha," at least for the next forty-eight hours, according to an inside tip.

Tolstoy Vogue Looms for 1927

Is 1927 going to be a Tolstoy year in the films?

With Edwin Carewe's "Resurrection," for United Artists release, well on the way, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will now film "Anna Karenina," also a Tolstoy story. Dimitri Buchowetzki will direct a stellar cast in the M.-G.-M. film.

Franklin Named West Coast Chief

Harold B. Franklin, who headed the Paramount theater department before the inception of Publix Theaters, has been named general manager of West Coast Theaters, Inc.

Kirkland To Film "Gingham Girl" Next

David Kirkland will make "The Gingham Girl" as his eighth film for F. B. O. He will start work in about five days.

"Blow, Bugle, Blow!"

We of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND do not claim to be soothsayers, and prognostications at best are always frail things to deal with, yet we cannot resist this opportunity to blow our loud and young bugle. Although HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is only four weeks old, it is evident the producers take stock in what we have to say.

Two weeks ago, under the heading, "Why Did They Miss Rosita?", the following article was published in this journal:

Producers who are looking for new talent for pictures have a sure bet in Rosita, the remarkable Spanish dancer who recently appeared at the Orpheum here.

This young lady is endowed with an almost perfect figure, a startling beautiful face and an impressive personality. If given a chance in pictures she would wreak havoc in the ranks of many of today's favorites.

And last Saturday the following was published in Grace Kingsley's column in the Los Angeles Times:

That gorgeously beautiful and expressive child, Rosita Moreno, who is the sensational hit of Herman Timberg's dancing production at the Hillstreet Theater this week is to go into pictures.

John Considine announce yesterday that he had signed Miss Moreno for Feature Productions, of which he is the head, on a five-year contract. . . "We consider Miss Rosita one of the greatest film finds," said Mr. Considine yesterday. "Her beauty and expressiveness, her exquisite grace, and vivid pantomime, as well as her personal magnetism, which registers equally well in the films, according to the screen tests we have made of her, make us most enthusiastic regarding her future on the screen," etc.

Helen Eddy Plays Marion Davies' Kin

Helen Jerome Eddy will play sister to Marion Davies in her next picture, Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street," at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Pedro Rigas Plays in Bebe Daniels Opus

Pedro Rigas is now playing a small part with Bebe Daniels in "Senorita" at the Lasky studios. He is a brother of George Rigas, who was seen in "That Royle Girl," "The Wanderer," and other films.

Barbara Worth Plays as Hoot Gibson Lead

Barbara Worth, titian-haired beauty who is being groomed for big things by Universal, according to reports, is now playing the lead opposite Hoot Gibson in "Nine Points of the Law."

Two Film "Carmens"; Vitaphone for One?

William Fox will soon release "Carmen," with Dolores Del Rio in the title role.

A French company has already made a production of "Carmen," with Raquel Meller featured.

If the foreign production is given adequate presentation in this country, there will be an opportunity to compare the relative merits of the two.

If the picture with Meller is given a showing with Vitaphone accompaniment and the star herself singing, it is an almost foregone conclusion that the French film will soar far above the local opus.

Veidt Gets New 'U' Role; So-Jin Named

Conrad Veidt will play in "Lea Lyon" at Universal, instead of in Paul Leni's "Chinese Parrot." So-Jin, Japanese actor, has been picked for Veidt's role in the Leni production.

Film Actor in Role Of Stage Producer

Erwin Connelly, film character actor, and for many years prominent in vaudeville, has turned stage producer. Connelly is sponsoring "Honorable Wu and His Chinese Revue," one of the most remarkable and colorful productions of the kind ever attempted.

The revue has already played towns in northern and southern California and has aroused interest to the point where theater magnates are bidding up into giant figures for it. It is Connelly's idea to send it on tour across country into New York, and eventually into London.

Since entering the films Connelly has made hits in James Cruze's "Beggar on Horseback," Henry King's "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," "Shipwrecked," "Rubber Tires," and various other films.

Connelly will continue his work in the films while the revue garners fat grosses along its merry path, according to present plans.

Famous, Universal Vie for Aero Glory

Universal has decided to contest Famous Players' aeronautic gesture.

In other words, the Laemmle company is now making "Flight," a story of the air service in the world war, under direction of Emory Johnson.

In view of the fact Paramount has expended much time, effort and money on "Wings," directed by Victor Fleming, and has aroused interest in the production to a high degree, it will be interesting to determine which company will bring forth the most noteworthy effort.

"Wings" is regarded as a real opportunity for Richard Arlen, Paramount juvenile, while "Flight," in which Raymond Keane plays the male lead, will give him a chance to get up in the forefront of the films.

Contracts Let For Huge M-G-M Stage

As the first unit of a building program that in new stages alone will total more than \$180,000, contracts have been let at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the largest stage ever built at that studio. It will be made of steel, covering an acre of floor space. Two others like it will be erected later in the year.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

Edited by FRED W. FOX

ROBERT D. HOBDAV, Director of Finance and Advertising.

RALPH KIMBALL, Director of Circulation.

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

MONOPOLY AND THE MOVIES

Speaking before the convention of the American Bankers' Association in Los Angeles last year, Louis B. Mayer, production chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and one of the shrewdest executives in the motion picture industry, declared:

This is one gigantic industry where monopoly can never endure. You may be able to corner all the wheat in the world, you may be able to control every piece of steel that is manufactured, but you can never monopolize the motion picture industry for the simple reason that you cannot corner brains and talent. When you purchase motion pictures you do not buy a piece of film, but you buy brains and talent exposed on the film. New brains and new talent are creeping up daily and for that reason there can be no monopoly of the film business. Years ago a concern known as the Patents Company endeavored to monopolize the business by controlling the machines necessary to make and project pictures. For a short time it endured, but soon utterly failed, and from that day on monopoly in the motion picture business became an impossibility.

Circumstantial evidence seems to contradict Mr. Mayer. The past eighteen months have been teeming with moves in the industry that point toward a decided and very tight monopoly. Not only is this true in the production field, but in the distributing and exhibiting ends of the business as well.

Among the maneuvers of the past year or so that incline us to the belief the motion picture industry is on the road to a tight-fisted monopoly, we cite the affiliation of the huge Balaban & Katz theaters with the Publix Theater circuit in a colossal chain reaching from coast to coast; the energy of West Coast Theaters, the Saenger Amusement Company, the Saxe Amusement Enterprises, the Stanley Company, Finkelstein & Rubin, the Mike Comerford-Fox combine, the Skouras Bros. enterprises and many other independent and semi-independent theater chains in a hectic gobbling contest to swallow all other theaters and, perhaps, each other.

This does not include the theater expansion activities of Universal, United Artists, Warner Bros., Fox, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Famous Players and First National which are so staggering as to bring apoplexy upon the small-time exhibitor with one or two houses.

If the thing keeps up at the present rate there will be no pictures for him to play, other than the hand-me-downs of Poverty Row, upon which, assuredly, he cannot hope to make a respectable living.

Now there looms before the industry two other huge potential mergers; that of the Pathe interests, which will pool Pathe-P-D-C-De Mille-Orpheum-Keith-Albee into a giant \$100,000,000 combine, and the rumored United Artists-M-G-M tie-up. It is obvious that if these combinations are effected they will force

The Griffith & DeMille Myth

There is a Great Myth that has been bantered about in Hollywood for years.. It is the legend of David Wark Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille.

Once upon a time, long ago, somebody who must have been a potential revolutionist, started a story going the rounds that there was a professional feud between these two men; that Griffith scoffed at De Mille, and that Cecil thought D. W. was a third-rate director compared to himself. If such is the case the sad experiences of the two have at last brought them together in what promises to be one of the most interesting friendly rivalries in the business.

It was about three years ago that I got into a rather heated argument with a certain gentleman in the De Mille organization about the respective directorial merits of Mr. De Mille and Mr. Griffith. It so happens that

Mr. Griffith is my motion picture Baedeker; and for years I have regarded him, as I do today, the unequalled master of them all, despite the tribulations that have beset him of recent years

(Continued on Page 7)

many other companies to band together for self-protection. Then, with merger and quasi-monopoly well anchored in the industry, the road is clear for the few executives who carry the balance of power to join hands.

Monopoly in the films would be a great weapon to club down the high salaries now being paid players, directors and others, and with the theater outlets at the disposal of the monopoly, the exhibitor who refused to meet their demands would simply be cutting his own throat. Under the existing state and national laws, this monopoly could be so cleverly conceived as to defy federal inspection. Through the use of many subsidiary companies, with apparently unconnected interests, the monopoly could have its own way about things.

Mr. Mayer declares that brains and talent cannot be cornered. Very true. However, brains and talent can be choked to death; and only the brains and talent that pleased the monopoly would have the privilege of industrial existence.

Monopoly in this guise would be as firm as the old Patents Company. As a matter of fact that pioneer organization would appear very inconsequential when compared to a modern combine such as threatens. Where the Patents Company merely controlled machines, a modern monopoly would control the source of supply, the market, machines, men and women . . . and the fourth industry of the world, today not a luxury but an absolute necessity. The bondage of the minions would be as secure as that of an ancient lord over his fiefage.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE UNHAPPY
PILGRIM

It was about ten years ago . . . in Chicago. Winter twilight was throwing its gauzy veil over the soot and smoke of the city. Snow flurries were beginning to descend and a brisk wind whipped around the buildings and through the elevated trestles. We spied the Memorable Sweet Young Thing coming toward us.

"Say," she gushed excitedly, "I've just been over to the Woodlawn. There was a Marguerite Clark picture there . . . 'Seven Swans' . . . too cute for words. And, oh! the nicest boy plays the lead . . . his name is Richard Bar-thol-o-mews or something like that . . . oh! he's marvelous! . . . you must see him! . . ."

Well, anyway, her conversation trailed along; and pretty soon she trailed on home.

"Bar-thol-o-mews!" The name jumped around in our heads. What sort of a fellow was trying to become a moving picture star with such a long, long name?

Two evenings later we discovered that his name was Barthelmess; and that he had taken the whole feminine contingent of Chicago by storm. He was a black-haired, langorous-eyed young man. He had a rather crooked smile. And he seemed so sincere.

From that day on the name of Richard Barthelmess was bantered around among the young ladies; and overpowering curiosity impelled the young men to keep an eye on the new actor's progress. Everybody wondered when Richard Barthelmess would come forth as a star in his own right. His following was great.

It was several years later. Clarine Seymour, who had flashed across the screen so vividly with Barthelmess in "The Idol Dancer," had died in the midsummer. Bobby Harron, another of that Griffith clan in its heyday, had died only a couple of months later. An air of melancholy seemed to surround the Griffithians on the eve of the "Way Down East" debuts.

The Memorable Sweet Young Thing said: "D. W. Griffith's new picture 'Way Down East' is going to open here Saturday night. I see that Richard Barthelmess is going to make a personal appearance with the others. Remember when he came here with 'Broken Blossoms?' Let's go down and see him!"

"When does all this take place?"

"Saturday night."

But it didn't "take place" Saturday night. Not until the following Monday. And the Memorable Sweet Young Thing went with somebody else. For we were on a train that was rushing through Kansas toward the west—toward Hollywood.

It was six years before Richard Barthelmess crossed our path again. Many



things had happened in those six years.

Sunset gilded the room in the Ambassador. Richard Barthelmess, perched on a chair against the opposite wall, spoke rather slowly and musingly, "No, I'm going back to New York. I hope to come back to Hollywood . . . some time."

He did return. It was a year later.

Richard Barthelmess came back to the scenes of his first hopes and accomplishments . . . he came back with an escutcheon of "Tol'able Davids," "Sonny's," "Way Down Easts," and "Classmates" . . . back to the realm of "Seven Swans," "Prince Charming" and "Scarlet Days." Six years had transformed the glowing-eyed boy of those days into a man rather worldly and more self-confident. He had become a man who was trying to live up to the popular conception of a motion picture star . . . something beyond the common touch. It touched our hearts with a strang feeling of futility and sorrow.

Somebody said: "Hasn't Dick Barthelmess changed a lot! I wish he was like he used to be."

The same thoughts were racing through us.

People have grossly misunderstood Richard Barthelmess. And, we be-

lieve, Richard Barthelmess is trying to hide himself under a mantle of sophistry that fits him illy. We have always regarded Richard Barthelmess as an exceptionally fine actor; but he seems to be trying to casually evade what-used-to-be. He is Achievement with a pitying regard for Hope, the boy he was ten years ago.

It is several years since Barthelmess has appeared in a picture worthy of his talents. He seems to be lost in a lackadaisical "Well, I don't particularly care" attitude. To the world at large, Richard Barthelmess can say that he believes in "The Beautiful City," "Ransom's Follys," "Amateur Gentlemen," in the "White Black Sheep," yes, and even in the "Patent Leather Kids." He can't say that to us, though. We wouldn't believe him. What is more, he knows it . . . deep in his heart.

Richard Barthelmess should be one of the most popular motion picture personalities. He is . . . to a certain degree. But he is not the idol that he should be. Richard Barthelmess has a right to eminence over the John Gilberts, the Ronald Colmans, the Reginald Dennys, the Rod La Rocques and the many others who have, or are on the verge of passing him in public favor. As a matter of fact, Richard Barthelmess had opportunities where they were denied to the beloved Valentino. Our charge is that Richard Barthelmess has not kept faith with us. Sometimes we wonder what that Sweet Young Thing thinks today when she sees Richard Barthelmess in these trite pictures.

Does Richard Barthelmess, who was tutored under the master, Griffith, believe he has perpetuated the glory of his beginning?

These are things difficult for us to say; questions difficult for us to ask. With us, personally, Richard Barthelmess has always been charming. It is not with the man himself that we are disappointed; it is with the man himself who has allowed his

(Continued on Page 7)

Why Are the "Fan" Journals So Stupid?

"What are the rank tongues
Of this vile herd, grown insolent with
feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise,
or dread
Their noisome clamor?"

—LORD BYRON.

Among the most notoriously stupid periodicals in existence, the so-termed motion picture "fan" magazine is undoubtedly the most fatuous.

In the approximate twenty years since the first of these things appeared no growing light of intelligence or discrimination has been evident in their compilation and multiplication. The editorial imbecilities, trashy sentiment, egoistic horn-blowings and vapid nonsense that characterized the initial editions of these grotesque compendiums are as blatantly evident today as they were at that time.

Of a certitude, the stupidities of these organs must have created a fine respect for America and the motion picture in foreign countries!

The bigotry and inanities of the harpies that have launched these things upon us each thirty days or so has increased with the passing years.

The stink of their silly and ever-repetitive babblings is an ignominy heaped upon the name of the motion picture people. There are many in this business to whom a "fan" magazine hireling is a positive anathema.

There are, of course, some men and women of mentality who have the misfortune to be linked, possibly through economic necessity, with such publications.

There are also two of these magazines that are making a heroic effort to overcome the dogmatic crudity and moronia that has tied them to the rest. Their ultimate success, however, is as yet very much in the dark.

Before these journals lies a fertile field and a great duty . . . as yet undone. If they will have the courage of their convictions . . . if they have any convictions left by this time . . . and use some common sense, they will meet with far greater success than they are enjoying today.

There is an old alibi that

is employed by the publishers of these treatises whenever they are confronted with questions as to the content of their journals. They say that the public wants "that sort of stuff." They point to the fact that a small clique of magazines pandering to the sensational element of the public that likes to see pictures of naked women, digest risqué confession stories, and demand "hot stuff," have met with tremendous commercial reward.

Are we to gather from this that the publishers of our big movie periodicals are entirely devoid of ethics, of ideals, of a sense of duty to a business that has made their very existence possible? Must the motion picture business be prostituted to fill the pocketbooks of a small group of publishers?

Unfortunately many of our picture people have walked in awe of the much-heralded political influence of these magazines. Their influence doesn't amount to a hill of beans. They are piloted, for the greater part, by a gang of nitwits, to whom no rational motion picture producer will pay attention.

Why should the motion

Nichols Plays Sets Mark for Film Coin

When it first made its debut on the stage in Los Angeles and later in New York, Anne Nichols' sensational stage play, "Abie's Irish Rose," was roundly walloped by the critics as a savory example of theatrical cheese.

Today Miss Nichols is sitting on top of the world as a stage producer and her play has brought home the succint bacon to the extent of \$18,000,000. Of this sum, at least \$5,000,-

picture business be choked in an ooze of claptrap? Why should this industry, the fourth ranking enterprise of our country, be subject to the brazen insults and hypocritical scribbings of these nineties? Is there no sense of honor or duty left in us at all?

The principal ingredients of a "fan" magazine, in most instances, are an alleged "interview" with some prominent star, director or producer who find themselves mirrored either as a demigod or a cluck. This is followed up by pages of motion picture reviews, whose tone is largely determined by the amount of advertising space purchased by producers and distributors; and if the hapless "reviewee" possibly does not happen to be a patron of advertising, a nice welter of critical garbage will be dished up before him.

It is the claim of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND that unflinching honesty in critical treatment at the hands of these ginks is a pipe-dream.

What we need today in that field is somebody who will throw off the traditional bondage and get a new perspective on the whole thing. It must be somebody who still retains a little true sentiment, a great deal of courage and far-reaching vision . . . a dreamer and a doer.

000 has gone into Miss Nichols' own purse.

With the purchase of the screen rights by Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, all records for sums paid for film rights to successful plays and books have been shattered. Miss Nichols will collect at least \$300,000 from Paramount as first payment, with further sums and royalties to follow, creating a staggering total.

Last month this much-lampooned play played its two thousandth performance at the Republic Theater in New York. It opened at the Fulton Theater in that city on May 23rd, 1922. Two months later it was removed to the Republic Theater and has stuck there like glue ever since.

The show is the marvel of the theatrical world. Since the fall of 1922, "Abie's Irish Rose" has been presented in every city and large town of the United States by from six to ten road companies. At the present time there are seven outfits presenting the Irish-Jewish romance, in Australia, one of which is in its twenty-third week. Mr. De Lignemare, manager for Miss Nichols, says "Abie's Irish Rose" is still in its infancy and will be shown in barns and Grange Halls where no theatrical company has ever appeared. Twenty prominent theatrical producers were offered "Abie's Irish Rose," all of whom ignored it. Oliver Morosco had the rights to the play, but permitted it to slip through his fingers. It is reputed that Miss Nichols wrote this stage play in five days. Mr. Morosco first produced it in Los Angeles in 1921. It played in Los Angeles for forty-two weeks and then Morosco thoughtlessly neglected to pay royalties to Miss Nichols and lost the title to "Abie." After trying in vain to peddle it in New York, Miss Nichols raised \$30,000 from a bank sale mortgage or pawn ticket and then borrowed from friends. It is estimated that Miss Nichols' personal profits from this play are \$5,000,000; \$200,000 has been spent for house rentals, \$3,000,000 has been paid out in salaries, \$350,000 in transportation, \$150,000 for wardrobe, \$50,000 for insurance and \$25,000 for cable and telegraph.

vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

professional being to be overshadowed by a sorry sense of worldliness. Richard Barthelmess came to us as a paragon of sincerity. He has not been sincere with himself. He has been too content to rest on his laurels, and they are withered somewhat now.

There is a remedy for all this. It is for him to forget that he is a Motion Picture Star. Eminence in this art, industry or whate'er we may term it, is a thing so fragile and so quick to die. Richard Barthelmess must come to the consciousness that he is not equipped to carry his pennant alone. The Fairbanks, the Pickfords and the best of them know that today. This is not a one-man business.

Let Richard Barthelmess secure the finest director in the motion picture realm; let him secure a leading lady, perhaps not of his own choosing, but one that will appease the public, the critical inclinations . . . and his own sense of worth. He should not entrust these roles to novices . . . for he has at least ten years behind him, and unschooled actresses can nullify that decade of endeavor with amazing rapidity, no matter how well they are thespically endowed by nature. Finally, Richard Barthelmess, like Marion Davies, needs a "Big Parade," a "Stella Dallas," an epochal, resounding play; a role of dramatic tremendousness; something with which he can fittingly challenge the rule of the Gilberts, Colmans, et al.

If Richard Barthelmess will go back down the years and live again the hopes of his first opportunities; if he will go back to the master, Griffith, in spirit if not in person, and recall the adages of those days and the idealistic promptings that tempered his achievements in that bygone era; if he will forsake the blinding splendor of his stellar identity; if he will break away from the dull philosophies of the money-makers and the sordid computations of the box-office; then we

M-G-M Confab To Be Held in L. A.

For the first time in history, Los Angeles is to be the meeting place of the annual Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer national sales convention, when 500 executives, exchange managers, and salesmen will gather early in May.

Robert Fischer in Hollywood; To Direct

Robert Fischer, character actor, who has been seen in at least twenty Broadway plays, is now in Hollywood. His ambition is to become a film director. His most recent part was for David Belasco in "The Harem," and he comes highly recommended by Belasco, John Golden and other theatrical powers.

can once again await something great and fine from him.

If, however, he is held by the gravity of gold and worldly position, so kind in fleet moments, but so ignominious in later years, then we can only sigh and say: "If Richard Barthelmess was only what he used to be!"

But why should we have to say that?

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The Griffith and DeMille Myth

(Continued from Page 4)

and have, in many instances, left their marks upon his work.

Our argument waxed rather eloquent. He brought me to a high point of loquaciousness by insinuating that Mr. Griffith was merely a puppet-master; and extolled the glories of his boss into my unbelieving ears. To me the words of this man did not reflect the sentiments of his chief; because between men who have accomplished what Mr. Griffith and Mr. De Mille have done there can be only mutual respect. But it left a very sorry impression upon me as to the ease with which such warped ideas can be driven into people's minds by idle gossip.

Since that time it has been my amusement to read many columns of comment on the same subject. Personal opinions are, of course, the privilege of everybody. The fact that I, personally, rated Mr. Griffith above Mr. De Mille, did not efface my respect for the achievements

of the latter. It simply left me wondering why all of these people should spend their time talking about such trivial nonsense.

Mr. De Mille had an unhappy experience with Famous Players-Lasky; and Zukor brought Griffith into the fold with the idea of equaling, and perhaps surpassing, the status the company had lost when De Mille left. Griffith's affiliation with Paramount was short and reputedly rife with its sorrows. Now the two are to be allied, rumor has it, in the new Pathe organization.

Bringing into the new company the wealth of ability, energy, vision and experience that is theirs, Mr. Griffith and Mr. De Mille should create one of the epochal institutions of the industry. Their separate identities will be retained, but their collective talent will be pooled to further the ambitions that they were unable to realize under their former arrangements.

SUCCESS

"Success or failure in business is more a matter of mental attitude than of mental capacity."

—WALTER DILL SCOTT.

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Personal Attention—

Federal Income Tax Returns

March 5—Corporation Charter Suspended if State Franchise Tax is unpaid.

March 7—(12 o'clock M.) City and County Tax Schedule of Property subject to Taxation (subject to arbitrary assessment if not filed before June 1st.

March 7—State Franchise Tax Report Due and must be filed by March 17.

Federal Special Reports—Income Tax to be paid at source on Interest from Bonds—Monthly Report before 20th following month. Annual Return by March 15.

March 7—Veteran's Claim for Exemption of \$1000.00 must be filed annually with County Assessor between March 7th and July 4th.

March 17—Last Day for State Corporation Franchise Tax Report.

March 15—Federal Income Tax Return must be filed and one-fourth of total Tax for 1926 laid.

March 15—Annual Information. Return Salaries, Wages, Rent, Interest, Etc.

Henry W. Bullen

Public Accountant and Auditor

Federal, State and Local Taxes

HOLLYWOOD 3642

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX

Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 5

Thursday, March 10th, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

HAM AND EGGS IF—

Provocative reminiscence of the ancient wheeze about "if we had some ham we could have some ham-and-eggs if we had some eggs" as aroused by the following epochal publicity item from Mr. George Landy, First National studios, Burbank, Calif.:

Although Donald Reed will not play the role of a college man in Colleen Moore's coming production for First National "Naughty But Nice," he is one, having attended Occidental College in Los Angeles

Slight mistake in publicity copy of Mr. Sam B. Jacobson of Universal City, Calif.:

Emory Johnson, Universal director, has established a new vogue among megaphonists in Hollywood. He takes the part of an extra and does his directing in front of the camera instead of behind it.

To the personal knowledge of the editor, Clarence Brown did this at least two years ago.

Ups and downs of athletes in the silent drama, as gleaned from the week's news:

Reports are revived that Paramount will film Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" with Tunney and Dempsey.

Hearst-Warner Studio Deal?



MADGE BELLAMY

She is the successful "Fair Lady in Quandary"

See Page Five

Rumors bagged on Hollywood Boulevard last night declare that New York is on the verge of a wholesale motion picture exodus.

This report follows in the wake of the recent announcement of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that they were abandoning their Long Island City studios entirely for concentrated production in the Hollywood plant.

A deal is reported as now under way for the sale of the giant Cosmopolitan Studio in New York to Warner Bros. for the production of Vitaphone film accompaniments. Hearst had contemplated a huge producing program at this studio for his Cosmopolitan productions before moving to the west coast. The Paramount plant on Long Island will be used by Publix Theatres, a Paramount subsidiary, for the creation and rehearsal of theater prologues.

Other reports received during the week declare that other studios in New York will be converted to other uses and that the Fort Lee film plants will be dismantled. All present New York production will be switched to Hollywood, according to present indications.

“Hollywood and the Highbrows”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Rembusch Trust Rap Stirs Industry; Will Federal Probe Be Hocus-Pocus?

Theater Chief Raps Hays Ass'n Tactics

Statements made in the editorial, "Monopoly and the Movies," which was published in last week's issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, have been intensified during the past few days by the news of the merger of the Stanley Company of America, West Coast Theaters, and First National Pictures. All three were cited by this journal as participants in the theater expansion hiatus.

However, the real blow has been struck by Frank J. Rembusch, fighting chief of the Indiana Motion Picture Theater Owners' Association, who asks for a federal investigation into an alleged trust existing in the motion picture industry.

The doughty Rembusch is more or less of a stormy petrel and has caused producers and distributors considerable anxiety by his activities in behalf of the exhibitors, not only of his own state, but everywhere. This latest move will no doubt add to the frowns worn by film nabobs when the name, Rembusch, is uttered.

Rembusch, in his complaint filed with the anti-trust bureau of the Department of Justice at Washington, declares that the Hays Association and its members control the entire production and distribution fields, as well as the theater realm. According to the *Film Daily*, Rembusch says:

"If a theater owner complains, his character and business is subject to assassination. Often if a theater owner refuses to buy a picture they will send agents into his city to destroy the good-will he has with his patrons, or threaten to build a theater in competition. In this manner they make him buy their pictures.

"Today no one can find a way to the screen except through the Hays organization, because the distribution of pictures is controlled by

Cloud of Hot Air Hangs Over Movies

If all the alleged actresses in motion pictures who claim to be ex-Follies girls were lined up shoulder to shoulder, then how high is up?

If that's true, then how long would it take you to compile a complete list of the broken-down pugilists, ex-coal heavers, truck drivers and drug store cowboys who claim that once upon a time they almost knocked Jack Dempsey off his feet in a thirty-eight round battle in the dim, dark past?

them. Recently at Los Angeles I met Edgar Lewis, a producer, who wants to make pictures and he asked . . . Is it possible to in any way reach the screen again? Such independent producers as Harry Rapf, Herbert Brenon and Bennie Schulberg, who were formerly independent producers, are working for the Trust, or perhaps they would not work. The Independents are about all gone and are now Dependents. Stars, directors, all come under the influence of the trust in some manner.

"Our former state right market is now practically past history. Hundreds of other pictures could be and are made but the Trust prevents distribution. Formerly our best pictures came through the state right market. The trust causes the theater owner to buy only their pictures and they fill up all the time and consequently there is no room for the State Righter," etc.

Once again Rembusch has sounded the clarion call. But will there really be a far-reaching federal investigation such as he asks?

Or will there be a hocus-pocus of nonsense and long, drawn-out flip-doodle that ends up in nothing but a lot of talk and a lack of action?

This doom hangs over the films and there are a few who can see it. Unless something is done the tentacles of the octopus will soon close in on the industry; then it will be too late for action, only time for regrets. Wake up!

Hasso Price May Make Films Here

According to report, a series of short-reel films will be made in Hollywood by Hasso Price, German actor and director.

Price, or Prietzel, as he was known before applying for citizenship here, has had quite an extensive affiliation with European film companies.

He wrote the continuities of the German films, "Atlantis" and "Summer Love," and in 1923 was assistant director on "Sodom's End," the screen version of the Sudermann novel directed by Felix Basch at the UFA studios in Berlin. Price was also affiliated with the late Max Linder when that comedian made "The Circus King" in Paris and Vienna.

As an actor, Price played in "The Madonna at the Gate," "The Game of Love," "The Viennes Waltz" and other continental productions. In 1925 he produced and directed "The Boxer King" for the Prima Film Company; "The Lucky One" for the Prietzel Film Company, and "Batavia" for the Heiland Film Company.

During 1926, Price came to America as correspondent for a German film trade paper. Coming to Hollywood, he worked in the scenario department of the Mack Sennett studio. Later he produced "The Student Prince" on the San Francisco stage. Among his recent works is an original story, "Geisha Love," dealing with naval officers in Japan, which Price may produce himself at a later date.

Ralston Picked For Cruze Opus

Esther Ralston will play the feminine lead in "Beau Sabreur," which James Cruze will direct for Paramount. Production begins in about ninety days.

Great Array of Writers at M-G-M

The scenario craft is well represented at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios these days.

Several new writers, Patrick Kearney, Sam Janney, Josephine Lovett, F. Hugh Herbert, Hans Kraely and John Colton are among those recently given contracts by Irving Thalberg.

Others in the roster are Albert Lewin, Byron Morgan, Frances Marion, Elliott Clawson, Jack Cunningham, Dorothy Farnum, Douglas Furber, Agnes Christine Johnston, Bradley King, Edward Lowe, jr., June Mathis, Lorna Moon, Winifred Eaton Reeve, Florence Ryerson, Gladys Unger, Waldemar Young and A. P. Younger.

Says Italian Films Fail in Own Nation

"Italian films cannot compete with the American and German productions. The Italian people prefer the imported pictures and home-made films are unable to get play dates, even in the smaller villages in Italy."

This is the statement made by Count Mazzaglia, known as the "Italian Lon Chaney" because of his work in "Titus" and other Italian motion pictures.

Mazzaglia is now in Hollywood working under the name of Dick Valencia. Prior to starting his film career, Mazzaglia, or Valencia, produced and acted in stage productions in Europe.

Strayer Directs 2nd 'School' Film

"Rolled Stockings," a story of college life, will be the second film to be made by the Paramount school players. Frank Strayer will direct. Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen have been cast.

Emil Jannings' next picture for Famous Players will be "The King of Soho," a story of Limehouse.

Considine; *the* *Right Hand of* —Joe Schenck

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test.

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The executive administration of the motion picture industry has been augmented in late years by a new group of young men who have done much to advance the cause of the silent drama. Their influx has been almost as great, and certainly as noteworthy as that of new thespian and directorial talent.

Predominant among these has been Irving G. Thalberg, regarded as one of the most brilliant executive minds in the film business. Thalberg has done much to create the high production standards of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Where Thalberg has been lavishly publicized and subjected to widespread critical scrutiny, however, John W. Considine, Jr., has been virtually neglected. Certainly a man of Considine's position warrants more attention than has been paid him.

Considine, as the right-hand man of our leading film magnate, Joseph M. Schenck, has acquitted himself with aplomb and credit. Vested with confidence and authority by Mr. Schenck, John Considine has made many notable moves that have done much to change the movie map of recent months.

We read in the papers from time to time of certain things that Joseph Schenck has done, or contemplates doing. Big moves, that mean the expenditure of millions of dollars in film productions, theaters or allied ventures. In reality these things are done by John Considine. The plans themselves are outlined by Mr. Schenck; but a man of

his position and activity is not free to work out the many details and burden himself with the responsibilities concerned in bringing these projects to fruition. That is Considine's job, and if you have followed the activities of Mr. Schenck for the past few years, you will realize that his young lieutenant has had his hands full.

The son of the Considine of Considine & Sullivan theatrical fame, young Considine has been fitted by nature for his job. He has the instinctive showman's sense. He has the rare ability to commingle photoplay art and the demands of the box-office.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, John Considine said to us: "Sometimes I wonder if there is public appreciation for the man behind the screen; the executive who is conscientiously striving to satisfy exhibitors and their audiences; the man in whose hands the destinies of international celebrities are placed; upon whose shoulders the public blame for mistakes are laid, but who

is very rarely included in the praise."

Our answer is that there is public appreciation for all of this. But the public must know who the men behind the scenes are, and of what caliber they are built. Considine is of our most intelligent and aggressive coterie. He creates respect by virtue of his achievements.

It was Considine who gave Clarence Brown his first big chance, when he was producing Valentino's pictures.

Considine has also given Gilbert Roland his chance; and now he will give Rosita Moreno her opportunity. We could go on indefinitely with a list of names and a compendium of work well done, but the significant fact is that Considine himself is headed for even greater prominence than he enjoys today.

Mr. Schenck has given Considine his chance. In turn, Considine has justified his opportunities in a fine manner. John Considine is a man who has been given power. He has passed the supreme test of using that power with gentility and in winning the respect of those under him and the admiration of the industry at large.

Considine is of the stuff that tomorrow's motion picture industry will be made. We need have no trepidations for its future. It is in good hands.

"Headwaiter" will be Adolphe Menjou's next film. It was written by Ernest Vajda. Menjou recently made "Grand Duchess and the Waiter," and, latest, "Evening Clothes."

MR. CARR AGREES

There are a few people in this world who have the all-too-rare faculty of doing their own thinking. Those few were not numbered among the several who protested the recent article in HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. "Mission Play Is of Finer Texture Than 'Miracle'," wherein the San Gabriel play was handed a nod over Mr. Gest's opus.

Among the ladies and gents who said we had made a mistake there was a prevalent notion that the "Miracle" was great because everybody else said it was great. Just like a lot of sheep.

It may enlighten them to read the following words by our good friend, Mr. Harry Carr, if they perchance missed the Los Angeles Times of last Monday, where they were printed in Mr. Carr's inimitable column, "The Lancer."

The Miracle has closed the most successful engagement of its splendid career.

It is a great work of art.

I know this because it has passed an infallible test.

If anything bores me to tears I always find out that it is a great work of art.

Judged by this test, the Miracle is the crowning achievement of this benighted age.

I loved the first part of the Miracle. Although you could see much the same thing in any Catholic cathedral on any great day.

But I can't seem to convince myself that the allegorical symbolism that followed was great art.

The opening scene with the Madonna in the cathedral was sweet, dim-lit, solemn tragedy. It had the subdued note of consecration—devotion.

Then the story slid off into a long, tedious nightmare. To tell the truth, it seemed very much like a winter garden show—minus the naked ladies. I was half expecting to see Al Jolson come out to sing a mammy song through his nose.

In the meantime the publicity-hypnotized ginks who rave about the Gest opus, fail to trek to San Gabriel.

It is useless to try to convince people who have no sense of discrimination . . . especially when they will not make comparisons on their own behalf.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

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HOLLYWOOD AND THE Highbrows

The babbitts among us are rather exasperated when we read the high-falutin' scorn heaped upon the lowly movie by the highbrows who sit in the judgment seats.

The cynics among us are covertly pleased, and hope for further and greater vitriolic doses to be poured down Hollywood throats.

As a matter of fact what the average journalistic pretenders and typewriter intelligentsia have to say about the silent drama is nothing more or less than a farrago of hypothetical monstrosities.

There are times when the critical survey of the yokelariat, who on most occasions do not quite grasp the subtleties of our finer photoplays, will whip the artful producer or director to the verge of hair tonic or other post-Volsteadian beverages. Their supine opinions, however, are not to be compared with the scathing appraisal of our allegedly intelligent critics. The proclamations of these haughty ginks are pungent with the spices of highbrowism. Yet, in their superior style, they are just as vapid.

There are only four or five critics in America today who are equipped to pass judgment on the type of cinematic fare that will please all classes of this vast democracy. None of them have exhibited any symptoms of the intelligentsia.

If a motion picture producer listened to the condescending suggestions of all of these smart critics he would be tripping over his beard long before he had completed a picture. Then the critics would find something else wrong with it.

The critical stupidities of these self-appointed, and marvelously self-opinionated, Nestors of the motion picture are theoretical alone. It would be economic suicide for any film producer to follow their tack.

The highbrow, as represented in these newspaper and magazine minions, thinks only in terms of intelligentsia. He is not cognizant of the fact that there are millions of people who like the same old claptrap over and over again in motion pictures. They are the devotees of the horse-operas; and the worshippers of the utterly impossible, yet eternally popular, "society dramas." But it is for this vast audience that the producer is making pictures. Not for the cliques that gather in metropolitan theater guilds.

Pigeons, Long Pants and Ravens

Dear Pals, Billy and Fred:

Well, pals, for no reason whatsoever, I take my typewriter in lap this lovely Spring evening to indite a few words, which, I hope and pray, will have absolutely no bearing on anything. If they do, blame it on the typewriter; the dog-gone thing is always going kind of haywire and writing words I don't even know how to spell.

What I was going to say, if I remember rightly, is something about my boss, Harry Langdon. He kicked me in the long pants one day for saying he was the world's greatest comedian, so I will now make a retraction of same by stating that he is only the world's greatest comedy star.

Now that we have settled that question, let us turn to page 336 and sing that beloved old hymn—wait a minute, that was another time.

Well, anyway, I will now write something about the lovely view from my office window. I used to have two office windows, but they moved the office away one day on a truck, so now I have only one. I remember once

I looked out my office window when I had two office windows, and saw two pigeons out on the handsome engraved curbstone making love to each other, and I wrote the sweetest little piece about them two pigeon. All the girls said it was just wonderful. I would write something now about a couple of pigeons, only there are not any pigeons around just now, as it is midnight and all the pigeons have gone where good pigeons go about midnight.

Having settled that fowl question, I will now write something about how hard it is to be a press agent. Let's see, now— Well, I can't seem to think just how hard it is to be a press agent, so let's talk about something else.

Speaking of Harry Langdon, who is not only my best pal, but my severest critic, you will unquestionably be glad to know that he has just made a super-laugh-epic called "Long Pants." If you don't believe it is a super-laugh-epic, just look at any of my recent publicity stories. When I said, up there in the second paragraph that Mr. Langdon "kicked me in the long pants," that was just a clever way of putting over the title of the picture so you wouldn't know it. That is what is known as adroit

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For instance, there are 19 studios and 250 producing companies in Hollywood alone. They have \$1,125,000,000 invested in plants and productions; and they have \$375,000,000 more invested in raw film, costumes, stories and other assets. In the year 1925, \$165,000,000 was spent in motion picture production in Hollywood, and in 1926, \$225,000,000 was expended for the same purpose. The intelligentsia contributed an infinitesimal amount to this sum; certainly their paid admissions would not run into six figures. Where did the money come for all this? From the back country, the hack towns, from out of the pockets of the Great Mob that is America. Not from the theater guilds of Fifth Avenue.

When film audiences refuse to pay money to see artistry and intelligence in the photoplay, forsake it for the queues outside the nickelodeons that reap harvests on the Tom Mix complex, then certainly it is high time for the intelligentsia to cast about and determine . . . not what is wrong with the movies . . . but what is wrong with the American people.

Therein lies the herculean task of our scoffers, cynics and pretenders with the savior faire. In the meantime . . . on with the horse-operas and the hokum . . . and the billion-dollar payrolls. This is an industry; not an aesthetic picnic.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

FAIR LADY IN
QUANDARY

A poet would have called it pelting rain.

We cursed the pools of water, the mud, and fog that hung over the tree-tops. It was easy for us to commandeer big, luscious cuss-words on a day like this.

A poet would have spoken of the elfin tracery of the eucalyptii against the drenched hills of Beverly. We voiced our fury and sorrow with phrases ripe with "hells" and "damns."

Our feet were wet, and our spirits were damp. This was a sad day for us to go a-calling on Madge Bellamy, who had always suggested springtime and apple-blossoms to us. To-day that was all bunk.

A mighty thump on the door of the cozy Spanish house. The gr-ru-rumph of a window sash being raised. Then a voice:

"Who's that?"

"It's the Hollywood Vagabond."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, because we've been robbed during the past two days, by two nice looking young men, too. We're rather cautious about who we let in."

We were glad that we were nice looking young men. We immediately forgot that two other nice looking young men were hold-up men, because they voluntarily let us in.

She opened the door for

us. We felt conscious of our soaked shoes, our water-weary hats and our dripping coats when we saw her, all radiant and gorgeously arrayed.

"Isn't this AWFUL weather!" she exclaimed.

We felt a lot better after that. We gave a parting look out the door and bestowed a superior gaze upon the blue auto that was already being bathed in giant rivulets from the trees above. We were glad we had escaped all that, even momentarily. Let it rain, now; what did we care.

Madge Bellamy was far different from the girl we had expected to meet.

The spirit of "Sandy" and "Summer Bachelors" had caught us. We knew now that this girl was gifted with versatility if nothing else.

As the conversation rolled on, we were aware that here was an actress who had none of the cocksure suavity that might have been hers after her meteoric rise. Madge Bellamy had been in pictures quite a few years, but it was only of recent months that she seemed to be nearing her goal. We thought it possible she might have been aware of the fact. Strangely, she was in a quandary.

"What shall I do next?" That was the gist of her talk.

Madge Bellamy is the one looming contemporary of Clara Bow. We have said that before in these



Fred W. Fox

pages. They have said that one of the greatest human properties of the motion picture is Youth. If that is true, then Madge Bellamy is worth millions. For she is the personification of Youth. To us she is a more convincing mad-cap than Clara.

Somehow the deluctable Bow always makes us feel as if she were kidding us with a "Well, this is what you want me to be; so here I am, kid," while Madge has a vein of sincerity in her most flapperish moments.

One year from today Madge Bellamy should be one of the most valuable thespic assets of the industry.

Nobody seems to realize, adequately, how she has taken the popular fancy in the small towns. "Sandy" and "Summer Bachelors," with the frivolity and insouciance of this starry-eyed creature, has done more for Madge Bellamy than anything she has ever attempted before. She hasn't realized that as yet, though.

If she continues along the same path for the coming twelve months, without the deviation to other types of roles that many players are prone to make, exhibitors who clock their audiences will soon find her one of their greatest box-office attractions.

The trouble with Madge

Bellamy for years has been that she has tried to be something she isn't. She is Youth.

Youth that is gifted and attractive is a rare commodity in this business. Madge Bellamy is one of its few acceptable interpreters. She is the spirit of the modern girl, retaining the enchantment of the eternal feminine.

Madge Bellamy shuns the appellation of "doll-face." Yet her face has all the exquisite beauty of a Dresden doll. It is a face of captivating innocence. People can believe in a heroine like Madge Bellamy. She fulfills their conception of girlhood's charm.

Intellectually, Madge Bellamy verges on the interests of a woman of profound mental capacities.

Her knowledge of literature is not artificial. She has run the gamut of the Sudermanns, the Dreisers, the Wassermans to the Scott Fitzgeralds and the Van Vechtens.

She does not speak of them with the flippancy of a self-assured girl trying to impress one. She mentions them with something of a devoted awe and gratitude.

It rather makes one feel as if she had poured over books too much; that perhaps her interests are confined too much to the literary. Maybe she should be more of the knock-'em-dead flapper in real life.

Madge Bellamy feels that she is at the crisis of her professional life now, but, as we have said before, she is not aware of the great impression she has made in those two of her most recent pictures.

She is, perhaps, wondering whether she should compromise with an ideal of creating herself as a dramatic entity rather than a beloved motion picture flapper. If she will forsake the former and cleave to the latter, her opportunities to attain dramatic distinction will follow in the wake.

She must retain that spell, that new-born interest, in audiences that has been born

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More NEW BLOOD in the MOVIES

Great interest was aroused by the symposium entitled "New Blood in Motion Pictures," which was published in HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND several weeks ago. In keeping with our promise to discuss the subject further, we are herewith giving critical opinions on several people who are creating interest by their work in the photoplay.

Some of them have been in the profession for several years; others are comparative newcomers. All, however, have done something of interest and promise.

James Murray, picked Susan Fleming, who from the ranks of the extras, will be seen as leading man to Eleanor Boardman in King Vidor's "The Mob," soon to be released. He should be able to avail himself of many more opportunities with Metro-Gold-

was seen with Adolphe Menjou in "The Ace of Cads" is the typical American collegiate type of girl. She has a startlingly arresting personality and should do big things in time to come.

Molly O'Day: Watch Her!

If little Sally O'Neil thinks she's going to keep the family laurels to herself, she'd better do some stepping!

Her young sister, who has adopted the screen name of Molly O'Day, is sure going to create a stir among the critics and public when "The Patent Leather Kid" comes to the theaters.

With us, this is not theory. We have seen a great deal of the picture and know whereof we speak. Watch this girl . . . Molly O'Day.

wyn-Mayer if his work in this picture is of the caliber reported.

Leila Hyams, who was seen with Madge Bellamy in "Summer Bachelors," possesses that delicate feminine beauty that makes

Betty Jewel, now playing in a Gary Cooper western for Famous Players, has not fulfilled the promise of her earlier screen appearances, but if given a role of some latitude, rather than the conventional stuff that

Duello: New Film Gigolo

Considerable interest has been manifested of late by casting directors in the Hollywood studios in a young fellow by the name of Lou Duello.

Of lithe build and sleek black hair, Duello is the ideal Latin type, and great things are predicted for him. His accomplishments are twofold, for in addition to being an actor of verve and refinement, he is a brilliant dancer, well versed in all of the intricacies of terpsichore.

for stardom. She is of the Estelle Taylor type. Since making the bachelor opus, Miss Hyams has migrated to Hollywood and the manifold opportunities of this country. At present she is working at the Lasky studio.

has been handed her, should improve considerably.

The same is true of Gladys Hulette, whose failure to follow up her remarkable work in Barthelmess' "Tol'able David" and subsequent films, has always

been somewhat of a mystery to us. Her work is stamped with finesse and understanding.

Paul Ellis, whose portrayal in "The Bandolero"

fication of pep and would be a wow if given a real chance in collegiate stuff.

Erik Arnold, whose unforgettable portrayal of the dying German soldier of

Alma Bennett: Screen Siren

When Harry Langdon's new picture, "Long Pants," has passed before the public gaze it will have to its credit the introduction of a new screen siren.

She is none other than Alma Bennett, sloe-eyed and voluptuous, who leads the hapless Harry a merry chase in this picture. Alma, while not a newcomer to the films, has never had a chance such as this. It should put her over with a bang.

several years ago was indicative of native ability, has not accomplished in the intervening months what we expected of him. At the present time Ellis is playing in "Belgrano," a story of the Argentine being filmed at the Tec-Art studios. It is in films of this type that Ellis excels. Perhaps he will stage a sensation.

While Joan Crawford of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started out with great gusto

"The Big Parade," was one of the high-lights of that picture, is good leading man timbre. Erik recently finished a part with George O'Brien in Murnau's "Sunrise," at the Fox studios.

George Rigas, one of the screen's most distinctive character actors, merits parts greater than those he played in Griffith's "That Royle Girl," or "The Wanderer. Gesticulation, so indispensable to many of our

Kaliz: A Rival for Menjou

Armand Kaliz is a personage more familiar to the stage than to the screen. But in his few appearances in the silent drama he has revealed himself as an actor of poise and discrimination.

Since the heyday of Menjou there have been several actors of varying quality who have endeavored to encroach upon Adolphe's domain. None have distinguished themselves. But Kaliz is a man who can bestow insomnia upon Menjou if he has the chance.

in "Sally, Irene and Mary," she has not followed up consistently. However, we are expectantly waiting to see what she does in the next few months.

A practically unknown youngster, who seems to possess all of the necessary requisites for screen success is Colette Mazzaletti, now working in the "Collegian" series at Universal. Colette, who is an accomplished dancer, has intriguing eyes and a rather languid beauty. However, she is the personi-

character artists, has no place in his thespic repertoire. Subtlety and reserve of movement are his strong points. Rigas has recently returned from New York and, no doubt, will soon come forth again in an interesting role.

Allene Ray is content to be queen of the serials. Since she has firmly established herself in this type of production she, no doubt, has no yen to be a feature star. Yet it would prove interest-

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New Blood

(Continued from Page 6)

ing to see what effect she would have on many of our present seven-reel favorites if she tried their stuff.

Another candidate for the role of Harold Teen in the comic-strip adaptation that First National will film is young Art Winkler, who is a close runner-up to Eddie Quillan as a potential bet for the First National selecting contest. Art's chances have been confined to a smattering of bits and small parts in many pictures.

Mathew Betz, who was seen in "The Unholy Three," and several other productions, has done nothing to date that adequately follows up the promise of his debut. However, it is a safe bet that when Barthelmess "Patent Leather Kid" reaches the screen, Betz will be established as one of the most popular character actors in the films. In the Barthelmess film, Betz plays a prizefighter's manager and handles his role with realistic dexterity.

Reginald Sheffield gave every indication of bringing a new and more natural type of "heavy" to the screen when seen with Barthelmess in "Classmates." Sheffield played the snob with éclat. However, no more has been heard of him since.

Two children, both boys, have also come to the fore with remarkable rapidity of late.

One is Wendell Phillips Franklin, five years of age, who made his first film appearance in "The Fourth Commandment" with Belle Bennett. Since then he has been in a "Hoot" Gibson picture and every report is that the kid is endowed with the divine fire.

Mickey McBan is more of a veteran troupier. He has been virtually brought up in the glare of the Kliegs. Mickey's work in "The Return of Peter Grimm," marks one of the highlights of the current season.

An actor who has been the victim of "tough breaks" over a long period of time is "Tiny" Sanford. It seems that his jinx will follow him for all time to come. His part as the heavy lead in Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus" is declared to be of such caliber that if and when the picture is released, "Tiny" will become the talk of Hollywood.

But he is now facing the grim possibility of the picture being de-

vagabondia

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with "Sandy" and "Summer Bachelors."

Then when she is ready to try something more orthodox and consonant with her ambitions, she will have a following of worthy proportions.

Madge Bellamy has been regarded by many as "just a beautiful kid."

laid a long time ere the public sees it. Unless a quick settlement of the Chaplin sorrows swings the pendulum of luck toward "Tiny" Sanford.

"Buddy" Post, who created attention with his work in King Vidor's "Wild Oranges" and, then, various other films, also merits a big chance. It seems that an ogre has also been lurking on Buddy's trail.

Ralph Forbes, well-known on the stage, seems destined for screen fame shortly. His real chance will come in "The Trail of '98," the next Clarence Brown production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The film colony is also watching Harry Crocker, erstwhile assistant director with Charlie Chaplin, who will be seen with Marion Davies in "Tillie the Toiler." Mr. Crocker is a handsome young fellow and an intelligent actor as well.

She is more than that. She is inspired by a beautiful ideal and propelled by an ambition that should not die.

In motion pictures now and then we see players who put "tone" into their work; sometimes it comes only once in a career. It is something transcendental above all else they have done, or anything that others have done. Barthelmess did it in "Broken Blossoms" and "Tol'able David;" Gilbert did it in "The Big Parade," and there are many other instances.

The same epochal role awaits Madge Bellamy. Our prediction is that it will be a glorification of modern youth. For Madge Ballamy has done more to create understanding for Youth than any other single player on the screen. That, alone, is a great achievement.

And it warrants an even greater opportunity. That opportunity is not far ahead.

Write this in your book of cinematic prophecies.

(COMING NEXT WEEK! Fred W. Fox will interview Cecil B. De Mille . . . what will he say about the man who deserted the bath-tubs of Vine street for the Bible of Culver City?

PIGEONS

(Continued from Page 5)

publicity, and you can read all about it on page 64 of the little blue book. That's where I learned it from. The only trouble with that system is that if the editor don't know it, neither will either of the readers.

Well, that hasn't got anything to do with whatever it was we were talking about, of course. If any. So if you don't mind, I have now written two pages and a half and there is a raven sitting on my study door looking like a Red Raven Splits, and it is getting either kind of late or kind of early, so I think I will go home and go to bed.

Good night, lads and ladies of Vagabondland, and I hope to see each and every one of you at the Temple next Wednesday afternoon, when I will demonstrate my marvelous disappearing act without the aid of trick or artifice.

Painlessly, if at all,
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—WALTER DILL SCOTT.

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Taxes--Now and Hereafter

WITH the approaching March 15th and penalties for additional taxes so often assessed on the motion picture industry, or excess taxes paid, all levied because of lack of study or attention to the requirements and deductions that pertain to earnings of incomes, more thought and study of individual condition are necessary to prevent either an excess tax with its additional penalties, etc.

The cinema profession is particularly subject to costs of producing income through many channels, such as depreciation of wardrobe, as the circumstances warrant; management cost, publicity expense, advertising and personal appearance expense, etc.

Traveling and automobile expense becomes a business expense instead of personal expense, when for business purposes relative to earning of income. The professional man has his expenses for books, subscriptions to professional magazines, societies, etc., all of which, when representing his business overhead, is a factor to be considered in the tax form.

Interest, all taxes (except income taxes and street assessments), losses, bad debts, contributions, losses on sale of capital assets, theft, etc., are further deductions, all of which, with many more individual deductions, becomes a matter for the taxpayer's thought and study to protect himself from incorrect or excessive tax returns.

Sources of income are more easily identified from many avenues of report, and personal effort and attention, regardless of lack of time, knowledge of requirements, etc., should be essential to the taxpayer for his own protection.

Taxes do have to be paid, so that the "Ides of March" now, or the month hereafter, are not the most pleasant times for thoughts on taxes. But, too, the other man pays and pays and pays, so forget the worry and be glad when the wet season is over.

Henry W. Bullen

Public Accountant and Auditor
Federal, State and Local Taxes
HOLLYWOOD 3642

APR 18 1927

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX

Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 6

Thursday, March 17th, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

CARBON-COPY PATHOS

Publicity pathos as mimeographed by Mr. Sam B. Jacobson, purveyor of editorial advertising for Universal:

An air of solemnity pervades Universal City. A profound hush envelopes "B" stage, past which all quietly tip-toe. The affecting strains of "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah" hauntingly linger on the air.

Grandiose gesture to advance the intellectual cause of the silent drama, as contained in a publicity broadside from Mr. Hutchison, of the Paramount studio in Hollywood:

"If you biddies gotta yen for keepin' alongside of what's what in tasty Hollywood chatter, take a tip and sock th' roll on this three grand word which ain't nothin' but class when it comes to pegging some of these brain-sagging Lulus.

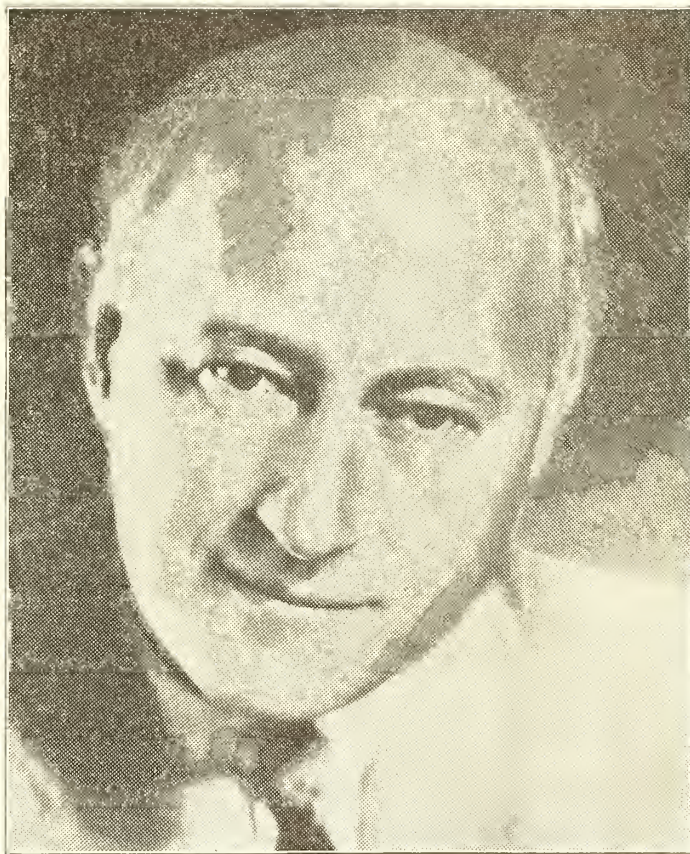
"Some of them dames might be 'goofy,' 'dumb,' 'cracked,' 'woozy,' 'ratty,' or 'dizzy' to you, but to me they are just plain GAH-GAH."

NOTICE

The editor has received several requests during the past few weeks to reprint his sketch, "THIRTY AND FOUR YEARS: I Return to the Hamlet," which was originally published in another Hollywood film publication three years ago.

This will appear in our next week's issue.

Warner in Merger?



CECIL B. DeMILLE

Who is "The Greater Galahad" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Five

Merger Chiefs at Warner Studio Here

Is Warner Bros. to be drawn into the impending half - billion dollar film merger of Pathe-P-D-C and other interests that is now under way in New York?

Such, at any rate, is the possibility according to the report of a Vagabond sleuth who happened to see John J. McGuirk, Sol Lesser, Col. Fred Levy and other powers in the huge deal at the Warner studio the other day.

While the visit may have been merely a friendly call upon the Brothers, every indication is that something was brewing at the Sunset Boulevard sanctum of the Warners, according to wise-acres.

Following closely upon the heels of the Pathe-P-D-C conference came the news that First National, the Stanley Company, the Saenger Amusement Co., Film Booking Offices and others were to be merged with the DeMille, D. W. Griffith, Keith-Orpheum and Pathe group. This makes it more than likely that a deal may be under way to bring the Warners and Vitaphone, a most valuable asset, into the combine.

"Memoirs of the Whispering City"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

'Stills' Great Forecast of Davies Film; Much Credit is Due Hobart Henley

Henley Seems to Know Davies Forte

Looking over the 'stills' from "Tillie the Toiler" which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has sent us, makes us very buoyant over Marion Davies' new picture. It seems that she has at last come under the guidance of a director who realizes her forte.

The other night we suffered the anguish of sitting through "The Red Mill," which was, to our minds, a gross insult to the charming and capable Marion. Not only did the picture lack showmanship and originality (it fairly reeked with old gags and wheezes), but it presented the blonde actress to us in a rather unattractive guise.

One cannot escape the fact that the public likes to see Marion all spruced up. They don't want to consider her as a waif or a clumsy yokel. It might be interesting to the public if there was some great appeal to the character, but Tina of "The Red Mill" was assuredly not patterned for Marion at all.

The photographs from "Tillie" reveal Marion as a seductive enchantress of the modern variety. She looks like a million dollars, and if the action of the picture itself is consistent with the forecast of the 'stills' then we can look forward to a most entertaining evening.

Marion is a girl who has never stressed sex in the films, now having a greater vogue than ever. In "Tillie" she appears as a shapely and alluring figure, and it is a foregone conclusion that she will capture many new admirers in this role.

Much credit for this new film must go to Hobart Henley, a director who has never been ade-

Are Original Film Titles at Premium?

Judging from recent indications, originality in selecting names for motion pictures is at a high premium.

When Paramount made "We're in the Navy Now," it tickled sundry funny bones. The title was voted as being breezy and original.

Then the same company started out on what appears to be a contest to see how often they can muf the same idea. Thus they have announced "We're in the Air Now" or some similar cognomen.

Now it is Universal that startles the industry with a whimsical touch of originality. They have decided on "You're in the Army Now" as the title for Mr. Melville Brown's next opus.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND suggests that exhibitors get together and make a production of their own, entitled, "We're Going Crazy Now."

Kenton Picked To Film Robson Opus

Erle Kenton will direct May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" for DeMille. It will be made at Metropolitan studios.

quately appreciated by the industry. Henley is a master of the frothy and delectable, and adroit with comedy situations. In our opinion Henley is easily the peer of the Lubitsches and Cruzes in this particular regard and should come in for a large share of credit with "Tillie the Toiler."

If Marion will continue to make pictures of the excellent caliber that this new one seems to be, she will rapidly climb to heights of popularity that she has never before attained; popularity gained on sheer merit.

William Seiter Films P. G. Wodehouse Opus

William Seiter is starting work on "The Small Bachelor," P. G. Wodehouse tale. The lead will be played by Andre Beranger, with Barbara Kent opposite. Others will be Otis Harlan, Gertrude Astor, Ned Sparks, Carmelita Geraghty, Tom Dugan and Vera Lewis.

DeMille Signs New Anton Grot Contract

Anton Grot, art director, has been given a new DeMille contract. He designed settings for "The Volga Boatman," "Silence," "White Gold," and "Vanity," for that company; also previously with "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Don Q."

Papa Cannons Hands Out Big, Fat Cigars

George Cannon, "still" cameraman for Mack Sennett, is wearing a huge smile and passing the box of smokes around. Reason: 8-pound boy, Robert Estes Cannons, at California Lutheran Hospital on March 9th. What's he gonna be, George, a comedian?

Virginia Lyons To Return to Screen

Virginia Kirtley Lyons, widow of Eddie Lyons of comedy fame, will return to the screen. She has been signed by Producer Ray Johnstone to so-star with Helene Costello in "Girls of Today," for Rayart Pictures at the California studios.

The Motion Picture Industry

A Western Institution and
a Western Asset

By FRED W. FOX

Editor of "Hollywood Vagabond"

also - -

"Selling Needs More Common Sense," by B. J. WILLIAMS

"When Advertising Goes on the Air," by HARRY P. BRIDGE, Jr.

"Advertising Maketh Old Things New," by HUGH E. AGNEW



AND MANY OTHER FEATURES
in the March Issue of - - - - -

25c

Western Advertising

A Monthly Magazine Published in the Interest of the More
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564 Market St., San Francisco

Ethics and the Wampas

Bureaucracy

The scornful thrusts and ignominy heaped upon the prevalent mountebanks of press-agentry by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND have not failed to draw ireful repartee . . . and also considerable laudatory comment.

The cursory attitude of many, who were self-conscious of the indictments to the point of protesting their authenticity, has been that of spoiled children. The refuge sought by many in arguments has been the Wampas bureaucracy; that the bureaucracy is the hand of God.

In conversation the other day with one of the most able publicists of the industry, we were pleasantly surprised to learn that there is a revolutionary movement afoot within the ranks of the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers to create a coda of qualifications and ethics. If this be true, then let us offer up a mighty paean of praise!

In an earlier day of the motion picture (not so many years ago at that), this alliance of press agents was formed with the idea of elevating the standards of photoplay publicity. In some instances the Wampas may have attained its ends; but it has been sadly negligent in determining the caliber of many of its own members, who are sadly proficient in the discharge of their duties. At least to the satisfaction of picayune editors, who are the gehennas of all bad little press agents.

The scathing denunciation of the praiseful scribblers as written by Stanley Walker

in the American Mercury and other noted journalists who have discussed, in newspapers or in public conclave, the demerits of the publicists, is something that the Wampas and other organized bodies of press-agentry cannot dismiss too lightly.

It has been, apparently, too easy for a member of the Wampas, irrespective of mental qualifications, to obtain employment in positions of high responsibility.

Collectively, the Wampas is an organization of, we believe, integrity and high principles. Individually, we find many who are really not equipped for the efficient discharge of duties to which they have been appointed. It smacks greatly of the organized power that has placed the individual in a berth of consequence.

For years we have had a silent quarrel with the lack of qualifications that we believe hinders the full realization of the Wampas ideals. Let this body of men, who are, for the greater part, thoroughly schooled in the intricacies and manifold responsibilities of their labors, determine, not by good-fellowship or the rapid collection of initiation fees and dues, the status of a press agent in the industry, but by test of the individual's capacities in actual work.

An attorney must first pass the bar examination. A physician, surgeon or other medico must satisfy the state that he knows his business. In some states, prospective auto drivers must pass rigid tests; certainly a profession-

al chauffeur must prove his worth to the state motor vehicle officials. Would any member of the Wampas risk his neck on a fast train whose locomotive was piloted by an engineer fresh from the yards? Would any Wampas allow himself to be carved up by a surgeon who was taking the scalpel in hand for the first time?

Then why prostitute the destinies of successful film enterprises to publicists who are not at all enabled to carry on the complex duties of those offices?

We know of instances where young men who have won their spurs years since have been ruled out in favor of some trollop who happened to be a member of this or that in Hollywood. The Wampas has been one of the grave offenders, consciously or otherwise.

Instead of worrying so much about the annual Frolic, it might be a grand move for the Wampas to get together and clean house. If their idea is to enlist the men in Hollywood who are endowed with ability and foresight then they have certainly passed over many who should be leading them. What is more, they have discriminated against them, for no good reason.

As a bureaucracy, the Wampas will not live long. As a fraternity, with a standard of qualifications and a code of ethics, and the desire to accomplish great things for the industry, its future is bright and rosy and tempered with idealistic opportunities.

L. A. Moran, Local Film Producer, Dies

Leo Anthony Moran, prominent Hollywood film producer, died of pulmonary tuberculosis at Tuscon, Ariz., on March 8th, according to dispatches received by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

Moran had been in frail health for several years. The body has been shipped to the home at Long Beach, California. The death of Moran leaves Priscilla an orphan, as her mother died about seven years ago in the east.

Moran, who was about 40 years of age, was the father of Priscilla Dean Moran, 8-year-old screen actress, who appeared in the lime-light several years ago as the "adopted sister" of Jackie Coogan.

According to a story carried in the Tuscon, Ariz., Citizen, Moran had come to Tuscon from Phoenix and had registered at a hotel, apparently in good health. He had been in Tuscon only a few days when he passed away.

It is understood that Moran was contemplating making a series of twenty-five features with his daughter. The first, "Hungry Arms," had been recently completed.

Universal Writes "Collegian" Finis

Universal has completed its "Collegian" series. "The Winning Punch," sixteenth episode, was finished last week.

Marlowe Lead in "Eternal Silence"

June Marlowe will play the lead in "Eternal Silence," the Alaskan film to be made at Universal by Edward Laemmle.

Alice White Cast for "Dove" Role

Alice White, who recently completed a flapper role with Milton Sills in "The Sea Tiger," has been signed for a part with Norma Talmadge in "The Dove," which is being directed by Roland West

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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MEMOIRS OF THE WHISPERING CITY

"Cities are taken by the ears."

—Old Proverb.

Gossip has had a potent influence in making Hollywood notorious. It will never make it famous.

If Hollywood is the home of the motion picture, it is also the home of the scandal-mongers. The place teems with talkative renegades. This city, reputedly the lair of the free-and-easy, is worse than the Tower of Babel . . . and as intolerant as a censor.

Some day somebody will write a book of sketches about Hollywood. They will write about its self-cruelty and its incessant chatter-boxes. People here indulge in more stupid tongue-wagging than a nest of hags at an Iowa picnic.

It is the usual course of procedure, in other self-respecting communities of the world, to applaud the success of the "home-town boy," . . . or the home-town girl. Not in Hollywood. Let one of the minions here dare lift a head above the crowd and . . . oh, God!

We believe in Hollywood as the ultimate city. Our good friend, Mr. Henry L. Mencken of the American Mercury, and a few other boys in New York and elsewhere, derive considerable amusement from our local enthusiasm. It is not the vociferous ballyhoos of Hollywood that create derision. It is the undying energy of the makers of chin-music. We have coined a name for Hollywood. We have named it the "whispering city," . . . its password is bzz-zz-zz, bzz-zz-zz; its salute, a fugue of the "latest dirt." How can Hollywood be the ultimate city when it talks so much?

The stranger within our gates is certainly bewildered. Let him listen to the vituperous sallies of a few of our boulevard hounds or our parlor jabber-jabbers, and he will go away with the idea that every man in Hollywood is out to cut the other man's throat. Maybe he's not far from wrong at that.

Everything is wrong; everybody is wrong; life is wrong; the motion picture industry is wrong; Hollywood is wrong; this and that . . . all wrong. That's what we hear in Hollywood from dawn to dusk. After dusk it's worse than ever. All is wrong . . . except the person talking about the wrong.

We have heard that this actor is a fat-head; and

Nagging Wives and Patient Husbands

By BURL TUTTLE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following sketch is by Burl Tuttle, well-known scenario writer, who has recently completed his novel, "The Bastard," slated for autumn publication.)

"Yes," said a sharp voice behind me as I sat eating my dinner in a Hollywood cafe, "see if there isn't some pretty young thing to look at! You must be tired of gazing at a faded old one like me!"

There was a dead silence. No laughter.

When I rose to go, I looked to see who had spoken with such curt venom.

There was the elderly man, well-groomed and about fifty. Neatly dressed and well poised, he carried about him the air of success won by hard work and character.

The woman with him was his wife . . . no mistake about that. She was gorgeously dressed, fingers blazing with diamonds, a rich cloak of fur draped on the chair behind her.

Her face was exactly like her voice . . . sharp, querulous, discontented. She may have been pretty—once. Her features had the shadow of bygone beauty, but the hateful curve of the spoiled mouth, mean little wrinkles about the eyes, and the air of triumphant possession and sarcasm . . . oh, yes, she was his wife!

How could he help looking for something other than that mean face?

She could have made him happy and comfortable. She'll probably make him leave home.

Canned Hours for Museum

The motion picture industry is going to leave a legacy of assorted hours to posterity, if it does nothing else.

"His Hour" was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's contribution of sixty hot minutes. It certainly turned out to be the hour for Jack Gilbert.

First National believes in doing things tenderly, they

say. Therefore "The Tender Hour," with Billie Dove and Ben Lyon, now on the way from the studio to theater.

None of 'em are going to outdo 'Uncle Carl' Laemmle, though. He's going to make 'em all red in the face with "The Crimson Hour," he has just announced.

that actress is a flat tire; that this director is crazy, and that producer is a damn fool.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet, it is more than likely that there will be gossip in Hollywood as to how he got the trumpet, and speculation as to why he didn't blow it louder.

From now until then, we expect to have our ears inflated with the sibilant nuances of whispering . . . day and night.

Why isn't the silent drama really silent?

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE GREATER GALAHAD

... the Grail of a Weaver of Dreams

"For now I know we shall today see him who may sit in the Siege Perilous, and shall achieve the Holy Grail. For as ye all well know, that holy vessel, wherefrom at the Supper of our Lord before His death He drank the wine with His disciples, hath been held ever since the holiest treasure of the world, and wheresoever it hath rested peace and prosperity have rested with it on the land. But since the dolorous stroke which Balin gave King Pelles none have seen it, for Heaven, wroth with that presumptuous blow, hath hid it none know where. Yet somewhere in the world it still may be, and maybe it is left to us, and to this noble order of the Table Round, to find and bring it home, and make of this our realm the happiest in the earth. Many great quests and perilous adventures have ye all taken and achieved, but this high quest he only shall attain who hath clean hands and a pure heart, and valour and hardihood beyond all other men . . ."

—Sir Thomas Malory.

In the world's treasury of legend there is no jewel as bright as the song of Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Grail.

To the child of tender years, reading Malory for the first time, it is a romantic inspiration. To the man or woman of mature intellect it is an allegory of profound beauty.

The story of Galahad, the fair-haired and youthful knight who achieved the Holy Grail, who passed serenely where mighty warriors feared to tread, where kings could not command, and where the magic of wizards was impotent, is an ecstatic simile of life.

It is a song of the ultimate victory of virtue and the undying glory of good deeds. It is a rapturous object lesson for a world that is today lost in a swirl of materialism and prone to overlook the achievements of pure hearts and gentle souls.

The great-girthed knights of the Arthurian legend who thought their prowess at arms would win the Holy Grail for them are strangely reminiscent of the poobahs of finance who believe that money can rule the world and that millions donated to vague charities now and then will win for them the grail of a good name in years to come.

The Galahad of the legend conjures up thoughts of the dreamers of the world who do good deeds with unselfish intent. They are the keepers of the Grail . . . the grail of happiness.

—o—

There is a Galahad in Hollywood.

He is a greater Galahad than the knight of the beautiful legend.

He is a Galahad in the midst of the ignominy of commerce; a man arrested by the beauty of his labors, not held captive by the potential financial rewards of his undertakings.

He is a Galahad zealously conscious of the sanctity of his efforts; and somewhat awed by the immense scope of the quest of his Grail.

This Galahad the greater is named De Mille.

—o—

Hollywood has unfairly



Fred W. Fox

criticized Cecil B. DeMille in years past. Not only Hollywood, but the world, too.

DeMille is not a maestro of sex, he is not a votary of the lascivious, not a gourmand of voluptuousness.

He is a man deeply reverent and, withal, infinitely kind. He is shy; and somewhat melancholy. His is a sensitive soul, responding to all that is beautiful and fine. He is a man of moods and of gentle humor. His is a gracious and whimsical personality; tempered with the hope of making every person he meets a true friend.

There may be times when De Mille is in a stormy mood. That is not the real man. He is much like a little boy . . . wondering, enthusiastic, attentive.

—o—

DeMille has ego. It is not the ego of conceit. It is the ego of confidence. People who have that are fortunate. They accomplish things in the world.

De Mille would throw away a million dollars to create something that is edifying. But it would be his luck to make a million dollars on his venture.

De Mille is one of the few men in motion pictures who have successfully combined artistry with showmanly requisites.

De Mille has been pictured

as the Great God of the "yes men."

De Mille hates yes men.

De Mille is the type of man who believes in frankness, but he does not encourage it; his demeanor and gestures are too authoritative. It takes a man or woman of courage and confidence to argue with Cecil B. De Mille. The man or woman who will do that will have won his undying respect.

He likes people who are genuine.

DeMille does not regard himself as the Absolute. He is a man strangely timorous about making mistakes, and aware of the human propensity to err.

—o—

We were slated to converse fifteen minutes, at the most, when we visited DeMille at his Culver City sanctum the other day. It was nearly two hours before we bid him adieu. It was one of our most enjoyable journeys.

DeMille waxed enthusiastic about the "King of Kings." He showed us countless numbers of "stills" and photographs from this latest spectacle of his. He told us of the ambitions he held forth for its spiritual message to the world.

Cecil DeMille has the urge to give something to the world that will surmount the mere status of photoplay entertainment. He has the idealistic promptings of a dreamer; but he also has the practical convictions of a doer.

The strange anomaly of a man who has made a fortune in the photoplay with earthy themes and now has the ambition to realize nothing further than satisfaction from a theme divinely spiritual.

In speaking to him one realizes that this is not a sudden or passing fancy; it is an urge that has been formulating and growing for years.

It antedates the heyday of his bathtub regime.

This is the sort of thing Cecil B. DeMille has always wanted to do.

—o—

DeMille spoke in a soft monotone.

"I find that the reactions of people all over

(Continued on Page 7)

WILL THE BIG *Merger* KILL *Vaudeville*?

Impending Combine Presents Many New and Interesting Aspects on Film Economic Problems

Is vaudeville, as a business in its own entity, doomed?

What effect will the present merger wave have upon the independent producer, the independent distributor and exhibitor, and the salaries of players, directors and other film employees?

These are but two of the questions that are being rabidly discussed in Hollywood and principal cities of the world as the culmination of the giant Pathe combine draws near at hand.

With such vast organizations as the Producers' Distributing Corporation, Pathe Exchange, West Coast Theaters, Inc., North American Theaters, Far West Theaters, Stanley Company of America, Saenger Amusement Company, First National Pictures, Film Booking Offices, Keith-Albee Circuit, Orpheum Circuit, D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille and their various affiliations and ramifications about to merge their interests in one pool, many hypothetical yet puzzling problems are confronting the industry at large today.

The primary reason given for the combine move is that it will aid tremendously in cutting down the enormous distribution overhead now being carried by the various distributors and producers interested in the deal. Also that it will place the various theater circuits that are represented in a strategic political position, affording them voice and influence in the various policies affecting their box-office fare.

Other hinted mergers, that are expected to take effect in the not too distant future, will have even further bearing on the economic future of the film industry.

Among these are the reported Metro-Goldwyn-May-

er pact for a merger with United Artists, which, it is rumored, may be consummated early in the autumn. Great stress is laid upon the presence of Joseph M. Schenck in New York at this time. This purported negotiations to bring these two huge companies together is repeatedly denied from official sources on both sides, but the rumor persists, nevertheless.

Since the first announcement that a deal was under way to bring a new Pathe Corporation into the industry, combining the many different organizations named, there has been a strong tendency noticeable in the theater field toward centralization. The past week has teemed with reports of various exhibitor mergers and working alliances that are being outlined in various sections of the country.

Practically the only film producing company whose name has not been linked with the merger is Fox Film Corporation. As a result of many shrewd moves made during the past four years or so, however, William Fox is understood to be in a position where it would not profit him to any great extent to be a party to any merger, Pathe or otherwise. Fox holds a big block of stock in West Coast and thus will have a voice in the new combine, anyway. It is believed that he also maintains a silent interest in several of the other parties to the impending merger. For Fox to join hands in the combine, even if he so desired, would probably be of no great financial benefit to him, as his market today is virtually complete and Fox Film Corporation is founded on an exceptionally fine profit-making basis.

Just what the destiny of Famous Players - Lasky Corporation may be when the various companies are

collected under one head is exceedingly problematical.

Persistent rumors that one of Zukor's highest lieutenants was about to swing to the new combine has been traveling up and down the local rialto; and the fact that Harold B. Franklin, who had a big hand in putting the Paramount theater department and, later, Publix Theaters Corporation, on a good foundation, has joined West Coast Theaters as general manager, has caused no little stir within the industry.

The apparently sudden decision on the part of Paramount to abandon the Long Island City studio as a film producing plant is even more puzzling in view of the fact there has been an almost wholesale dismissal of people from the Hollywood studio.

Many scout the theory that the war of the giants, for several years predicted in the trade journals, is at hand. That this is more than hyperbole, however, is apparent from many outward manifestations of looming radical changes in the economic administration of the industry.

With two or three giant organizations, such as can very easily be formed once the greater part of the centralizing activity has been consummated, it will be a very simple matter for the executives to hammer down prevalent salary scales and oust undesirables or deadwood from the business.

The aspect that leads to the possibility of a sudden shutdown on vaudeville is the fact that Keith-Albee and Orpheum, the two giants in the vaudeville field, will be an intrinsic factor in the motion picture merger.

With the great popularity that has been gained

in the past few years by prologues and film theater presentations, such as that of Fanchon & Marco of West Coast, and the Publix Theaters, it is highly possible that vaudeville, in its own entity, will be totally abandoned and the Keith-Albee and Orpheum houses converted into film theaters with elaborate stage presentations.

Just what the upshot of the whole thing will be is as yet merely speculative. If the merger should succeed in shaking the industry up and opening the gates to an influx of new talent then it is a foregone conclusion that there will be a rapid forward march of the film industry as a whole, in the studio, the exchange and in the theater.

If the combine, however, is merely the concentration of Wall Street money as represented by the Morgans, the Blairs, the Drexels, the Hayden-Stones and others active in the merger proceedings, then it will remain to be seen whether the combine will be for the benefit of the industry at large or merely for the financial gain of a group of capitalists.

Rogers Comedies?

According to a late report, Will Rogers signed to make a series of two-reel comedies for Joe Rock at Universal.

vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

the world are the same.

"Letters that we have received commenting on our various productions clearly indicate that the reaction of the Swede, the Hindu, the Italian, the Englishman . . . all are identical.

"People throughout the world love things that are sweet and idealistic. That is why the most saccharine mood of a photoplay will rarely offend them.

"In this picture we have not portrayed the Christ as a wan ascetic. We have shown him as a real man, a believable person, an ideal within the visual scope and reach of humanity.

"It was He who admonished us, 'Go out unto all creation and spread the gospel.' For centuries mankind has been trying to spread the gospel of good-will unto all corners of the world. Creeds, religions, sects . . . all have come and gone for years. The world is looking for a spiritual message that is based upon the collective religious tendencies of all men. The Christian, the Hindu, the Mohammedan . . . all have something in common in their various religions.

"We have tried to make the 'King of Kings' a spiritual message of world-wide interest. Its entertainment value is assured. It is a spectacle of moving beauty from the showman's viewpoint. It is massive and colorful.

"But underneath it all, there is a message so beautiful that it cannot help do good for the world. It will arouse the emotions of mankind. It is the supreme message to spread the gospel unto all creation, for everybody can understand pictures.

"I do not say these things from the standpoint of Cecil B. DeMille. I speak as an infinitesimal part of a great undertaking. It is not a DeMille spectacle; it is the 'King of Kings,' the work and the inspiration and the soul of many people who have been profoundly moved and have given of their talents generously.

Pick Title For First Rex Picture

"Wild Beauty" has been picked as the title of Universal's first with the horse, Rex.

"Shield of Honor" Next for Johnson

Emory Johnson will next make "The Shield of Honor," a police melodrama. This is the third of nine he is making for Universal.

"My eagerness is not for a 'King of Kings' that will make millions of dollars; it is for a picture that will live and be an inspiration to the world. Mankind will be the judge." —o—

Cecil DeMille stirred in his chair and regarded the distant hills with a gaze of reverie. The sun was emerging from the dark bank of rain-clouds and touching the peaks with dashes of fire and color.

DeMille was silent. His eyes dwelt on the glory of the distant horizon in melancholy contemplation.

This, then, was Cecil B. DeMille.

This was the soul of a man who reacted to spirituality, friendliness, unselfish ambition and the pink-fingered etchings of a twilight sky.

This was the soul of a weaver of dreams.

This was the soul of a Galahad . . . whose Grail was the happiness of mankind.

What greater Grail has the world than that?

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Film Folk Share in Hopkins' Millions

Excitement is running wild in Hollywood as the impending titanic battle for the Mark Hopkins millions near the courts.

There are at least three direct heirs to this estate, which exceeds \$300,000,000, connected with the motion picture industry.

They are Alice Hopkins, who played leads at Universal five years ago and is now playing characters; Tom Smith, affiliated with David Horsley in the development of the "Duoscope camera," and a prominent motion picture journalist and publicist, recently with Stuart Blackton's "Motion Picture Director Magazine," and Curtis R. Hopkins, a motion picture "still" cameraman.

Each of these three, it is estimated, will receive in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000 as their share of the estate. The bulk of the Hopkins estate is in the form of railroad bonds and steamship holdings.

The battle is now begin-

Chas. Darnton Writes Film Column for N. Y.

Charles Darnton, for twenty years dramatic critic of the New York World, and now a free-lance scenarist and title writer, has been secured by the World again to write a Hollywood column covering motion picture activities. Darnton will continue with his script work, too.

ning in the United States District Court at San Francisco and it will undoubtedly develop into one of the greatest legal tilts in the annals of the nation.

Albert A. Kidder, Jr., prominent Hollywood motion picture attorney, is one of the principals and his masterful handling of the case to date has resulted in his appointment as one of three attorneys to wage the legal war for the Hopkins millions.

Kidder is representing Miss Hopkins, Tom Smith and Curtis Hopkins, in addition to claimants in other sections of America.

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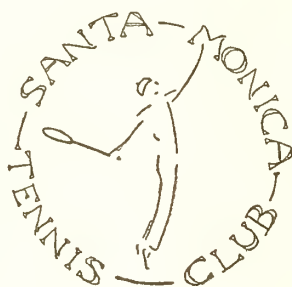


Paulais
6702
Hollywood Blvd.

Tennis--

The purpose of this club is to provide a suitable and attractive environment for tennis enthusiasts and their guests, as well as for social activities. For general play there will be a number of the finest tennis courts that can be built, a committee of experts having charge of this work. There will be instruction by the best teachers, and a championship court for private and open competition, championship and exhibition play.

The club property is situated at the foot of Seventh Street in Santa Monica Canyon and embraces about seven acres. The clubhouse will stand among a group of old sycamores on the bank of a stream. It will be a rambling building of the Andalusian farmhouse type, combining the substantial comfort of that type with all modern conveniences. It will be one of the most beautiful and picturesque clubhouses in the country.



and a Social Rendezvous

There will be ample facilities for luncheons, teas, dinners and dances, so that members may entertain in one of the most attractive environments in the West.

An aim of the club will be the carefully selected and congenial membership which insures an unflinching pleasant social atmosphere.

The Club owns water rights from springs above the property, which will be used for irrigation. The household supply will be obtained from the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

THE SANTA MONICA TENNIS CLUB is incorporated for \$350,000. The cost of a full participating membership will be \$350. It will be transferable by inheritance or resale, subject to the by-laws of the club. The membership is limited to one thousand, and each member will own one share of stock at a par value of \$350, with a proportional share in the club property and perquisites. The dues will be \$3 per month, payable annually in advance. No dues will be accepted until the club is formally opened about September, 1927.



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PHONE

W. A. SLAYBACK

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who will call at your convenience and explain this in detail



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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY

{20c}

Volume I, Number 7

Thursday, March 24th, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

Accompanied by a nifty sketch of a hobo holding out an empty platter toward the gateman of Hollywood (whoever he may be) the following appeared in the Moving Picture World of February 26th:

Latest addition to the film press is the Hollywood Vagabond, Vol. No. 1, of which came to our desk this week. Fred W. Fox is editor and Billy Joy publisher. Ten iron men is its price for fifty-two issues—in advance. The Vagabond contains some vagrant comment and features on films and film folk, as might reasonably be expected, and of dynamite a trace. What the California vagrancy laws may be, we do not know, but as far as we could discern this particular Vagabond is quite harmless, though, like all tramps, it may perhaps, become a bit annoying to some folk in its wanderings.

As a tramp trade paper, however, its price seems, upon a casual inspection, to be somewhat high. Even Hollywood hoboes have to be shown—before they will willingly dig for ten semoleons—that they are going to get all of the fifty-two issues.

Good luck, just the same, boys. May the "handouts" be plentiful.

New Offices

The amazing growth of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has made it imperative that bigger offices be obtained.

We are now located at Suite 606, Taft Building, with two telephones to handle calls; GRanite 4690, and GRanite 5902.

First Nat'l Shakeup?



MILDRED HARRIS

"The Steadfast Idealist" of Fred Fox's
sketch. See Page Five

Changes Loom at Burbank, Is Claim

That a shakeup is imminent at the First National studios at Burbank has been reported so many times during the past few months that it has become a standing joke.

The rumor has again been revived, this time with more wide-spread credence, however, because of the presence in Hollywood of John J. McGuirk, new chief of First National; Col. Fred Levy and others who are declared powers in the affairs of First National as related to the impending merger.

It is said that many of the chieftains now in power at the Burbank plant may soon be looking for new jobs as the result of the purported decision of McGuirk, Levy, et al, to effect a house cleaning in the First National organization.

Just how the move will affect the status of John McCormick, M. C. Levee, the Rockett brothers and the others now in command remain to be seen, but that something will happen quick is generally credited within the industry.

"The Legend of Poverty Row"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Is Adolph Zukor's Power on Wane? Who Will Be Next Film Colossus?

Adolph's Influence May Be Surpassed

Is the far-flung power of Adolph Zukor, chief of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and many subsidiaries, on the wane?

Will the tremendous activities of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer batter this magnate into a secondary position?

Will the astute moves of Joseph M. Schenck bring the United Artists boss to a higher political eminence within the industry than that now enjoyed by Zukor?

Will the much-discussed, long-awaited and vital Pathe merger spell the doom of Adolph's might?

These are only a few of the moot questions being shoved hither and yon in the inner circles of Hollywood and New York these days.

Ever since the advent of Zukor, some fifteen years ago, he has steadily climbed to a position of affluence and power. Endued with a vision of the ultimate greatness of the motion picture, Zukor, at that time an obscure furrier in Chicago, gambled everything on the new photoplay contraption that was delighting nickelodeon audiences. Today he has amassed untold millions and controls the destinies of many great film corporations.

Zukor has never stood forth in the business as a beacon of Art. He has been a shrewd and hard-headed chieftain, recognizing Art only where it could be transformed into cash. As a result of his maneuvers he has created Paramount as a preeminent organization of the world's commercial enterprises.

Zukor has been rapturously extolled and heartily villified on every hand. He has been pictured as Na-

'Little Eva' Gets Universal Contract

Nine-year-old Virginia Grey, who plays 'Little Eva' in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been awarded a long-term contract with Universal. Their intention is to make her a star. She is the daughter of the librarian at Universal City.

poleon, Ananias, a colossal angel with a huge harp, as a hypocrite and as a tight-fisted Srooge. He is none of these.

Zukor has been an apostle of hard work. Public fancy has put the millions in his path; but his own efforts put Famous Players where it is today.

Today it seems as if Zukor has reached the point where he cannot go much further. There really seems to be little else for him to achieve. The problem that now confronts him, as we see it, is to maintain his pre-eminence. In Harold B. Franklin, who has shifted to West Coast Theaters, Zukor has lost one of his most able lieutenants. Rumor persists that another one of his right-hand men, even a more valuable asset to the company than Franklin was, is about to depart to work out a presumably more advantageous destiny in a new field.

It is a prevalent notion within the industry today that Zukor's organization has not been "hitting the ball" with the aplomb of some other companies, particularly Marcus Loew's M-G-M corporation. Now, faced with the possibility, of a commingling of many other competitive powers into one grand unit, Zukor will have a problem on his hands to keep pace.

Joseph M. Schenck, whose rise in the film business has been equal to, if not surpassing, that of Zukor, is rapidly climbing to the point where he will have to be generally conceded Zukor's outstanding rival. Schenck heads an organiza-

Monta Bell Slated For Newspaper Opus

Monta Bell will direct his own story of newspaper life, "People," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It will star John Gilbert.

tion of young blood that has a tremendous future of many years' growth ahead of it. Somehow or other Zukor seems weary of it all and if he should soon retire from active participation in the film melange and leave Schenck and the others to fight it out, it would not occasion any great surprise. Zukor has attained much in his years in business; in fact, he has shown the way for the others.

Just what the outcome of it all will be is merely speculative now. It is possible that Zukor may decide to contest the new bids for

Add Kate Price to "Quality Street" Cast

Kate Price has been added to the cast of "Quality Street," the new Marion Davies film under way at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

supremacy and plunge into the fight with a verve and ambition that has been lacking of late in Famous Players. Then again, Zukor may decide to fold up his wigwam and move from the village of the galloping tinnies to the happy hunting grounds of retirement, there to enjoy, amidst ease, the fruits of his years of achievement.

The prevalent and dawning economic conditions, however, indicate that the time is not far distant when he will have to make a decision or else sink to a lesser position in the industry.

The Motion Picture Industry

A Western Institution and
a Western Asset

By FRED W. FOX

Editor of "Hollywood Vagabond"

also - -

"Selling Needs More Common
Sense," by B. J. WILLIAMS

"When Advertising Goes on the
Air," by HARRY P. BRIDGE, Jr.

"Advertising Maketh Old Things
New," by HUGH E. AGNEW

~

AND MANY OTHER FEATURES
in the March Issue of - - - -

25c

Western Advertising

A Monthly Magazine Published in the Interest of the More
Effective Marketing of Western Products

564 Market St., San Francisco

Fate Throws "Show Boat" to Pollard

Death snatched Lynn Reynolds' great directorial opportunity from out of his hands.

In its second issue, February 17th, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, under the heading "Can Lynn Reynolds Handle Show Boat?" declared:

Lynn Reynolds, youthful director, who has yet to make his mark among the masters of the craft, has been chosen to make "Show Boat," Edna Ferber's story of the Mississippi, for Universal . . . It remains to be seen now whether Lynn Reynolds has the ability to lift himself to the forefront of the business. It is our prediction that he will be able to cope most effectively with the task that now confronts him.

It was only a few days later that Reynolds was dead.

Later Universal announced that Irvin Willat would finish "Back to God's Country," the film Reynolds was making at the time of his passing. It was believed that Willat would also make "Show Boat."

The latest report from the Laemmle offices carries the news that Harry Pollard, who is finishing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will take over the megaphone on "Show Boat."

In many quarters it was hoped that Pollard would originally have been picked for the Ferber story. Now it seems that fate has thrown the chance Pollard's way. Our pleasure over Pollard's appointment is tempered with a profound sorrow that Lynn Reynolds never lived to reach the great heights for which he had been struggling for so many years.

Marcel Perez Gags For William Seiter

Marcel Perez, whilom western actor, will be gag man for William Seiter, who is directing "The Small Bachelor" at Universal. Perez has been directing comedies at Laemmle plant.

Lois Wilson Plays 'Gingham Girl' Role

Lois Wilson has been signed for "The Gingham Girl," to be directed by David Kirkland.

"Luck"

An idiomatic word of the motion picture industry is "luck."

Producers who earn millions on certain pictures are, according to the gossips and wiseacres, favored by "luck."

Players and directors who rise to fame overnight by virtue of work well done are merely smiled upon by "luck."

"Luck" fills the fan magazine stories.

"Luck" is the mean tribute paid by hapless rivals.

"Luck," in Hollywood, usurps "success."

A Chicago reader of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has sent in a piece of poetic prose that defines this elusive "luck" in a most beautiful fashion:

"Luck means the hardships and privations that you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work.

"Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch."

Wesley Ruggles Gets New Universal Pact

Director Wesley Ruggles has signed a new contract with Universal. His next will be Laura LaPlante's "Silk Stockings." He recently finished "Beware of Widows" with the same star.

Lead in Norris Story for Sally

Sally O'Neil will play the lead in Kathleen Norris' "The Callahans and the Murphys" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her leading man will be Lawrence Gray and the director, George Hill.

L I F E
598 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Fox:

You have our permission to reprint the cartoons that you mention from LIFE, providing, of course, that due credit is given to LIFE in each instance.

Thank you very much for sending me a subscription to Hollywood Vagabond. I shall read it with great interest. The first issues looks fine. I hope you can keep up this pace. Hollywood needs it.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD,
Editor.

Ex-Comedienne Will Play Gibson Lead

Ethelyn Claire, erstwhile comedienne, will play the lead with Hoot Gibson in "Prairie King," the star's next for Universal. It is adapted from Peter B. Kyne's "Bread Upon the Waters." Others cast are Edwards Davis, Edward Hearne and Dan Mason. Direction by Del Andrews.

George Lewis To Star in Feature

Universal will star George Lewis in a feature, "The Four Flushers." He has been featured in the two-reelers, "The Collegians."

'Vagabond' To Reprint 'Life' Movie Cartoons

Arrangements have been concluded between HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and "Life," the world's famous magazine of wit and humor, to reprint some of the excellent cartoons that were originally published in the New York magazine's "Movie Number," of May 20th, 1926.

Among these are "The Black Pirate," "Down Through the Ages," "Another Movie Tragedy: The Man Who Sat in David Wark Griffith's Chair," "The Graduating Class of Assistant Directors Spell the Name of Their College," "Not the Type," "Accomplishing the Impossible," and "Ugh! Women!" not to forget that classic, "A Stranger With an Original Idea Enters Hollywood."

The first of these will appear in an early issue and to avoid missing any of these gems we suggest that you enter your subscription to HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as the newstand sales are increasing tremendously week by week and the papers move quickly.

If the fan magazine editors were as candid and sincere in their critical treatment of the silent drama as is Robert E. Sherwood, editorial mikado of "Life" then this would be a happy world . . . and full of Life.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

Published every Thursday by the VAGABOND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 606 Taft Building, Hollywood, California. Telephones GRanite 4690 and GRanite 5902. 20c per copy; by subscription \$10.00 per year.

THE LEGEND OF POVERTY ROW

Poverty Row is a state of mind.

It is a Hollywood complex.

It is a mental illusion and a hypnotism of writers who like to stir up melodrama and cheap romance.

Geographically, Poverty Row is a shambles of buildings on a weary side street in Hollywood where the "quickies" and the horse-operas are manufactured. Or probably we should have used the past tense and said "it was." For its passing seems near at hand.

One of the highly-spiced editorial dishes served on the menu of the fan journals for many years has been the goulash of hypocritical pathos about this street . . . or rather, complex.

Poverty Row has been the cradle of many successful people in the industry today. It no doubt harbors others who will find their niches. It has known some romance, and, assuredly, many heartaches. But it is, pre-eminently, a rendezvous of shysters.

The extremely small number of Von Sternbergs and "Salvation Hunters" originating in Poverty Row are more than offset by a gang of swindlers and photo-play ghouls who have all the effrontery of Chicago pickpockets. People of ambition and energy have never been fettered to Poverty Row. They have advanced to other things.

As a whole, though, the celluloid cuneiforms and the dogmatic mental processes of the tenants of this street have been a sore on the business. They think in terms of ex-murderers, two-gun rubbish and vile plagiarism of thespic cognomens. Much of the industry's censorial tribulations have been the results of the filthy ideas emanating from Poverty Row swill-barrels. All of the more lurid accusations against Hollywood can be laid at the doors of this street.

The street itself, it seems, is due to go. It is claimed owners of the property where these shacks stand have decided to raze the place entirely and use the sites for commercial edifices. This may do much to rid the industry of these leeches. They are not confined to any one locality, though. Their offices are where they sit.

If the looming merger does nothing else than kill the avenues of revenue for these gyp-artists, then it will have done a great and elevating deed.

Death

By BEN-ALLAH

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this sketch, Ben-Allah or Ben Newman, as he is sometimes called, is an author, editor and scenarist well known to Hollywood.)

Death is a secret society, all of whose members are pledged to keep its mysteries inviolate.

It is the ambrosia and nectar from the meal of Life after the meats of mortal munching. It may be the desirable forgetfulness of utter oblivion . . . or the hazy interim bridging infinity and bodily existence.

Whether word-painted in the stentorian-touched diction of an Ingersoll or registered in the bleatless passing of a butchered lamb, it is none the less Death.

Black is not a color; rather is it the absence of all colors. So, in its sombreness, is black the color scheme of Death. Mayhap this midnight darkness is the advance guard of change and progress. It may be the last, tattered soldiers of the rear guard, weak corporals and straggling . . . into what?

The Religionist need not fear the arrival of this early instrument of his ethereal evolution. The Atheist may find in Death a beckon to repose, unmindful, unknowing and uncaring. He may reach its heights in the adamant elements, rendered alluringly soft because they fetter unfeeling flesh.

Swinburne personifies Death in the words, "Her languid lips are sweeter than Love's who fear to meet her."

IN MEMORIAM Charles Emmet Mack *Actor and Gentleman*

SOMETIME AT EVE

By BURL TUTTLE

Sometime at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
With no response to a friendly hail
Of kindred craft in a busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day
And the voices call in the water's flow,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away
Through the purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To the Mystic Isles, where at anchor lay
The crafts of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.
A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail,
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.

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HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE STEADFAST
IDEALIST

... the Courage of Lorelei the Modern

"In those years I was a creature of the heart. To be beautiful, popular, the object of adulation... undoubtedly the wish of every young girl... was my sole goal. Love, then, was a shining mark...."

"I cannot explain the change that has come over me. Now I am ruled by ambition, the desire to do something worth while in the world; my heart rules me no longer. I still love life, of course, but my outlook on life has changed, and, I guess, I have changed with it."

—o—

The true story of Mildred Harris has never been written.

The cynics have spoken of a blonde girl who was the first wife of Charles Chaplin and who was unhappy.

The romanticists have told of a girl who was beautiful with a child-like beauty, who captivated men when she appeared on the screen. None have mentioned the courage of Mildred Harris... the courage of idealistic convictions.

That is the greatest thing about her.

Mildred Harris was on the threshold of great glory just a few years ago when she forsook it all to be Mrs. Charles Chaplin.

She was a star for Universal, directed by Lois Weber.

Before that Mildred Harris had been a child actress with Vitagraph; an ingenue with Griffith and with Ince.

She worked hard and faithfully for months and months to create a place for herself in the silent drama. She came into popular favor in four or five Lois Weber pictures which were made for Universal. Then Universal wanted her on a starring contract as one of their Super-Jewel attractions.

Here was fame and glory in her path. She abandoned it all freely and happily for the devotion of a husband and the duties of a home.

But life had not willed it so.

Sorrow came to Mildred Harris... there was scorn and even ignominy in what misunderstanding people said and wrote.

The years, with their heavy-laden disappointments, came and went.

Once again destiny placed opportunity before her. An urgent call to New York frustrated her endeavors and dampened her hopes. It was a long time before she came back.

In the meantime the motion picture had evolved and changed. In those passing years Mildred Harris, too, had evolved and changed. She was no longer a girl; she was now a woman of poise; with a heritage of



Fred W. Fox

sorrows... but a treasury of rekindled ambition.

Today Mildred Harris is still very young; she is still a child in years when compared with some of our most popular stellar favorites. She has the wisdom of years beyond her. She has learned that the head must rule the heart.

In the midst of all this, Mildred Harris proved that a girl in this world can have ideals and adhere to them.

There have been many times when she could have given up the struggle and perhaps led a life of care-less ease.

She is driven on by ambition... that untiring slave-master.

She has a son... "Timmie."

It is for "Timmie" that she must achieve... it is a maternal instinct, perhaps.

It may be "Timmie" who has brought her a new understanding of life.

But this we know... Mildred Harris has changed.

There are people in Hollywood who have believed in her. Among them are DeMille and Carl Laemmle. Mildred Harris is going to achieve something that will substantiate their faith in her.

In recent weeks there has been a reawakened interest

in this girl. Anita Loos wants her to play Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" when that play goes to London.

Motion picture offers are increasing as each day goes by; companies are on the verge of long-term contract inducements... opportunity has once again visited her. Mildred Harris has found that a destiny that can be cold and cruel can also be warm and kind; that the world has ideals for idealists.

The coming year will bring her before us as she has never been presented before.

The confidence of our DeMilles and Laemmles has been a great and buoyant thing. It has not been misplaced.

But for us the greatest thing about Mildred Harris has been... not her composure in sorrow, not the frail beauty that stirs the emotions of man, not so much the confidence of gentle souls, not the change that has visibly transformed her from a girl of the heart to a woman of more serious ambitions, not the opportunities that have returned to her, not the ultimate success that she will score, and not the silent battle she has fought... but the courage of her ideals.

Her ideal has been that life is a sweet and a happy thing.

To keep that ideal in the depths of tribulation and adversity and relentless denial demands supreme courage.

Mildred Harris has shown that.

It is surely the greatest thing in life.

Rock Denies Talk
Of Will Rogers Pact

Joe Rock denies the rumor in last week's HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND that he had signed Will Rogers for a series of comedies. Rock declares he has never had such a deal under advisement.

Thirty *and* four years: I Return to the Hamlet

By FRED W. FOX

(NOTE: Complying with requests that have been received over a period of several weeks, the following is reprinted from "The Film Tribune" of September 17th, 1924, where it was originally published by the editor.)

There is a hamlet a few miles off the highroad that leads to the cities beyond. It is snuggled in the blue hills that nestle at the foot of the mountain ranges.

It is Yesteryear incarnate. Time has not sullied its doorsteps: nor has modernism aroused its inhabitants from their lethargy. It is home to them . . . and it is home to me, though it is full thirty and four years since I have gazed upon it.

I recall it so well . . . the bright glare of the setting sun creating a halo above the hilltops, as I left it in the long ago.

I left it a young man, full of zest and the promise of life, to seek wealth and renown in the maelstroms of commerce.

Roger Bullock, they call me. It is a name of strength for men of strength. Nature has moulded me well for my name; for I am of brawn and brute strength, my face is the hue of a penny, and my eyes are clear and grey and intense.

I am strong in the strength of the world, but I did not possess the strength to abide in the cities and fight the fight of everyday. So I have roamed . . . into the byways and far corners.

I have seen Berlin in its palmiest days; I have roamed the hallways of the great academy of Dresden, now a mute symbol of militarism, in the days when splendor and imperialism held sway . . . and the clank of sabre and the gleam of

helmet caught the eye and entranced the ear.

The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Taj Mahal, the Acropolis, the Kremlin, the Forbidden City . . . they are all familiar spots to me. I have seen the great University and the Hall of Laces at Louvain in their days of glory. Vienna and Tunis are rendezvous to me; and St. Petersburg and Moscow were my playgrounds in the time when the word of the Czar was law.

I have delved into the wilderness. The Zambesi, the Amazon and the Yangtse-Kiang are rivers known to me no less than the Volga, the Rhine and the Rhone. I have sailed the Straits of Magellan; and followed the Southern Cross. I speak to a Samurai as easily as to a Legionnaire. India's native police and the Uhlan . . . both have been my friends. I have mined for Aztec treasure and sought Inca gold. I have hunted caribou around Hudson Bay; and I have lived in the quiet recesses of the Rockies, where they soar skyward back of Lake Louise. I have known Malay fever and chilled before the blasts of the Yukon.

The legendary solitude of Siberia and the hinterlands of Madagascar hold no terror for me. Tierra del Fuego, Yucatan, the Sudan and Persia . . . all have been my tramping grounds.

I have seen all manners of places, and all sorts of people . . . kings, princes, ra-

jahs, mendicants, thieves and all of their kin.

I am strong; and I have seen the world. I am not strong in the strength of American success, nor have I achieved my youth-dreamt splendor and riches. Yet I am happy.

Full thirty and four years ago I walked this ground. It is still the same in its tableau of trees, flowers, meadows and vales. The bluebird flits and the whipoorwill croons; the brook murmurs and the river sings. It is home to me.

Strange that the mist should hang before my eyes; and a throb hold that lump in my throat.

I feel . . . I sense . . . I live my homeward-bound journey. Before me is the road's last turn. It is late afternoon. Sunbeams dance on the mountain's crest. A profound silence fills the skies, and nostalgia clutches my heart.

It is before me . . . far below; dreaming in the eternal blue hills. I scan the neighboring dales and prairies; but life here is the same. I return, the prodigal of the hamlet, without the treasure of mortal appraisal. Yet I am rich with the lore of life and the sight of the world.

Again the halo of light is around me, and in the golden waning of the day I see a city of splendor . . . with the magnificence of all those I have known, and the charm and warmth of the hamlet.

I cannot say more. I am home . . . after thirty and four years.

'Vagabond' Is Cooked By Scribe Ted Cook

Ted Cook, that masterful typewriter dilettante and editorial giggle-o of satire whose "Coo-Coo's" in the Los Angeles Examiner have driven many people nearly coo-coo, has elected himself a press agent for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

Mr. Cook, in his inimitable compendium of alleged bunkum entitled, "Bull-etin," lavishly embellished with a chromo of a snorting toreador-target, has honored The Quality Filmpaper with reprints from our "vagabondia" stories.

Mr. DeMille has received first honor in this department, followed the next day with an excerpt from our Madge Bellamy story.

We are now waiting for Mr. Cook to reprint a piece from our Marion Davies story.

Filming Starts on Pathe Serial

"The Hawk of the Hills," a new 20-reel Pathe serial, was started on Wednesday, March 15, and is scheduled to be finished on May 12, which gives a time span including 50 working days. It is an original story by George Gray and is semi-historical. It deals with the final troubles between the U. S. Army and white settlers when arraigned against the Indians under command of white renegades.

Spencer Bennet is directing. Allena Ray and Walter Miller are to be starred. Only one other woman, Lillian Russell, is in the cast. Men engaged for important parts are Paul Panzer, Frank Lackerteen, Fred Burns, Bob Chandler, George MacGrill, Wally Oettel, John Prince, Harry Semmels, Jack Ganzhorn, Parke Jones, Chief White Horse and Chief Yowlache.

Adolph Menjou will take a trip to Europe as soon as he finishes "Headwaiter" at Lasky's. He has been granted a two-months' leave of absence . . . whatever that is.

Vera Veronina will play opposite Raymond Griffith in "Dying for Tove" at Famous Players. Frank Tuttle directs. William Powell will play a comedy villain.

Lillian Gish will make "The Wind" next instead of Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." Lars Hansen will play opposite and Victor Seastrom will direct.

Wiseacre Critics Hurl Rocks at Langdon as Director Quits

When it was recently announced that Frank Capra, young director who had handled the megaphone on Harry Langdon's two most recent films, had resigned his post a goodly group of our editorial discus throwers began target practice.

Mr. Langdon was becoming quite uppish and probably getting the idea he could do without a man behind the megaphone, we are informed by those critical brethren . . . and sisters.

Anybody who has paid any attention to Langdon when he is working can easily determine the actor's inclinations insofar as a director is concerned. The fact that when Langdon first tried the films he executed an ugly flop under the guidance of a megaphoner who presumably knew his business might be enlightening in view of the fact Langdon had a great hand in directing during his subsequent affiliation with Mack Sennett when he scored a hit.

If a man like Harry Langdon, who has been immersed in show business as many years as he has, doesn't know the intricacies of direction, then he doesn't know much else, either.

It is only natural that a man in Langdon's position should want to maintain more than a passing interest in the piloting of one of his pictures. Langdon is more than the actor. He is also the producer. From what we know of him, it is likely he would give free rein to his director until the man proved inefficient.

We do not know that the circumstances surrounding Capra's withdrawal. Frank Capra seems to be a sincere and energetic young fellow. What differences he may have had with Langdon are not for public airing, or they would be publicly aired by all concerned. At the same time, why should this be a signal for the anvil chorus to start with their silly knocks? Before gossiping so much it might be well for them to ascertain what it is all about . . . and use their grey matter a little, if they have any.

Whether Langdon directs himself, which is more than unlikely, or whether he hires the most famous director in the business, let us hope his next effort tops "Long Pants." At the time we saw it at one of its early previews it was most disappointing and certainly nothing for Langdon to crow about. Langdon is getting weak on story material, it seems. The actor himself is excellent . . . when there is something for him to do.

Cronjager Camera Chief for Kirkland

Jules Cronjager is handling the camera on "The Gingham Girl," David Kirkland's film at F. B. O. He was with Director Kirkland in New York some years ago. Lois Wilson and George K. Arthur head the cast.

Jack Dougherty To Make 2 'U' Serials

Jack Dougherty has signed to make two serials for Universal. One is Courtney Riley Cooper's "The Trail of the Tiger," and the other will be "Haunted Island," from Frank R. Adams' story, "Pleasure Island."

Wm. Desmond Signs For New 'U' Serial

William Desmond has signed to make another serial for Universal. The title is "The Vanishing Rider." His two most recent serials for the same company were "The Riddle Rider" and "The Return of the Riddle Rider." If they ever get anybody at Universal who can find this rider, it's going to be hard on Desmond. Keep 'em guessing, Bill!

Laemmle Buys Song For Scenario Use

Universal has bought the title of the song, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride." It will be used for Byron Morgan's original story for Laura La Plante.

Famed Writer Now on M-G-M Scripts

Viola Brothers Shore, noted writer, has been added to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scenario staff. "The Heritage" is one of her most famous novels.

Gaston Leroux Tale Is Bought by M-G-M

"Cheri Bibi," by Gaston Leroux of "Phantom of the Opera" fame, has been purchased by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is a story of the French penal settlements.

Duello Finishes "Senorita" Role

Lou Duello, young Latin actor, has finished work with Bebe Daniels in "Senorita" at the Lasky studios.

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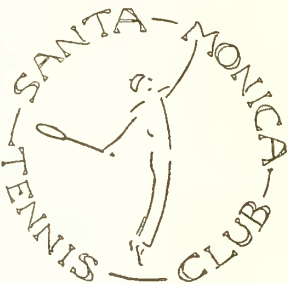


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Tennis--

The purpose of this club is to provide a suitable and attractive environment for tennis enthusiasts and their guests, as well as for social activities. For general play there will be a number of the finest tennis courts that can be built, a committee of experts having charge of this work. There will be instruction by the best teachers, and a championship court for private and open competition, championship and exhibition play.

The club property is situated at the foot of Seventh Street in Santa Monica Canyon and embraces about seven acres. The clubhouse will stand among a group of old sycamores on the bank of a stream. It will be a rambling building of the Andalusian farmhouse type, combining the substantial comfort of that type with all modern conveniences. It will be one of the most beautiful and picturesque clubhouses in the country.



PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE SANTA MONICA TENNIS CLUB -
SANTA MONICA CANYON - CALIFORNIA
MARK DANIELL - LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT - RIVIERA CALIF.

and a Social Rendezvous

There will be ample facilities for luncheons, teas, dinners and dances, so that members may entertain in one of the most attractive environments in the West.

An aim of the club will be the carefully selected and congenial membership which insures an unfailing pleasant social atmosphere.

The Club owns water rights from springs above the property, which will be used for irrigation. The household supply will be obtained from the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

THE SANTA MONICA TENNIS CLUB is incorporated for \$350,000. The cost of a full participating membership will be \$350. It will be transferable by inheritance or resale, subject to the by-laws of the club. The membership is limited to one thousand, and each member will own one share of stock at a par value of \$350, with a proportional share in the club property and perquisites. The dues will be \$3 per month, payable annually in advance. No dues will be accepted until the club is formally opened about September, 1927.



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PHONE

W. A. SLAYBACK

GRanite 4690 or GRanite 5902

who will call at your convenience and explain
this in detail

APR 15 1927

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX

Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 8

Thursday, March 31st, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

Excerpt from Paramount press agent copy, giving specifications of next role for Vera Veronina:

She must be able to "weep silently," "walk belligerently," "scream hysterically," and register, among other emotions, levity, credulity, incredulity, enervating lassitude, abject misery, bitter disappointment, chagrin, hate and joy.

"If it's a Paramount picture it's the best show in town."

Antidote for Russian chaos as prescribed by Sidney Kent of Famous Players:

Touching briefly upon the foreign situation, he (Kent) said that it was his opinion that if Russia would open its doors to American pictures, conditions in that country would be stabilized.

Fiery welcome for fiery actress arriving in fiery confines of fiery Hollywood:

Marietta Millner, the German beauty, whose arrival in Hollywood from Berlin last week, was the signal for bonfires on the hill-tops.

Note from George Rigas, actor, on Arizona location with Lasky company:

There were three men in a boat . . . and the oars leaked. How did they get to shore?

Answer next week.

Is Levy Dark Horse?



Colonel and Lesser In Producing Pact

Considerable importance is being stressed on the presence in Hollywood of Colonel Fred Levy, theater magnate of Louisville, who has just formed a producing alliance with Sol Lesser and Mike Rosenberg.

Levy, who was called to the west coast in connection with the impending participation of First National in the Pathe merger, is believed to be a dark horse among the powers interested in the combine.

In addition to the producing company which Levy and Lesser have formed they have also announced their intention of building up a chain of theaters in small towns on the Pacific coast. It is believed in some sources that Levy will sell out in Kentucky and move to California.

The first picture of the company will be "The Shepherd of the Hills." William K. Howard has been signed to direct. It will be released by First National.

NORMAN KERRY

Who is termed "The Lost Chord" of
the Hollywood melody—See Page Five

“Notes on the Laemmle Award”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Big Newsreel War Near as M-G-M, Famous Enter Short Subject Field

Overnight, it seems, the lowly newsreel has taken first rank in film affairs. We use the adjective "lowly," not in a deprecating sense but in view of the paramount importance that has been stressed on feature productions and other portions of the theater menu.

With William Randolph Hearst about to compete with himself; with the formation of a newsreel department at Famous Players under the direction of Emmanuel Cohen, who built up the power of Pathe News since its inception; with Pathe set for battle and Fox News hurling a deft into the enemy camps the scene is all set for a lively time in the newsreel end of the film business.

That the impending newsreel war will have a great influence upon the future political eminence of the organizations engaged in preparations for battle is obvious. When Paramount and M-G-M solemnly announced to the industry and the world a few months ago that they were about to invade the domain of Pathe, Fox and Universal with newsreels and short subjects, it caused a great stir in film circles. What would Pathe, whose business was built solely on a newsreel and short subjects, do to retaliate?

Pathe replied in no uncertain terms. It was going to become part and parcel of a giant merger to meet the Famous Players and M-G-M competition, not only in the newsreel and short subject field, but on the home camping ground . . . features.

William Randolph Hearst, who owns International Newsreel, the distributing protege of Universal, was asked for a statement on the relative positions of International Newsreel and the Hearst M-G-M Newsreel. Hearst declared that the two organizations would be competitive and have no alliances whatsoever.

Bushman, Jr. Makes Serial for Universal

Francis X. Bushman, Jr., will make a serial for Universal. Its title will be "The Scarlet Arrow," and it will be a mounted police opus.

Fred Newmeyer To Handle Denny Film

Fred Newmeyer, former director for Harold Lloyd, will direct Reginald Denny in "Heaven Forbid" at Universal.

The general trend of opinion in Hollywood, however, is that Laemmle and other Universal officials inwardly resent the alliance of Hearst and M-G-M during the life of the Hearst-Universal pact. The question being mooted in the industry today is, "What will become of International when the Universal agreement expires? Will Hearst merge it with M-G-M News?"

Critics are agreed on the contention that the newsreel has not been afforded the opportunities for development during its years of being as have the features and short subjects.

A cut-and-dried pattern has marked each and every issue of each and every newsreel. There has been no originality, no spontaneity, no radical developments or marked departures from a rather tiring formula of horse races, beauty contest winners, people getting off boats, girls in Picardy wearing glass shoes, suffragettes dying, freshmen being hazed at yokel colleges, the ruins of the three latest Yonkers fires or something else similarly patternized.

There have been a few executives, noticeably Emmanuel Cohen and Edgar Hatrick, who have tried to pioneer in the newsreel field. It is believed that under the new highly competitive regime that their every idea will be utilized to the full to win supremacy for some particular news-

Beaudine To Guide Norman Kerry Film

William Beaudine will direct "Too Many Women" for Universal. It will star Norman Kerry.

reel. One of the commendatory features of Fox News is the huge type that is used in the titles, easily read by people in the furthest seats. Pathe and International usually cover the same things at the same time, the only noticeable difference being, in most cases, the different camera angles from which the subjects have been filmed.

It is believed that Cohen will develop the new Paramount News to the same point of efficiency that marked his administration of Pathe News. The industry at large, however, seems to

Decide To Make Four New Chapters

Universal will film four new chapters of "The Collegians" immediately. Two reels each.

be of the opinion the most radical departure will be made by the M-G-M News and many interesting phases are being speculated upon.

Of one thing we can be sure; now that Pathe has emerged from its short-subject status and become a full-fledged potentiality for feature honors there will be a hot race to tie various exhibitors to some one company for their entire film programs . . . "soup to nuts."

This will mark the actual debut of the long-awaited film war that has been forecast for so many years now.

The Motion Picture Industry

A Western Institution and
a Western Asset

By FRED W. FOX

Editor of "Hollywood Vagabond"

also - -

"Selling Needs More Common Sense," by B. J. WILLIAMS

"When Advertising Goes on the Air," by HARRY P. BRIDGE, Jr.

"Advertising Maketh Old Things New," by HUGH E. AGNEW



AND MANY OTHER FEATURES
in the March Issue of - - - -

25c

Western Advertising

A Monthly Magazine Published in the Interest of the More Effective Marketing of Western Products

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Sidney Kent Flays Resignation Rumors

Sidney R. Kent has no intention of quitting Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as general manager.

In commenting on current rumors in New York the other day Kent said: "My present contract with the company has eighteen more months to run.

"Proof of the fact that I do not contemplate severing my connection with Famous Players can be found in the fact I have just signed a new five-year contract which becomes operative on the expiration of my present agreement.

"Thus for the next six and one-half years I shall continue with Paramount those pleasant relations which have marked my career for the last nine years."

It had been persistently reported that Kent was about to quit the Zukor forces to take charge of First National, following closely on the resignation of Harold B. Franklin from the Paramount theater department to join the West Coast Theaters.

Kent's rise to power in Paramount has been one of the spectacular chapters in film annals. Originally joining the Zukor organization as a film salesman in the Middle West, he made a rapid climb to fame and fortune and is today regarded as the driving force of Famous Players.

Bob Hopkins, Speedy Titler, Joins Lasky

Robert Hopkins, declared to be the fastest title writer in the film business, has joined Famous Players-Lasky.

During the eighteen months he was at Warner Bros., Hopkins titled forty-three productions.

Prior to that time he was at Universal, where he hung out new records for lickety-split titling.

His first assignment on his new Paramount pact will be to title "The Big Sneeze," the James Cruze production starring Wallace Beery.

'Vagabond' Nominates Its Baby Star; Defies Wampas Selections

The Wampas, we understand, is exceptionally well pleased with the thirteen "baby stars" that have been picked on this year's list.

Not with the idea of disparaging their selections, or of dampening the ardor of their proteges, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has, after careful scrutiny, selected one young lady whom we believe will make greater progress during the next twelve months than any one of the thirteen Wampas starlets.

We refer to Molly O'Day, now playing the lead with Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid."

Despite the fact that she is the sister of Sally O'Neil, one of the most successful of our youthful stellar lights and therefore doomed to public comparison with her sister, we believe that Molly will prove herself of far superior mettle than any of the chosen thirteen.

Mollie, who was at one time a foil in Hal Roach comedies and not regarded in a very favorable light in that studio insofar as acting ability was concerned, has already proved to be one of the sensations of the day. This has been amply proven by her work in the early sequences of the Barthelmess opus, which it has been our good fortune to see.

The fact that he lost a great bet when he let Molly O'Day slip away from him will be indelibly impressed upon Hal Roach when he sees his erstwhile protege in "The Patent Leather Kid."

Faced with the natural prejudice that surrounds her as the sister of Sally O'Neil, this young lady has had a difficult task to establish her own identity. With this one film, however, she will become one of the most coveted players in the industry and should climb to great heights.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has also decided to pick one young actor of promise and, together with Molly O'Day, to follow the work of the two closely during the coming year. We are now engaged in looking over the many male candidates and if you have any suggestions, we suggest that you write or phone them to the editor.

In the meantime we hurl a defi to the Wampas to groom their baker's dozen for heated competition with the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND choice—Molly O'Day.

One year from today we'll say—"We told you so!"

Lasky Artist Wins Art Exhibit Prize

Jacob D. Peters, artist at the Lasky studio, has won the \$1250 first prize in the national contest of the Art Alliance of America for designs for living room furniture. His prize winning design was painted one night at his home after working

Owen Davis' Son Signed by Lasky

Donald Davis, 24-year-old son of Owen Davis, dramatist and novelist, has been signed to write for Famous Players. He had a small part with Thomas Meighan in "Blind Alleys," and before that was associated with Sam Harris

Is Zukor Belittling D. W. Griffith Fame?

Does Adolph Zukor think the name of D. W. Griffith means nothing at the box-office?

Is the practice of film companies to bill contract players over acknowledged leaders of the silent drama to determine theater advertising credits in the future?

Does Famous Players nurture resentment at losing D. W. Griffith after that director finished the "Sorrows of Satan."

These are some of the hypothetical points raised by the showing of "Sorrows of Satan" in Los Angeles.

To the world at large the comparative position of the names of various players and the director in a motion picture advertisement means little or nothing. But in Hollywood it may mean the making or breaking of some individual.

In the exploitation of "Sorrows of Satan" here, and, it is understood, wherever it has been shown elsewhere, the name of Griffith has been minimized to that of Adolphe Menjou and the title of the picture.

Griffith is accorded a third position not at all warranted by his record.

Originally planned as a road show, "Sorrows of Satan" was dropped into the ordinary program-picture class when D. W. left the Zukor menage.

At first "Sorrows of Satan," it is said, was to be vastly exploited as a master work of the master director.

Now it is an Adolphe Menjou program film.

Brooks, Hall and Arlen in Same Film

Louise Brooks, James Hall and Richard Arlen will have the leading roles in "Rolled Stockings" at the Lasky studio.

Isadore Bernstein Back at Universal

Isadore Bernstein has returned to Universal after an absence of a year.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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NOTES ON THE LAEMMLE AWARD

Mr. Carl Laemmle, chief of Universal Pictures, is going to give away \$5,000 to smart newspapermen this year and each year hereafter. He has founded what will be known as the Laemmle Award.

Mr. Laemmle's press agent informs us that the Laemmle Award will "operate in the film world in a manner somewhat similar to the Pulitzer prizes in literature." There will be twelve individual prizes, ranging from \$2,500 to \$100 and writers on newspapers, magazines and trade journals in all parts of the world will be eligible.

One of the factors in establishing this Award, we are told, is the fact there are 800 people now in the film industry who were tutored in newspaper offices. Their contributions have been so commendable that Mr. Laemmle believes many of their confreres who still struggle in the realm of the roaring presses will be able to forward valuable suggestions for the enhancement of the silent drama. To arouse their interest, "Uncle Carl" is dangling the \$5,000 before their eyes.

The prizes will be awarded for meritorious suggestions for the improvement of the photoplay. These suggestions "may have to do with production, stories, with mechanical appliances or methods in the studio or in business."

It was Mr. Laemmle's original idea to restrict the fruits of the Award to Universal exclusively. However, the idea has since assumed such generous proportions that he has decided to make it available to the industry at large.

In commenting on the establishment of the Award, Mr. Laemmle declared, referring to his practice of soliciting suggestions from people outside the film industry, that "the most useful, most imaginative, the most alive suggestions have come to me from men and women who have had newspaper training . . . the art of the moving picture has made such strides in the past few years and such brilliant achievements lie just beyond its present accomplishments that it is impossible to say what apparently fantastic idea may be a thoroughly accepted practice in the future."

Will Hays has been named chairman of the board of judges, composed of Karl A. Bickell, president of United Press; Kent Cooper, general manager of Asso-

Will Kane 'Convoy' Immortalize the American Navy?

The ovation that greeted Robert Kane's production, "Convoy," at its world premiere at Hartford, Conn., several days ago has aroused great interest in Hollywood film circles.

Has Kane really made a "Big Parade of the Navy," as he claims? Or is "Convoy" merely another of the many current war photoplays?

Well spiced with official cinema cut-outs from the American, British, German and other navy departments engaged in the recent conflict, "Convoy" should offer a wealth of splendid material for a film immortalizing the part the navy played in the recent holocaust, as Vidor's opus has done for the army.

In the welter of film exploiting the army, marines, air service and other battle forces, the navy has been somewhat overlooked.

There are really some remarkable stories of the part the navy played in the World War that would make splendid films without any revamping whatsoever.

ciated Press; James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine; Arthur H. Kirchhofer, president of the National Press Club, and Jean Sapene, publisher of "Le Matin," Paris.

One of the first questions that is brought to mind by all of this is whether or not Mr. Laemmle will actually have the courage to test some radically new departure from existing film production formulas; or whether he will merely be satisfied with the publicity attendant upon the thing as a whole.

The Laemmle Award, if managed judiciously and with a true endeavor to prompt suggestions from people who are in a position to offer many valuable ideas, can attain a great institutional status in the industry. At the same time it can lapse into a trumped up publicity scheme with no apparent worth to the motion picture.

In broadcasting an appeal such as this to the world of journalism, it is hoped that Mr. Laemmle is prepared to receive an inundation of seemingly devastating ideas. For undoubtedly many of our critics of the silent drama will grab this chance to voice their suggestions where they will be heeded and presumably acted upon.

At the same time it will give Carl Laemmle a chance to determine the mental caliber of many nestors of the silent drama who have caused hours of anguish to producers with their caustic reviews.

If for no other reason than that, we should all welcome the Laemmle Award with open arms. Here is a real challenge to the critique . . . and an opportunity to profit handsomely thereby.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE LOST CHORD

... the Man from "Merry-Go-Round"

From out of the past we conjure up visions of Vienna and the Prater.

It is "Merry-Go-Round," that never-to-be-forgotten diaphony by Von Stroheim.

They say nostalgia prompted its making and its glory. The years have not dimmed its lustre.

The other day we met the Man from "Merry-Go-Round." Norman Kerry said his favorite role, of all the parts he has played in motion pictures, is as leading man to Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie."

"Annie Laurie" is of such recent origin that it has not yet reached the public.

But we hope that the work of Norman Kerry is vested with as profound a beauty as that which characterized the Man from "Merry-Go-Round."

The days since the debut and passing of "Merry-Go-Round" have brought us the Valentinos (cherish his memory!), the Colmans, the Gilberts and the others of sudden fame.

But where has Kerry been all this time?

Norman Kerry can be justly termed "the flapper's delight." The broad-shouldered, tall soldier of "Merry-Go-Round!" ... ah, he cannot die in the

hearts of the Young Feminine.

Here is a hero whose physical proportions do not belittle him. The sweet gentility that distinguished the lover of the girl organist of the Prater is still there.

One only wishes that the Man from "Merry-Go-Round" might come back. High hopes are stirred up by the memory of it for "Annie Laurie."

Will it be the hope fulfilled?

Noise and confusion reigned on a giant stage at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Kerry seemed tired. He had been working day and night.

"The Branding Iron," ... a story of the virile west, they said. This was not "Merry-Go-Round."

This was not the domain of the Prater. It was the land of chaps and spurs.

Norman Kerry in "The Branding Iron"; why didn't they let somebody else, who had never known the glory of a "Merry-Go-Round," do this?

Kerry, dressed in lumberjack fashion, was an incongruous figure to us.

We were looking for a soldier from the Prater. He was not here.

We were several years late.

We must look for a Gilbert or a Colman; because Kerry, who was equal to



Fred W. Fox

the best of them in the race for feminine adulation, had been relegated to the raw country.

They are exploiting his physique, it seems; not his pathos or his carefree camaraderie.

Where was the Man from "Merry-Go-Round?" Where was the lost chord; the haunting refrain of the "Blue Danube?"

Norman Kerry, really one of our finest emotional actors; what was he doing in the midst of a flatulent scene of this kind? Where was the opulent romance of "Merry-Go-Round?"

Can it be that Norman Kerry, since the days of the Von Stroheim epic, has been transported to the fixed, yet dubious, glory of a motion picture celebrity, with no thought of the individual adaptiveness of each succeeding role?

Or have his sponsors never adequately understood the popularity and charm of his character in that production?

Whatever can be said, this indictment must stand; that for some reason, which is unknown to us, Norman Kerry has never realized the full expression of his talent.

Perhaps if Universal, which holds the reins of his destiny, were to endow his portrayals with greater ver-

satility or with sufficient latitude in the types of pictures in which he appeared, Kerry might once again catch the public fancy that was pre-eminently evident during the heyday of the Viennese celluloid lyric.

With the possible exception of "Annie Laurie," which, according to Kerry himself, may in a measure compensate for the sameness of the roles he has enacted since "Merry-Go-Round," there has really been no redeeming feature to the parts in which he has followed that memorable cinema.

In the months since "Merry-Go-Round" was finished Universal has developed Reginald Denny as one of its greatest thespic assets.

Their ardor for Norman Kerry, if there has been any, has certainly never evidenced itself to the same extent.

With the scarcity of potential box-office idols of the male persuasion at the Universal City plant it is somewhat puzzling as to why Laemmle has not stressed greater importance upon the contract he holds with Norman Kerry.

It is a known fact that Kerry in being "farmed out" to other film companies, collects fat sums of money for Universal.

This only makes it even more unusual that Universal itself has not enhanced his value to them with pictures of the colorfully romantic trend of his first big success.

But if anyone should speak to you of Norman Kerry, think of the Man from "Merry-Go-Round."

Or, let us hope, the man from "Annie Laurie."

For he is a great and unappreciated actor.

Norman Kerry is the lost chord in the melody of Hollywood.

Mary Brian is in Hollywood after a brief stop-over at her Dallas, Texas, home, en route from New York. She will play the lead opposite Richard Dix in his next film here.

Ambition and Success

by BURL TUTTLE

Ambition is life's great pathway that points to the stars—it is lighted by the rays of hope that spring from the heart of man and is paved with beads of sweat that fall from his brow.

Few of us are fortunate enough to reach the heights for which we strive but we gain all we get from the strain and sweat—and the struggle is always worth while.

The happiness, peace and pleasure of success do not come from dwelling within that coveted structure. They are enjoyed in the process of building—in drafting the plans, laying the foundation, selecting the materials, measuring the many parts and dove-tailing them together.

Life's greatest joy is in the anticipation of each day's accomplishment and our truest contentment comes in the momentary satisfaction with the task well done.

Smile into the face of the world and a smile comes back—render good service to others and good service is returned to you—show a spirit of helpfulness and that spirit will surely send back aid to you of a like kind—think good thoughts and the same good thoughts will be of you.

The world is a great mirror which truly reflects the thoughts, acts and ambitions of every individual.

Let no one cloud his vision, poison his mind and dwarf his soul with false imagination and that the world is not giving him a square deal.

The only way to avoid getting a square deal from the world is not to give the

Farina: Negro Child Genius of the Photoplay

One of the most gifted thespians in the silent drama is Farina, the negro child actor whose facile expression has created no end of comment, especially of late since the youngster's evolution from babyhood to the tender years of youth has been noticeable.

Placed in the midst of a group of children, all of whom have been tutored over a period of several years in the intricacies and politics of photoplay acting, Farina has created a high standard of achievement.

As the "tail end" of Hal Roach's 'Our Gang' this troupin' Nubian has given the others of the gang plenty to aim at in the form of a thespic target. Farina is one of the very few in the Gang who has been with it since its early days.

The tremendous round of applause that greeted Farina's work in "Save My Dog!" when we saw it at a local theater the other evening was ample proof that the public is always ready to recognize exceptional work on the part of any player. The inherent sincerity and spontaneity of Farina's work in this two-reel film was nothing short of miraculous.

In our opinion Farina is the leading boxoffice potentiality in the Hal Roach menage and if Roach will continue to give this youngster the opportunities that were evident in "Save My Dog!" he will soon be pleasantly surprised to learn that Farina is a more popular bet than possibly even he himself realizes at this writing.

Little Farina is a great argument for the development of the latent talent of the negro that has never been given an adequate voice in the photoplay chorus.

Farina is a genius in every sense of the word . . . and happily unaware of the fact. Our only hope is that the coming years will give this little fellow many and increasing splendid opportunities, which he has of a surety earned by virtue of work well done.

world a square deal yourself.

You are, after all, the sculptor of your own existence. The goal you set is the model by which you work and the present is the clay with which you are working—molding your tomorrow by your deeds of today.

You can't remodel the past—the future is only yours to anticipate—but now is your time—and my time—to shape as we will.

Grange, Hiers To Make 'Vode' Circuits

Walter Hiers and Harold "Red" Grange will co-star on a vaudeville tour during the coming summer months.

While plans for their circuit have not been completed as yet, they will probably visit forty or more cities, spending from one day to one week in each. The tour is expected to require three months time.

Kidder Praised for Blackton Case Work

Despite the fact Gerard de Mervieux was awarded a \$500 verdict in his suit against J. Stuart Blackton, film director, for horse-whipping, frequenters of the court and others who have followed the case closely, declare it to be a technical victory for Albert A. Kidder, Jr., chief of the defense counsel.

Of late Kidder, who is one of the most prominent figures in film legal circles, has put many big notches in his legal gun.

In addition to his work on the Blackton case, he has been busy with the Mark Hopkins will fight, now nearing the courts, which involves over \$300,000,000.

De Mervieux sued to collect \$25,000 damages, but was awarded the sum of \$500 only after a bitter fight wherein the mastery of Kidder was evident at all times. There is a possibility that the case may be carried to a higher court.

In the interim a warrant charging the plaintiff with insanity has been sworn out and in federal proceedings that are slated to be held tomorrow the government's deportation charges against De Mervieux will be aired.

Kidder, whose clientele numbers many of the most prominent people in the industry, is now preparing to proceed with the Mark Hopkins fight and it is believed that he will once again emerge with flying colors in a battle that has been termed "the legal war of the century."

Sennett Starts War Farce With Burke

All the war comedies have not been made.

There is one more in the making by Mack Sennett. It will be the first feature-length picture the comedy producer has made since "The Extra Girl" with Mabel Normand, six years ago.

Sennett's war comedy will star Johnny Burke, whose soldier monologue, "Dirty Work," is well known to vaudeville fans all over the country.

Soviet Jails Extravagant Film Producers; Why Not Try System in Hollywood?

In last Sunday's issue of the "Los Angeles Times" an Associated Press dispatch from Moscow told of sixteen high officials of the Soviet State Cinema Syndicate who were jailed on charges of neglect and extravagance in the production of films.

While this penalty may seem somewhat severe to the layman, it has undoubtedly aroused considerable envy among the inner circle of Hollywood studio nabobs who have to tussle continually with the propensity of many directors who evidently wish to see how much film they can unwind during the making of a single picture.

According to the AP report, the sixteen indicted Russians caused the state a loss of approximately \$100,000 through unnecessary traveling, extravagant living, inadequate preparation, and other irregularities.

It is further stated that one picture, representing an investment of \$58,000 was a total loss because the wrong costumes were taken on the location trip to Siberia. The director also offered to take two actresses along, on the provision both married him.

One wonders, when reading this, what might become of a certain Hollywood director who is known far and wide for his extravagant methods.

Undoubtedly he would be beheaded immediately by the soviet executioner.

Diamonds in the Hollywood Yard

We are informed by the "Film Daily" of New York that Harry Cohn, production chief of Columbia Pictures, is in New York to "develop four unknown players to meet the demand for 'new faces' . . . part of his (Mr. Cohn's) time in New York will be spent in selecting two male and two female players, who will be taken to the coast."

Now we are sure that the story of carrying coals to Newcastle is stale.

Furthermore, we are reminded of the old fable of the humble gardener who tramped up and down the world looking for a great diamond mine of which a village gossip had told him. The gardener came home after many weary years to find diamonds in his own back yard.

Maybe some day Mr. Cohn will find the diamonds in the Hollywood yard. Until then . . .

Meighan Raps Talk of Film Retiring

There is no truth to the rumors Thomas Meighan will retire from pictures in the near future. That's what the actor said in New York the other day, anyway.

Meighan scoffed at the talk that his affluence had led him to the idea of quitting the films. He further declared the report he resented the move back to Hollywood from New York was wrong. It is immaterial to him where he worked, was the gist of Meighan's retort.

Nat Ross Handles Universal Feature

Nat Ross, who has been directing the two-reel "Collegian" series at Universal, will make a feature for that company. It will be an all-star opus, "Stop That Man!"

Hersholt Renews Universal Contract

Jean Hersholt has renewed his contract with Universal. He will next co-star with Mary Philbin in "Viennese Lovers."

Harry Hoyt Story For Universal Film

"Patents Pending," an original story by Harry Hoyt, will be filmed by Universal. Direction by William Craft with an all-star cast.

Gulliver Gets Lead in Fred Humes Opus

Dorothy Gulliver is playing the lead opposite Fred Humes in "One Glorious Scrap" at Universal.

Stallings Writes M-G-M Scripts Only

Laurence Stallings, author of "The Big Parade" and co-author of "What Price Glory," has signed a pact to write for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer exclusively.

New Laemmle Pact For Barbara Kent

Barbara Kent's contract with Universal has been renewed. She is now playing the lead opposite Andre Beranger in "The Small Bachelor."

Pick Title for New Universal Dog Film

"Fangs of Destiny" has been picked as the title of the current picture with Dynamite, dog star, at Universal. Stuart Patron is directing.

Hitt Named Art Chief in New Lasky Line-up

Laurence W. Hitt, former art director at the Famous Players studio at Long Island City, has been named to the same post at the Hollywood plant.

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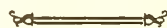
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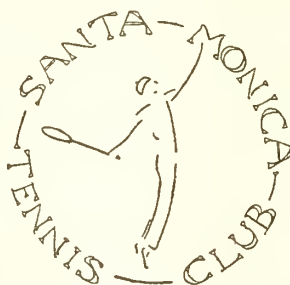
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The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

A reader of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND writes in to say:

Last week you printed a story of three men in a boat with leaking oars and asked how they got to shore. It all depends upon who the men were. Their initiative may have had much to do with the sad state of affairs. Please identify them for us, etc.

We have communicated with Mr. George Rigas and hope to have further information next week.

**NEXT
WEEK**

**"MORE
NEW
BLOOD
in
MOTION
PICTURES"**

*The Third
of the Great
Vagabond
Series*

Zukor Shifts Near?

Paramount Girding for Giant Film War



SALLY O'NEIL

"The Wistful Hoyden" of Hollywood
(See Page Five)

Mystery Veils Plans Of Paramount Chiefs

That a radical realignment in the Paramount Lasky organization is near is the general belief inspired by the recent puzzling moves on the part of Zukor and his lieutenants.

With the failure to renew several contracts of more or less important players, with the pending acquisition of new stars for Paramount release, the first of which is Fred Thomson, sensationally successful western player, the closing of the Long Island City plant and the concentration of production at Hollywood together with the wholesale dismissal of many payroll people, rumors are flying thick and fast in this town.

With the alliance of Publix Theaters and independent theaters owners of New York state in a booking agreement a few days ago it is believed Zukor is maneuvering to meet the moves of the new organizations in the direction of independent bookings.

"Sentiment and Saccharinity"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Editor's Pet Theories Are Shattered By Announcements in Fat Envelopes

An air of eager expectancy surrounds us when we reach for the morning mail.

It may be the fresh energy of a new-born day.

Then again, it may be that the momentous events of the day, insofar as the postman is concerned, happen before noon.

The later mail never seems to carry anything of more than passing interest.

But the morning mail—ah, it is pregnant with possibilities!

—o—
In many of our early-day bundles we find a long, mimeographed sheet from the Lasky studios.

This sheet is the outpouring of the press agents who toil behind the Zukorian walls. Most of the time their first message covers two pages.

Then we know that Mr. Jesse L. Lasky has again made an announcement.

—o—
Mr. Lasky's utterances always put us on the qui vive. His words seem to presage great events about to occur.

Sometimes we find many things that he says that give us splendid opportunities to argue and debate. But invariably Mr. Lasky, who is a showman among the editors, has something that interests us.

If we violently and scornfully berate his statements, perhaps snicker at his prophecies or pooh-pooh his jewel-worded pronouncements, well . . . it makes no difference.

Mr. Lasky knows how to get the attention of editors.

—o—
These announcements are always so pictured as to lead the innocent and unsuspecting editor to the conclusion that the momentous declaration had to be wrung out of Mr. Lasky as if the press agent had resorted to some laundryman's device.

"Admitted" and "declared" are two succinct

Niblo To Film Pollock Play

Fred Niblo will direct Channing Pollock's "The Enemy" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He has recently finished "Camille" with Norma Talmadge, for United Artists.

words that show the lowly scoundrels behind the newspaper desk that they are blessed, indeed, with these announcements from Jesse L. Lasky.

One day, when we had a bad cold and were wheezing something awful behind our desk, we plucked from amongst the heap of morning mail a garishly fat package of sheets labeled "Famous Players - Lasky." Slying slitting the envelope open we paused to read:

"The big pictures of the future will be based on stories written directly for the screen by established writers who have made a serious study of screen requirements and public demands."

This was followed by a pronouncement of the glorious future that awaited the humble scenarists who had been vainly struggling for years to establish the original story written directly for the screen. At last their day was coming!

That was some time ago, though.

Then another day, when the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly on the heavily-trafficked streets and the birds twittered merrily, we thrust this before our eyes:

"Motion pictures are on the verge of new developments which will revolutionize the mechanical side of the industry."

Now we knew that the silent drama would once again make a forward step.

But that, too, was some time ago.

—o—
In a day when we argued, pleaded, cajoled and silently threatened for bigger and better pictures such as "The Big Parade," "The Covered Wagon," "Intolerance," and the other super-films we were cut short by the ap-

Will Nigh Handles M-G-M 'Rose Marie'

Will Nigh, who made a hit with his direction of "The Fire Brigade," will direct "Rose Marie," popular musical comedy, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

McCoy Film Has Creek War Motif

General Andrew Jackson's war against the Creek Indians is the background of Tim McCoy's next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "The Frontiersman," which Reginald Barker will direct.

The Duke's Mixture

By BURL TUTTLE

The Duke de Vallambrosa—whatever he may be—advises the panting populace of Paris that never again will be become engaged to an American girl.

They are too dictatorial, he remarks.

They don't care what a man's feelings are if they can have their own way, he adds.

America owes a debt of gratitude to the Duke, if he is sincere and is not angling for another American matrimonial bid. If more of these foreign "noblemen" could be brought to this way of thinking perhaps some of our silly American girls might be saved from their folly.

Former Premier Ramsey MacDonald of England sounds a warning against the "growing materialism" of Britain's best set.

"The sort of stuff which is now filling the newspapers," says MacDonald, "makes you blush and wonder what is coming over society. The power of wealth is enslaving humanity."

MacDonald meant that the lust for American gold, the desire to get something for nothing together with the ambition for titles on the part of many ladies of the newly rich is creating a situation that spells misery for many an American girl and is turning the sacred sacrament of marriage into a vile barter.

pearance of the postman with the early morning batch of letters.

Seizing the Lasky envelope we tore it open with great aplomb. Here would be substantiation of our claim that the movies needed these epochal films. Triumphant we turned to the first page:

"The motion picture which holds the attention of the public from two to seven days is the absolute foundation upon which the film industry is built. That is the type of picture upon which our company

will concentrate its production activity during the coming year."

Alas and alack! Was there no justice in this world. Mighty wroth, we thought to seek a corner and have a good weep.

But such was not to be, for only the next day the postman came in again. He had a big, fat letter. It was marked "Famous Players-Lasky." With trembling hands we took hold of the envelope and . . .

Oh, well, that was some time ago.

Zukor Changes Name of His Organization

That good old name "Famous Players - Lasky Corporation" has been thrown on the ash-heap.

From now on it will be "Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation." The idea is to associate the name Famous Players with the trade-mark name Paramount in the public mind.

However, it will probably be some time before the scribes get used to the new name. The initials F. P. L. have come in mighty handy and to switch them around to P. F. L. will be tough on some of the rewrite men. Eh, Arch Reeve?

Photographic Idea Is Revolutionizing

Harold Dean Carsey, prominent Hollywood portrait photographer, has evolved an idea in the making of "still" reproductions from photoplays that promises to revolutionize existing methods.

Carsey terms these pictures "pre-production stills." The producer sends the script of the picture to Carsey at the same time the film gets under way in the studio. Carsey makes notes from the script and then the cast, in make-up, assembles at his studio where stills picturing different sequences of the photoplay are made.

The added time in preparing the stills thus afforded Carsey results in more artistic photographs and a diversity of interest as compared with the ordinary picture taken on the set. It also saves the company time during the shooting schedule. Simultaneously with the release of the print to exchanges, Carsey's stills are sent to exchanges, theaters and publications.

Among some of the productions upon which this innovation have been used are "Son of the Sheik," "Wings," "Beau Geste," "Resurrection" and "The Patent Leather Kid." It is believed that within a short time Carsey's idea will be generally utilized.

Honorable Wu Sought for Films as Revue Scores Hit

Unprecedented success has greeted "Honorable Wu and His Chinese Revue," the lively, bizarre musical revue produced by Erwin Connelly, film actor.

The revue has played to capacity houses in Sacramento, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and other northwestern cities during the past few weeks and bids for return engagements are pouring in.

This revue, declared to be a radical innovation in theatrical history, will be seen in Los Angeles during the week of April 22nd-29th at which time, it is believed, the Connelly opus will hang out new marks for box-office returns. It will be shown in conjunction with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "Mr. Wu," starring Lon Chaney.

The hit of the show has been the Honorable Wu, a handsome, dapper young Chinese actor whose impersonations of celebrities such as Al Jolson, Frisco, Eddie Cantor and others is declared nothing short of marvelous. The facile expression of Wu and the debonair manner in which he acts has made a deep impression upon audiences.

Not since the heyday of Sessue Hayakawa has the screen had a popular young Oriental actor of any consequence. In Wu, it is believed, the film industry has a real candidate for popularity. Already several offers have been made Connelly but nothing will be determined until the show arrives in the city the latter part of the month.

One of the other big attractions of the show is the chorus of young Chinese girls, who are beauties in every sense of the word. The typical American flapper has nothing on them and they are accorded receptions second only to that of Wu himself.

The entire cast is thoroughly schooled in the ways of the films and it is a certainty that when the revue passes before the gaze of the local screen magnates that many other attractive offers will be made Connelly.

If you like to see a Chinese revue that has a reason for being, other than its mere nationality, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND can heartily recommend "Honorable Wu and His Chinese Revue."

Adolfi To Handle Farce for Warner

John G. Adolfi, veteran director, will make "What Happened to Father" for Warners. This is his first job on his new long-term contract. Warner Oland, also signed to a pact with the Brothers, will be in the cast.

Chas. Giblyn Back From Gotham Wilds

Charles Giblyn, erstwhile Universal director, has recently returned from New York after two years. He has finished "Ladies Beware" at F. B. O. and will soon start a feature film there.

Thomson Hopes To Tell James Truth

"The popular conception of Jesse James is wholly brutal. Back of his career of outlawry is a big, human story of a man driven to desperation by the cruelties and tragedies heaped upon him in his youth.

"Fundamentally kindly and law-abiding by nature, he was hounded by carpet-baggers, in the days following the Civil War, into the career that made him notorious. This is the story I want to tell on the screen."

That is what Fred Thomson, popular western star, had to say the other day when commenting on the first picture he is to make for Paramount.

Thomson is moving his unit, in toto, from the F. B. O. lot where he rose to fame to the Lasky studio. Lloyd Ingraham will continue as his director.

"D. W." Decides To Decide Once Again

D. W. Griffith has upset all of our office bliss.

Just when we thought we had him safely tucked away in the Pathe fold, out comes the word that he will rejoin United Artists, as he originally said.

We are somewhat at a loss as to what comment to make on all of this. For whatever may be said, it is possible "the chief" will not decide until his name is on the dotted line and he is headed for Hollywood.

That Griffith is at the crucial point in his career, all are willing to admit. Our only hope is that his next affiliation is a happy and prosperous one.

D. W. Griffith deserves much from the industry. Let us hope he gets at least a small share of what is due him.

Mildred Harris For Columbia Production

Having finished a featured role in "That's My Baby" at Universal, Mildred Harris has been signed for the stellar role in "Sidewalks of New York," for Columbia Pictures.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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SENTIMENT & SACCHARINITY

Hokum and the essence of life.

Why must Hollywood always try to identify them as one and the same?

The world has been forced to stomach the saccharine fare of our photoplay chefs for so many years that it seems that we, movers of the movies, have lost our perspectives entirely.

With what illusive assurance have we tried to convince ourselves and others that what we serve in the guise of "hokum" is the "sentiment" of the world?

Sentiment, under its many names, is surely the toning force of life. One can hardly accept that statement if the criterion is the Hollywood version.

The time has come for us to draw the fine line between sentiment and saccharinity.

All of mankind's convictions and perceptions of sentiment, in the finest sense of the word, has been ruthlessly violated and trampled upon by our menage of "hokum" distillers. The traditional love of a mother has been transformed into a hideous display of tears and unbelievable and garish saccharinity, and thrust down our throats with no compassion whatsoever. The way to our hearts is not through our necks.

The sachems and seneschals of our "drama" have offended, not only our good taste, but our intelligence to boot. The inspissated and puissant chapters of their mental processes has not only aroused a feeling of resentment against the Hollywood interpretation of life's gentle impulses, but it has also distorted the makers' mental concept of what constitutes out-and-out hokum and true sentiment.

Once in a blue moon we get a "Stella Dallas" or some other work that seems to reach for the edifying and nostalgic fervor that we know as sentiment. When we do get it arouses people. They talk. They applaud. They commend.

Three weeks later we find somebody else who tries an inverted replica of the same thing. But it is not sentiment. It is merely hokum.

People say that hokum has built the movies.

That is not true.

For if we had an endless succession of pictures such as "Stella Dallas" we would have a greater industry. Not only from the sentimental standpoint but also from the viewpoint of the box-office.

Wanted: Capable Young Leading Men

A critical scrutiny of the ranks of players in the silent drama reveals the startling and deplorable fact that there is a dearth of capable young leading men.

It seems that in the thirty years since the industry made its advent the supply of intelligent young actors has never been at such a low ebb.

The feminine contingent has always been plentiful.

This may or may not be due to the energy of the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers in ferreting out likely girls for its "baby star" rosters.

Then again it may be because of the tendency of the producers to stress greater importance on the importance of attractive females to the box-office value of pictures.

It is generally regarded as a foregone conclusion that the public will accept almost any kind of a leading man, provided the lady is good to look upon.

Such, however, is not the case and our mentors are suddenly awakening to the fact.

There are, of course, many young men in Hollywood who are handsome and who, outwardly, possess all evident qualifications for success on the screen. Many of them, who have languished in their progress, are regarded as "sure-fire." However, in the acid analysis they aren't so sure-fire after all.

This, perhaps, can be ascribed to the general tendency among the young men to regard their native charms as irresistible. They fail to take any serious attention of their latent expressive talents.

Where the female of the species pluckily endeavors to develop vivaciousness, brilliancy, dramatic gesture and voice intonations, the stolid male merely seeks refuge in Fair Isle sweaters, plus-fours and patent-leather hair.

That doesn't convince Cecil De Mille or any of the others.

They seek neither clothes-horses nor perfume vendors.

They are looking for actors.

There are many promising young men in Hollywood. If they will only bear in mind the immutable fact that

(Continued on Page 7)

It was a true interpretation of sentiment that made Griffith great in his early days. We only hope that his promptings will reassert themselves again.

One great stroke of a true sentimentalist will sweep away the dross of hokum that surrounds us now. For then true sentiment will be popular.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE WISTFUL
HOYDEN

...an Ambition to be Tragic

Sudden powers of prognostication marked our first meeting with Sally O'Neil. They were not greeted with any enthusiasm by the young lady herself.

We said she would be a comedienne . . . "some day."

She protested vigorously. She wanted to be a tragedienne.

These ambitions of Hollywood, seemingly so inconsequential at times and many times so fleet, are not to be discounted lightly. Time has proved the futility of dogmatic theories and the delicacy of hastily ventured soothing.

It has been not so much the triumph of our prophecy as it has been the vindication of our first impressions.

Our first impressions of Sally O'Neil was of a comedienne. There was certainly no tragedy about her. But, then, it is hard to gloat over these things. Tomorrow she may burst upon us in a sudden dramatic glory of deep tragedy.

Such is the working of destiny in Hollywood.

Our first impressions of Sally O'Neil were vaguely and strangely connected with the personality of Mary Pickford. It may be

the tendency of the business to create new idols on the pedestals of reigning favorites.

Yet we must confess that we had visions of this diminutive hoyden supplanting the golden-haired heroine of this celluloid institution.

Such, happily, was not to be. Pickford is still with us. And we have found ample room for Sally O'Neil.

At rare intervals during the many months since that sunny afternoon when Sally O'Neil walked into our office with her brother and another man, we have encountered her upon the boulevard or in the studio.

With each succeeding meeting we have been poignantly impressed with the fact that she is growing up and gaining poise.

It is natural, this poise, not artificial.

Underneath it all she is still the hoyden of yesterday, but at times there is an expression, so wistful and so far-away, that flits across her face that it startles us a little and makes us wonder what hidden power of dramatic scope may assert itself some day.

Sophistication has taken Sally O'Neil.

It is not a sophistication of the world.



Fred W. Fox

It is a sophistication of a girl entering woman's estate.

It is the unconscious consciousness of charm and growing beauty and of the never-ending battle of the feminine world for praise and mastery.

Time, the gentle sculptor, has placed her on a new pedestal.

People have exclaimed, "Sally O'Neil! My Gawd, isn't she snappy. She can say anything to anyone and get away with it!"

We could never say that. It is not the truth. The hoyden that legend paints as Sally O'Neil has never asserted itself with us. She has always been exuberantly happy, it is true. She has never been unctuous nor assuming. There is not a note about her that bespeaks hypocrisy or sham.

Sally is genuine.

Sally O'Neil is a girl who lives in fear of criticism.

Not the criticism that is constructive or friendly, but the biting, vituperous criticism of people who sometimes misunderstand.

Sally likes to have friends . . . and keep them.

That is not so true of Hollywood as a whole.

Sally O'Neil likes to have people think of her in the

light of a girl who is trying to be a friend among friends.

Not as the distant symbol of what-used-to-be.

At first, it seemed, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer tried to force Sally O'Neil upon the public. Even her best friends regarded her initial appearances with trepidation; perhaps the public would take it all as a gesture against the golden-tressed Pickford.

Time has eliminated the ups-and-downs of those first ventures. Some liked "Mike," "Sally, Irene and Mary" and "Don't." It happens that we didn't particularly care for them.

Maybe our faith in Sally O'Neil demanded too much of her ability in that early day. Whatever it may have been, our confidence has since been vindicated.

Sally's progress now is not so sudden. It is slower and much surer.

It conforms more to the public's desire to become acquainted with its celebrities and then decide their stellar destinies.

For Sally O'Neil the populace has been laudatory. It has evidenced, in the positive language of the box-office, that she is a welcome figure in the silent drama.

The destiny of Sally O'Neil now is the result of the judicious selection of roles and stories. That, of course, is the destiny of all of our players. It is vital to Sally O'Neil; because she cannot escape being classified as a type by the audience.

The popularity of Sally O'Neil can be imperiled by the choice of vehicles that camouflage her individuality and merely reflect her as an image of, let us assume, Pickford.

The value of Sally O'Neil to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to the industry, to the public and to herself can be endangered by the selection of roles of diversified trend, where the full sway of that versatility, with which we are positive she is endowed, can be gained.

Though we have prophesied in that bygone day

(Continued on Page 6)

Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

that Sally O'Neil was fitted for comedy, she has shown us, in the intervening days, that her ambition for dramatic roles is founded on more than a passing fancy.

It is built on an inherent urge to do something big and of moving proportions.

—o—

Sally's sister, Molly O'Day, is about to emerge as one of the most spectacular dramatic figures the screen has seen in several years. That is with Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid."

We know that if it is in Molly to accomplish what our eyes have shown us she has, then, assuredly, we know that Sally O'Neil, too, is due for something equally remarkable and compelling.

—o—

Sally, of course, is surpassingly happy over the accomplishments of her sister.

They are devoted and held together by interest in each other's progress.

At the same time the eternal feminine is bound to show itself. When the envy or jealousy of a woman is aroused we can expect almost anything.

The day that Molly scores her first triumph will mark the beginning of Sally O'Neil's dramatic career. For then she will be imbued with a natural desire to surmount the accomplishments of another woman, irrespective of kinship.

The spirit of this wistful hoyden is being stirred by a new-born energy and the awakened ambition to forge ahead.

New Garbo Pact Brings M-G-M Peace

Peace has again been restored on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot again. Greta Garbo has a new contract and the bickering has subsided. She will play "Anna Karenina" with Ricardo Cortez as the man. Buchowetzki will direct.

Confidence

By BURL TUTTLE

Confidence is the bone and sinew of business—the stepping stone to successful salesmanship.

More goods change hands through confidence than from any other element that enters into the conduct of business. The more you analyze life and business the more impressed you will be with the importance of confidence as a ruling guide.

The banks tell us that they lend more on confidence than on collateral—the fact that the majority of the world's business is done on a credit basis shows that confidence is more important than any other one thing in business.

Whether you realize it or not, confidence plays an important part in every story you sell, so it is well you have all your efforts point toward establishing the confidence of those you meet and then see to it that their confidence is not misplaced.

Now in order to instill confidence in others you must have it yourself.

You must believe in your ability—in the possibilities of interesting the public and in the value and utility of your proposition to the man you are

trying to sell. You must believe in the ultimate satisfaction he and his associates will enjoy from the purchase and you must have absolute faith and confidence in your own ability to meet every argument or objection that may be advanced by those you are trying to interest.

Confidence begets confidence and without that sort of confidence on your part it is difficult to go in with the necessary enthusiasm to completely establish the confidence of others.

Inasmuch as seemingly small occurrences and very trivial remarks often serve to make or break the confidence of those with whom you deal, your contact with story editors and producers should always have as its foundation and purpose the creating and strengthening of confidence.

Frankness of manner and speech offers one of the greatest opportunities to establish and maintain confidence in others and yet this very valuable characteristic is often smothered out by fear in the heart of the writer making personal story contacts.

Directors Pledge Aid For Ramona Pageant

Promises of the full support of the Motion Picture Directors' Association to the Ramona pageant, to open on April 23, at Hemet, are given to Garnet Holme, the director, in a letter just received from John Ford, president of the megaphone men's organization, now in Germany.

In the missive, Ford advised Holme, who is pageant director of the United States national parks service, of the appointment of a committee, including Reginald Barker, William Beaudine and Frank Beal to cooperate with the people of the twin cities of Hemet and San Jacinto, sponsoring the outdoor play glorifying early California romance, in insuring its success.

With the support of the directorial organization, it is anticipated that the entire motion picture industry will endeavor to attend the fifth annual presentations to take place on three successive week-ends, including April 23 and 24, April 30 and May 1, and May 7 and May 8.

The colorful outdoor drama is staged under the auspices of the Hemet-San Jacinto chamber of commerce as a community non-profit enterprise, all proceeds above expenses being turned back into permanent improvements of the Ramona bowl, a natural amphitheatre in a pocket of a canyon at the outskirts of Hemet, having the most remarkable acoustic properties of any outdoor coliseum in the world.

Clyde Cook Wins New Warner Pact

Clyde Cook, one of the best known comedians in the film industry, has been given a long-term contract with Warner Bros.

Cook, following his work with Monte Blue in "The Brute," and with Irene Rich in "The Climbers," is being groomed for featured position with the company, it is claimed.

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Wanted: Capable Young Leading Men

(Continued from Page 4)

ability and energy are the prime requisites and regard their work as a profession and not as an aesthetic revel they will go much further along the sunny road.

Once every few years there arises a Barthelmess or a Gilbert, a Kerry or a Colman. They compose the minority, however.

For every Barthelmess, or Gilbert, or Kerry or Colman that reaches the heights there are at least seven hundred others who never get beyond the beanery.

There have been . . . and there are . . . many beautiful-and-dumb women in this business. There are even greater numbers of handsome and stupid men.

Once in a great while we come across a young fellow who has a magnetic personality, that rare and inescapable thing that makes screen favorites. As a general rule he is not according-to-Hoyle insofar as pulchritude is concerned. There are physical imperfections in the best of our film heroes. Yet it is the underlying, compelling power of attraction that raises them from the ranks to the heights.

When we find one of these we have found a potential favorite. The lamented Valentino had this magnetism in superabundant quality.

The move on the part of First National to search the leading universities of the nation for leading-man timber is, we believe, not a commendable thing at all.

For years we of Hollywood have been trying to discourage young men and women from coming to Hollywood. We have told them of the hardships . . . of the futility . . . of the heartbreaking ignominy . . . and of the exceedingly slight chances that they, individually, have to succeed.

Now First National, with gobs of publicity in "College Humor" Magazine, goes forth to bring "new leading man material" to Hollywood.

Why bring it to Hollywood.

It is here. It has been here for years.

That doesn't make any difference to First National.

They like lots of publicity.

But what about these courageous boys in Hollywood who have struggled for years.

Even the most vainglorious among them is entitled to a chance. A chance for the sake of courage, if nothing else. Why shouldn't they get that chance?

Isn't there anybody at First National with a conscience?

Isn't there a producer in Hollywood with courage?

Work Under Way on Gish Vehicle

Production is under way on "The Wind," starring Lillian Gish, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lars Hanson is leading man and Victor Seastrom is directing.

Doris Keane Opus Bought by M-G-M

"Starlight," the play in which Doris Keane scored, has been bought for the movies. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will film it this season.

Albee Kin Will Do Designs Here

Eve Gardner, niece of E. F. Albee, chief of the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit of New York, is in Hollywood.

Miss Gardner, who is a noted designer of women's clothes, has been persuaded to come to Hollywood and lend her talent to the cause of the silent drama.

To dress various feminine stars according to their individual personalities and in keeping with the smartest motifs of dress, viz., to picture a gentlewoman as a gentlewoman and not as a clothes-horse, is one of the ideas of Miss Gardner. Schooled under the best teachers of Europe, she has an inherent knack for creating beautiful touches in apparel, from street and sports clothes to the loveliest evening gowns.

It is believed that her work in this behalf will do much to enhance the pictorial value of the motion picture and also lend greater interest to each successive characterization of our principal stellar lights. For the time being Miss Gardner will free-lance.

Mary Astor Signed For 'Arabian Nights'

Mary Astor has been signed for the feminine featured role in "Two Arabian Nights" with William Boyd and Louis Wolheim. Story changes resulted in signing Miss Astor in lieu of Alma Rubens, previously chosen.

"Two Arabian Nights" is being filmed by Caddo Productions, under direction of Lewis Milestone, for United Artists release. John W. Considine, Jr., is supervising the film.

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WHAT HOLLYWOOD NEEDS

Magnificent Revelers Chateau to Symbolize Fraternity and Integrity

The spirit that dominates THE HOLLYWOOD REVELERS' CLUB is the same spirit that called into being the Pilgrimage Play, the Hollywood Bowl, the Community Sing and many distinctive and peculiarly characteristic institutions that one thinks of when one thinks of Hollywood.

It is desired to emphasize the salient features of this unique club-home that the prospective member may know in advance the wares he is asked to purchase:

First of all the Non-Profit Idea is the paramount consideration of the organization.

Profits are not looked for, THE

HOLLYWOOD REVELERS' CLUB being, not a promotion scheme, not a closed corporation whose sole reason for existence is dividends; but, rather, an association of ladies and gentlemen, meeting on common ground, all animated with the purpose of realizing the highest possible ideal in club life with the least possible cost.

No more will club life be a burden, a luxury for only the very rich because of excess profits, overcharging and extravagance in administration, but, in this spirit of "give it all to the members," it is designed by practice of the Non-Profit Idea, to furnish members with a higher class of service, with greater luxury, with

the highest quality, the most delicious and the best prepared food in the world, with unusual and brilliant special and social events and with entertainment heretofore undreamed of in club annals.

Imagine a club-home free of the odors of much and many kinds of food, free of the deadly shop talk, free of the common bore and the suave grafter; free of the social and professional climber and of the several varieties of moochers; free of the tyranny of the supercilious waiters, free of the cold formality, oppressive exclusiveness and gen-

eral air of commercialism that pervades the average club!

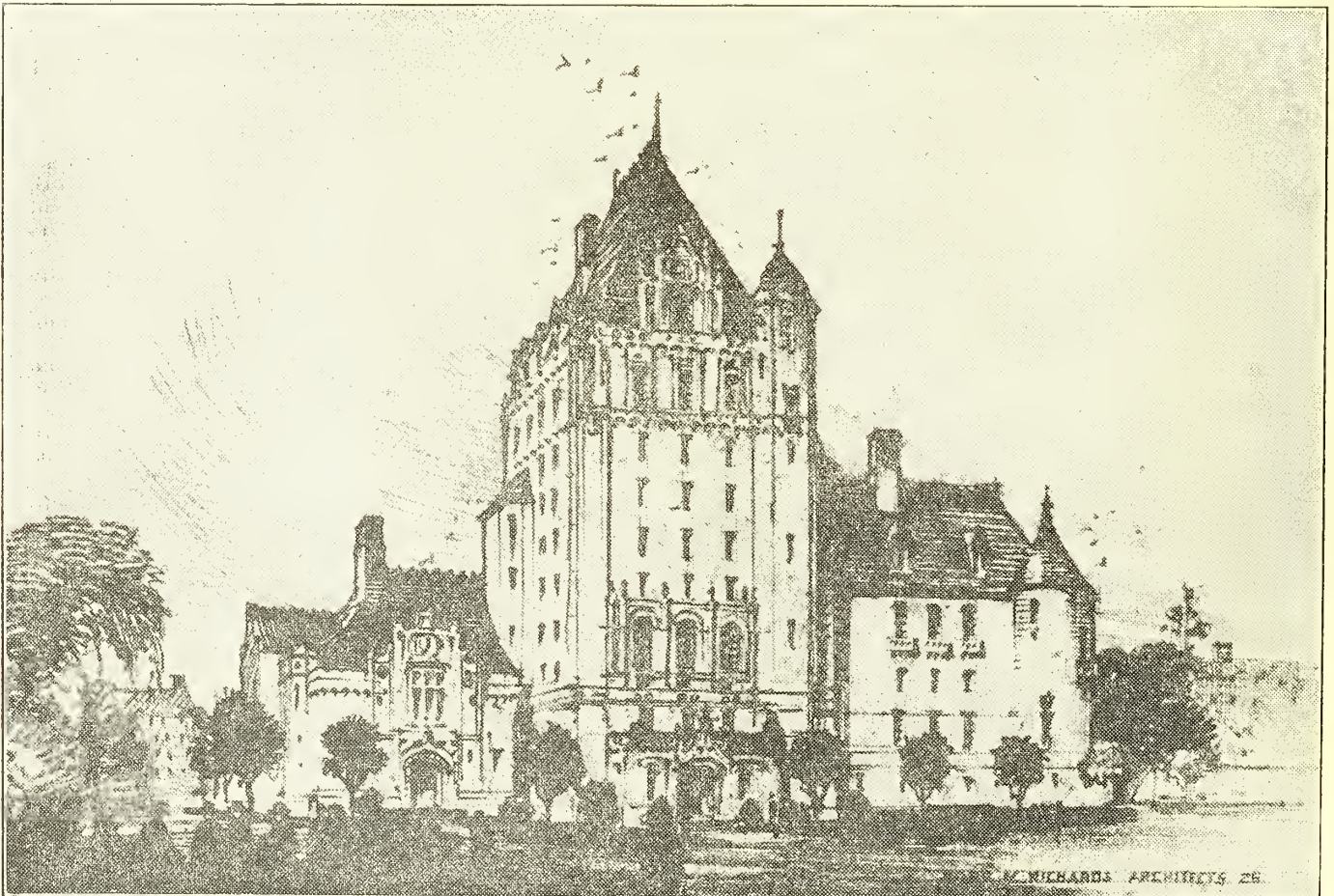
Situated on a high, high hill in the heart of the best part of Hollywood, the magnificent French-Norman Chateau of the REVELERS will stand forth as a beacon of camaraderie, of luxury and ease and the most delightful retreat in all of Southern California. Every year the hi-jinks of the REVELERS' BALL will be the social highlight of the country, equalling, if not surpassing, the most popular kindred events of the day.

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The

Quality Filmpaper &

Edited by FRED W. FOX

Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

TRUSTING SOUL

Gentle paragraph plucked from First National publicity pronouncement:

"... for Robert Kane is one of those naive folk who believe what they read in the newspapers..."

BILLY'S "AGABOND"

Mons. Billy Joy, indefatigable brother-in-vagabondia, declares that when the rain stops he's going up to the Vine street hills just north of the boulevard and put an "agabond" on the knoll next to the big, red "V" that seems so lonesome up there.

GLASS HOUSES

Mr. Welford Beaton, intellectual beacon of Hollywood, who recently declared that he "must write without thought for Mr. Maurice Barber's motion picture friends and interests" and later announced Dorothy Farnum (Mrs. Maurice Barber) as a pre-eminent scenarist, indites the following in a recent issue of the "Film Spectator," which at one time carried the name of Mr. Maurice Barber as president:

I even accept, for the purpose of a basis of criticism, Louella Parsons' disinterested and unbiased adoration of Miss Davies as an artist of transcendent brilliancy,

(Continued on Page 6)

World Film League?

Claim Powers Seek International Pact



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Who is "The American Gesture" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Five

Giant Coalition Declared at Hand

That a far-reaching alliance to overcome the different film "kontigents" introduced by the governments of Europe is near is the gist of rumors circulating in Hollywood at the present time.

Recently published reports to the effect certain leading British producers were combining to build a "Hollywood" on the outskirts of London gives credence to these reports inasmuch as it was declared that the aid of prominent figures in the Hollywood production field would be sought for the English enterprise.

The recent transfer of the UFA organization of Berlin to powerful German interests makes the position of Fanamet, the Famous-Lasky, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National section of UFA somewhat vague.

That the effort to overcome the American barrier against foreign films is successful is demonstrated in the reception given "Variety," "The Waltz Dream," "Faust" and other importations.

“HOLLYWOOD: The Slave of Dogma”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Columbia Pictures Makes Big Strides for Power and Prestige in Industry

"When any director comes in this office and talks about lights and shades, we throw him out of the window. We're investing our own money in this company and we're not interested in artistic philanthropy.

"The motion picture industry is twenty per cent ability and eighty per cent showmanship and we're making pictures for the back country.

"Our studio has been going continuously for two and one-half years without any let-up and the payroll has been paid by money from the little theaters and not the showcases of the big cities.

"We love art in the photoplay, but we love it only so far as it has a market value. Columbia Pictures' success is built on box-office profits and not on aesthetic pipe-dreams."

—O—

These are only a few of the comments made to the editor the other day by Harry Cohn, producing chief of Columbia Pictures Corporation, at the Gower Street studios.

Cohn is the type of fellow who talks with direct sincerity and without the egotistic ostentation of the average studio executive.

—O—

Within the space of only a few months' time, Columbia Pictures has suddenly risen from the status of a small independent producing company to that of a motion picture organization to be reckoned with any of the leaders.

Maintaining a consistent supply of box-office pictures, built for the theater and garnering remarkable profits, Columbia Pictures has given the small independents something new to shoot at in the way of achievement in

Julian Johnson at Lasky Title Post

The job of film and title editor at the Lasky studios has been given Julian Johnson. Johnson has just arrived from the Long Island studios, recently closed.

the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

With the tendency on the part of the big companies to manufacture a certain number of films each year of good or bad texture, or to collect a great number of theaters, or, further, to divert their energies to collective corporate gain, Columbia Pictures has set as its goal the ideal of making the best box-office pictures on the market.

The success of their efforts is shown in the fact Columbia Pictures have been booked in some of the biggest theaters of the country, at times in preference to the product of the big companies which maintain interests in the theaters.

"The Lone Wolf Returns," a Columbia Picture featuring Bert Lytell and Bill Dove, is one of the most successful pictures of recent years and is still playing to record business wherever it is shown.

Another Columbia Picture, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," is regarded as a bonanza by the small-time exhibitors who have been playing for the good old stuff that puts money in the till.

It is entirely due to the efforts of Harry Cohn, as the producing head, and to Jack Cohn and Joe Brandt, the two other partners who handle the distribution, that Columbia Pictures has made these great strides.

An ambitious program has already been launched by Harry Cohn for the ensuing year. Already plans are under consideration for the increase of the present generous space on Gower Street to

Betty Compson Heads James Young Picture

Betty Compson will head the cast of "Midnight Rose," directed by James Young for Universal. Others are Edmund Burns and Henry Kolker as lead and heavy.

facilitate the handling of increased production.

Thirty pictures are on the present program. They are "The Blood Ship," by Norman Springer; "The College Hero," by Willard Mack; "By Whose Hand?" by Channing Pollock; "Stage Kisses," by George Bronson Howard; "The Sporting Age," by Charles K. Tennant; "Sally in Our Alley," by Dorothy Howell; "Beware of Blondes," by Pierce Dumond; "Lady Raffles," by Alfred Henry Lewis; "The Way of the Strong," by Octavus Roy Cohen; "Virgin Lips," by Jack Lait; "Broadway Daddies," by Grace Atkinson; "So This Is Love!" by Gertrude Atherton; "Come Back to Aaron," "The Warning," by Edgar Rice Burroughs; "After the Storm," "The Opening Night," by Owen Davis; "Say It With Sables," by Dorothy Howell; "The Adventures," by Frances Marion; "San Francisco," by Douglas Ward; "Modern Mothers," by Rachel Crothers; "Nothing to Fear," "The Tigress," by Alfred Henry Lewis; "A Woman's Way," by Thompson Buchanan; "Forgotten Women," by Louella Parsons; "Golf Widows," by Henry Clayton Cooper; "The Siren," "Alias the Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance; "That Certain Thing," "My Wife's Relations" and another to be announced later.

Each picture, according to Cohn, will be built with the idea of the box-office and popular entertainment in mind. Each individual picture will be given the finest directorial treatment, with a view to creating "tone" in

the films, but the idea of appealing the super-critical insofar as "Art" is concerned will be secondary at all times to the creation of photoplays that are profitable to the exhibitor and interesting to his audience.

"We believe in new blood, young blood, in this studio," Cohn went on to say.

"We don't waste people's time with 'conferences' and the deplorable practice of long, drawn out red-tape. At the Columbia studio we have two words. One is "yes." The other is "no." We have no "next Thursdays" or "two weeks" here. We always see people, too, if they have something to talk about.

"We try to conduct Columbia Pictures Corporation as a stable business venture and we adhere to the conservative rules of good business practice. No overhead goes to waste in this studio; we have regular hours and permanent employees. We always have work to do and we keep busy.

"We are not interested in politics or petty competitions. Our job, as we see it, is to make good pictures for our exhibitor customers and that's where we exert our energies. We are, of course, happy over the success that has attended our labors and our only hope is that we may continue to serve in like and increased measure.

"Columbia Pictures, we believe, will be a great success as long as we maintain our live organization. That will be for as long as we are in business."

Lasky Creates Big Demand for Bombs

If the Chicago nitro-glycerine manipulators or the Herrin dynamite tossers are having difficulty in getting their regular supply of bombs, grenades, gunpowder or t. n. t. they have the Lasky studios to blame.

Paramount has made so many war pictures of late that its demands have created a huge vacuum in the bombstuffs mart.

"Old Ironsides," "Wings," "The Rough Riders," "Barbed Wire" and "The Whirlwind of Youth" are only a few of the recent productions that have caused furrows of worry to adorn the brows of our big dynamite and powder men. Lasky has consumed almost one million pounds of bombs, quasi-bombs or what have you during the past few months.

If this keeps up Chicago will have to abandon the good old election shootin' barbecues and move out to the Lasky studios in order to vote properly.

"Wings" To Have San Antonio Debut

"Wings," the massive Paramount picture of the air service, will have its initial showing at San Antonio, Texas, it has been stated.

Most of the picture was filmed there. It is being shown at one special performance of the home of the Second Division, U. S. Army, to help raise funds for a division memorial at Washington. One hundred thousand dollars will be required and Lasky will aid with this special showing:

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The Pity of Self-Pity

By BURL TUTTLE

Self-pity, concentrating upon one's troubles and wrongs, is fatal to success and personal development.

Indulgence in self-pity has brought many men and women to insanity and self-destruction.

Some people concentrate so much on themselves that they ultimately become obsessed with the belief that they are injured creatures, and that the world is in some way responsible for all their mishaps and troubles.

Their mental attitude makes them easy victims of despondency and discouragement.

If you want to be happy, to grow mentally, to succeed in your work, you must get rid of self-pity. And the only way to get rid of it is to quit thinking about yourself and begin

to think about others. Stop coddling yourself.

The cure for all forms of unhappiness and discouragement is downright hard work. Cultivate an enthusiasm for your work, a love for it; make it an art. Instead of merely working like an artisan, be an artist.

Do not take hold of your work with the tips of your fingers. Grip it with all the conquering resolution and winning determination you can master. Resolve to be king of your work—a specialist of the first order.

Put your pride, your heart, your life, into your work, and you will have no time for concentrating on yourself.

You will find also a growing joy and attraction in the work which liberates you.

70 Films Per Year is Lasky Program

Paramount will make seventy films each year on the west coast.

That is the gist of a statement issued from the Lasky studio recently, in which it was declared that within ten days fourteen pictures will be under way at the local plant.

With the eastern studios abandoned the local producing schedule has been proportionately increased. During the last week, however, only four pictures have been under way at the plant.

It is believed that instead of the usual summer lull this year the actors can spend their money on Fair Isle sweaters and hair tonic (external or internal).

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND suggests that all the drug-store cowboys convene and give a vote of thanks.

Sir 'Arry Exports Vera for London

"I-f you h-aa-d-n-t g-aw-n aw-aaa-y!!"

Vera Veronina came from Russia to Hollywood. She is finishing her first picture as leading lady to Ray Griffith in "Time to Love."

George Pearson, English producer, saw her and thought she'd be right as leading lady for Harry Lauder.

Result: Vera packs her make-up case soon and goes to London to play in "Huntingtower," which Pearson and Lauder will film there for Paramount.



To the devotee of Tennis and those who appreciate a distinctive social retreat, the Santa Monica Tennis Club offers many features.

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The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Hollywood: The Slave of Dogma

The acology of Hollywood has as yet failed to produce a panacea for dogma, that fever that has assailed the films since their birth.

Webster has defined dogma as "an established principle, tenet or doctrine." Hollywood, however, has adhered to dogma with the perseverance of a faro-dealer rather than with the discriminating perspicacity of a thinker. Dogma is only acceptable when it keeps step with progress, which, in this day of revolutionizing changes, is very rare. Hollywood has accepted the literal translation of Webster . . . but, then, Hollywood accepts too many things literally.

What was an established tenet ten years ago in Hollywood is tday imbecility itself. Roars of laughter greet old photoplays that a decade ago were accepted as epochal contributions to the silent drama. No roars of laughter greet the impenitent procedure of many of our hardened studio executives. That, really, is the most humorous aspect of this changing existence.

Every few years the motion picture industry produces some person who has the courage to think and translate convictions to actual fact. Immediately Hollywood fawns upon this particular person with all the gusto of a child at a circus.

Later Hollywood seizes the same person and proceeds to smash his hapless head with the club of dogma.

New ideas must not be introduced to the films with more than a certain margin of rapidity and latitude. The mental processes and the equilibrium of our studio gods have ordained that nothing must revolutionize the existing doctrines. "Let well enough alone;" that is Hollywood.

If producers made thirty million dollars last year by shooting horse-opera on panchromatic stock, then horse-operas are inalienably wedded to panchromatic stock.

Of recent years we have learned to look to the Germans for radical departures in the production of motion pictures. Progress is not confined to the Germans.

It is interesting, though, to hear the gossips speak of F. W. Murnau, producer of "The Last Laugh" and other continental films, who is reputed to have dis-

Dollars and SENSE

By RICHARD C. KAISER

The purchasing power represented by the income of the motion picture profession is a factor to reckon with. Why this source of finance does not yield greater benefits for its producers is obvious.

Motion picture capital, as represented by salary earnings and similar revenue, is regarded by the unscrupulous promoters as easy prey. This income becomes prominent by virtue of the frequent publicity given the financial remunerations of photoplay endeavors. An interesting angle to this is the fact the prospective promoter has the opportunity to "size up" the prospective victim by merely going to a theater and watching him in a picture.

The career of a successful business man extends over a greater period of time than that of a successful motion picture artist. However, the income of the artist more than compensates for this dissimilarity. It behooves every artist who has any regard for future comforts, to fortify his position against the financial vicissitudes that may be visited upon him as the result

In later years fortune will smile cheerily upon those who have taught their dollars to have sense.

obeyed all of the Hollywood tenets in making "Sunrise" for William Fox.

The great veil of secrecy that surrounds this recently completed film prevents us from speaking authoritatively on what Murnau may or may have not accomplished. However when the gossips speak in Hollywood of a great achievement, then it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Murnau has shattered all of our pet theories. That he is about to give our smugly complacent dogma-worshippers a severe jolt is to be hoped for.

There are executives, directors, players and others in the motion picture industry who have been doing the same old things the same old way for fifteen years or more. In some instances the scope of their labors has been magnified and intensified.

They are all sullenly hostile to the changes and new ideas that progress demands. That is why we find so many who were great in the heydays of five or ten years ago who are in the backwash today. They have failed to keep step. Anybody who is tied to dogma will get in the backwash sooner or later.

It is only the alive, alert, energetic visionary man or woman who realizes that each year, each month, each week, each day and each hour brings a new economic outlook upon life who garners the fruits of prosperity, position and continued success.

Adherence to dogma will bring upon the incompetents the immutable penalty of nature; that only the fittest shall survive. New blood, new ideas . . . that is the salvation of Hollywood and of the motion picture.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE AMERICAN GESTURE

... the Interpreter of a Nation

America, the cacophony of energy and the diapason of industry.

A land of glowing wildernesses, of placid lakes and deep-bosomed rivers; an arabesque of boundless farmlands and far-flung mountains.

A country throbbing with the roar of great cities, of dark-canyon boulevards, the pandemonium of traffic, of gargantuan skyscrapers and the unceasing furore of life that passes in swift and mighty strides.

Institutions and complexes that are peculiar to this nation. A blatant and furious conglomeration of movement, action, pep; and the naivete of Fourth of July picnics and village main streets.

Things that bewilder and amuse the stranger from far countries.

Such is America.

More than any other figure in motion pictures Douglas Fairbanks personifies and symbolizes this energy of America.

Douglas Fairbanks has given to the world an interpretation of America, exaggerated as it may appear to some of us, infinitely more effective than the sombre impressions exuded by our

many official plenipotentiaries.

More than that, Douglas Fairbanks has transfused this plethora of America to people everywhere.

We recall the words of a friend who had seen Fairbanks for the first time in the early days of the photoplay.

"He is a man who jumps around and does fancy tricks on horses and chandeliers."

America, too, does fancy tricks with tradition and the tenets of industry.

It is a strange heterogeneity of syndicalists and sapheads.

A heterodox for tumbling accepted standards into the maw of experiment and emerging triumphant.

The other day when we visited Doug's studio we came upon the restless Fairbanks twirling a lasso at an object a hundred feet or so distant.

The dogged persistence with which the agile Fairbanks practiced was typical of the stubborn effort of an American industrial magnate.

Douglas Fairbanks, the idol of American boyhood, has entrenched himself so firmly that his identity as a motion picture institution cannot be questioned in years to come.



Fred W. Fox

The criterion of physical prowess, of clean life and high moral standards, Douglas Fairbanks is the American gesture of Hollywood.

There are many others in the photoplay who have grasped the youthful heart with adventurous exploits, with high-handed romance and with an appeal to the boyish yen to be a soldier-of-fortune.

Douglas Fairbanks, though, far surpasses this status. He is a shining mark for the coming generation.

Douglas Fairbanks, the incarnation of energy and enthusiasm, is an object lesson for young America that is received with plaudits rather than with distrust and scorn.

Douglas Fairbanks has heroicized for youth all of the innate virtues of life. He has pictured effort as a reward in itself and revealed physical perfection as equal to the crown of a king.

Douglas Fairbanks has accomplished, unwittingly perhaps, a goal that orthodox physical culturists have sought vainly since time immemorial.

He has glorified ambition and perseverance. He has pictured the will-to-do that America reveals in its roaring cities and its gigantic industries.

Douglas Fairbanks, as a motion picture actor, has elected to tell his story in broad, sweeping strokes rather than with the subdued tones of the ordinary photoplay.

The ambitions of Douglas Fairbanks are clearly revealed in "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad." The fantastic romance of these pictures is superimposed upon a rare vein of philosophy... the philosophy of energy.

America has classified Fairbanks as the apostle of pep.

Douglas Fairbanks merely holds the mirror up before America.

He has tried to show the world what it might have expected in ages past if the American spirit of today had prevailed.

"The Gaucho" is the title of Doug's next picture. It will be a rip-roaring story of the Argentine. Memories of "The Mark of Zorro" are aroused. This was one of his most popular films.

Douglas Fairbanks has always deplored international misunderstandings aroused by ill-advised photoplays. He has created greater sympathy for the American in foreign fields than any other emissary from this land and in this regard it is interesting to note that Fairbanks is today the most popular screen player in Russia.

The economic rise of Douglas Fairbanks in the motion picture industry has been as spectacular as his portrayals.

Coming to Hollywood in 1914, in thirteen years he has risen from the status of an actor to that of a dominant figure in the production of motion pictures. He maintains an authoritative voice in the destinies of United Artists Corporation, which in a few years has risen to the forefront of the industry.

One of the four parties to the original United Artists pact signed between D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and himself, Fairbanks

(Continued on Page 8)

Dorothy Gish Quits Inspiration; Camp Adopts New Policy

Dorothy Gish's contract with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., has been abrogated by mutual consent, according to advices received here from New York.

While no definite reason is given for the break, it is understood that Miss Gish, who has made several pictures recently in London for British National Pictures didn't favor the idea of returning to California and asked to be released so she might return abroad and avail herself of other European offers.

In "farming out" Miss Gish to British National it is believed that Inspiration realized considerable profit and that Dorothy believes she might as well get the money for herself. However, she may make several specials for Inspiration at a later date.

Walter Camp, president of Inspiration Pictures, declares that the company has abandoned the idea of making program pictures and hereafter will devote its energies to such massive films as "Resurrection." Plans are now being formulated to also produce "Ramona," from Helen Hunt Jackson's story, in conjunction with Edwin Carewe. Dolores Del Rio will be starred.

Inspiration has permanently abandoned New York and hereafter will merely maintain executive offices there, keeping all production in Hollywood.

Taylor Directs Universal Serial

Ray Taylor will direct Universal's serial, "The Scarlet Arrow" with Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

Stuart Paton Will Make Universal Opus

Stuart Paton, who made many successful features for Universal several years ago, will again direct features there. A story is now being sought for a Jewel production.

Katz Booking Plan Bobs Up Again in Publix Moves

Several years ago Sam Katz, that shrewd chief of Publix Theaters Corporation, who at the time was busy building up the theater chain of Balaban and Katz in the Chicago territory, is understood to have proposed to a group of independent Mid-West theater owners the idea of forming a booking combine, with headquarters in the B. & K. offices in Chicago. The idea was to hammer down exorbitant rentals that prevailed with the large distributors at the time.

Now, with Katz on the other side of the fence, so to speak, the same idea emerges again in slightly rearranged guise. Katz, as head of Publix, is effecting alliances with theater owners and theater chains in various sections of the country, according to gossip.

He has already acquired a 25 per cent interest in the Saxe Amusement Company in Wisconsin for Publix and this, it is believed, will precipitate a theater war between the Saxe interests and their Minnesota neighbors, Finkelstein & Rubin, who are reputed to be strong allies of First National.

At the same time Katz is supposed to have similar deals under way with other exhibitors and theater chains in different sections of the country. He has already effected an alliance with exhibitors in New York state whereby Publix will handle bookings.

Whether this is a move on the part of Adolph Zukor to centralize his various interests, or is a step to meet possible similar maneuvers on the part of his competitors remains to be seen.

However, there seems to be very little difference between the old Sam Katz booking combine idea and the new Publix plan. If Katz is given a free hand, which is more than likely, he will undoubtedly line up nearly every exhibitor in the Middle West. Being a Chicagoan and popular among the Mid-West theater owners, anyway, it will be an easy task for Katz to sew up everything in sight for Publix and give the opposition something to think about.

Furthermore, the little exhibitor in that country will have to seek refuge in such a Katz-Publix plan or be eventually hammered down by the monopolistic tendencies of the giant interests.

"NEW BLOOD" Chapter to Be Published Next Week

It has been planned by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to publish "More New Blood in Motion Pictures," the third chapter of the great symposium, in this issue.

Delay in looking at the screen tests of several young players has prevented us from covering the subject as thoroughly as we desire. Therefore, the third and fourth chapters will be combined in next week's issue in two or more pages of concise and absorbing criticisms and forecasts.

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

being confident that the adoration is born of her vast knowledge of picture essentials and is not influenced at all by the fact that she happens to write for the Hearst papers.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, with a profound admiration for Marion Davies as an actress, yet holding no brief for Louella Parsons as a critic, accepts, for the purpose of a basis of criticism, Welford Beaton's disinterested and unbiased admiration for Dorothy Farnum as a scenarist of ability, being confident that the admiration is born of his vast knowledge of picture essentials and is not influenced at all by the fact that Mr. Maurice Barber's name was at one time on the "Film Spectator" as president.

WILD, WILD WOMEN

Chamber of Commerce propaganda as discerned in publicity from Douglas Fairbanks' offices:

"Doug's chief interest just now is to find a 'wild' woman to play one of the two principal feminine roles in 'The Gaucho.'" Hollywood is being scoured . . ."

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

George Rigas, who rushed back to Hollywood from Arizona when he was advised that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND was trying to identify the three men in a boat with leaking cars, declares that one of the men was seen later in Santa Paula in a blue coupe. His name is Alexander. Burl Tuttle is now looking through a trunkful of scenarios for the name of the second. The third was last seen at the corner of Sweetzer and Fountain avenues outside a low, rambling house. More news next week, we hope.

TRY AND GET IN!

New hope for the 25,000 extras in Hollywood as disclosed by Jesse Lasky in studio publicity:

In an effort to satisfy the public demand for new faces on the screen Jesse L. Lasky has decided to concentrate the energies of his organization behind the best prospective material.

Each year in April from four to six Paramount Junior Stars will be named. The selections will be made after a close study of all of the young players who have succeeded in getting into the company's pictures during the previous twelve months, etc.

Try and get in 'em!

Lois Moran will co-star with Norman Kerry in "Too Many Women" for Universal.

SCENARIO DOGMAS

By a Prominent Scenarist

That there is a serious shortage of stories for motion picture production now confronting the producers as a result of the "closed door" policy against the free lance writer with new and original ideas, is a matter of common knowledge throughout the entire industry.

It is an accepted fact that pictures are not going over as strongly as they did; that audiences are smaller, and that they are more critical.

Some say that the cause is extravagance in production and overhead. In most cases they blame the story element.

So much the necessity of letting the producer know in no uncertain language that studios will have to throw open their doors to the writers of originals. To this, first, it is necessary for the producers to put a stop to the contradicting propaganda issued by a few selfish berth-holders, neither capable of writing a story nor passing judgment on one, who have been warning the free-lance scenarists and writers of originals that it is impossible to compete with them.

Second, there must be a cleaning out of the reading departments, putting a stop to the practice of allowing twenty-five-dollar-a-week readers to pass judgment on a thousand-dollar-a-week brain.

Third, there must be a campaign of enlightenment, published statements by the heads of the industry that their companies are in the market for original stories.

This information should be broadcast freely, for it must counteract and live down the "closed shop" propaganda.

Unfortunately, in the past many producers have been "passing the buck" to the twenty-five-dollar-a-week reader, magazine editors and book publishers, who are neither capable or desirous of picking screen material for publication and production.

The editors and publishers select it for their own needs—and the motion picture producer, or the reader, has been selecting it because it reads prettily; because it intrigues his imagination. This in spite of the fact that he has—or should have—a sound knowledge of screen values whether or not he knows anything of literary values.

He also wants the magazine editor to assume the responsibility for its originality, in spite of the fact that the latter is equally endangered by plagiarism; he wants "guaranteed" box office value from its success in another medium, and finally he wants his harried staff writers and directors to remake hopeless screen material into good screen material—and thinks it should be easy for them, since it appeared in print or as a successful stage play.

His theories, as stated, have all had their innings, with everything in his favor . . . and have failed. The few productions that deserved success under any circumstances have succeeded; the rest have combined to make the poorest average of entertainment values in recent history of motion pictures, despite millions thrown away in wonderful technical effects.

Many studio or staff writers, once skilled at creation, perhaps, have allowed creative powers to become atrophied by devoting themselves exclusively to adaptation, and now they would find it difficult to contribute to the screen much that is really worth while.

It is from the outsiders, the free lance writers, who are living real life, that the greatest stories must come.

Will Melodrama Come Back?

Forecasters of modes in motion pictures declare that the sex films that have enjoyed considerable attention for several years are about to take a place secondary to that of the old-time "ten-twenty-third" melodrama.

While the smart comedy, with its sophisticated naivete, will always enjoy a warm spot in the hearts of theatergoers, the soothsayers claim that the era of melodrama is yet to come.

Two or three years ago it seemed as if the day had arrived with the production of "Girl of the Golden West" and several other old favorites. However, the vogue was short-lived.

Now, on the heels of sex films and the war pictures which are gutting the market, we can expect an array of the plays that stood 'em up in their seats in Medicine Hat and Dubuque in the dear, dead days beyond recall.

Menjou To Keep "Eyes Open" Next

"With Their Eyes Open." That's how the people will see Adolphe Menjou next.

In case any of you have been snoring in the theater, allow us to inform you that it is merely the name of Adolphe's next film to follow "Headwaiter."

150 Offices Planned for Paramount News

One hundred offices, in the centers of politics, society, finance, etc., will be established by Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation for the "Paramount News," it has been stated by Emanuel Cohen, news-weekly chief.

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

has been a trenchant and invaluable asset to that organization.

Today a Douglas Fairbanks picture is more than the release of another photoplay.

It is a great forward step in the international recognition of American life and ideals.

It is a plea to America to not forsake romance in the fervor of its living.

—o—

More than the financial rewards of his efforts, though, there is upon Douglas Fairbanks the consciousness that he is a moulder of thought and action in the hearts of youth everywhere.

To the adult element Douglas Fairbanks is a beacon of romance in an existence that, with all of its kaleidoscopic glamor, sadly lacks the gentle touches of an era that has gone . . . or perhaps exists only in dreams.

—o—

But to youth, with its spontaneity and its joyous hopes, Douglas Fairbanks is an ideal that will live for all time.

It was Longfellow who wrote:

"I remember the gleams and glooms
that dart

Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in
part

Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will.
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

To youth . . . Douglas Fairbanks, the gleams that dart across the brain, the song in the heart, the prophecies that seem so near fulfillment . . . the longings, perhaps wild at times yet not so vain . . . the thoughts of youth that are long, long thoughts . . . the thoughts of Romance that lives.

But the boys' will . . . the wind's will? . . . ah, no, for Douglas Fairbanks has shown youth a steadfast will; the will to achieve, the will to create, a love for its own country and for its ideals and its institutions.

—o—

Douglas Fairbanks is more than a motion picture figure.

He is a benefactor and a patriot of the highest order.

He is the true symbol of America.

"Beau Sabreur" To Be Made as Special

Paramount will film "Beau Sabreur" as a special under direction of James Cruze. Filming starts the first of May.

Edward Laemmle To Direct Dodge Story

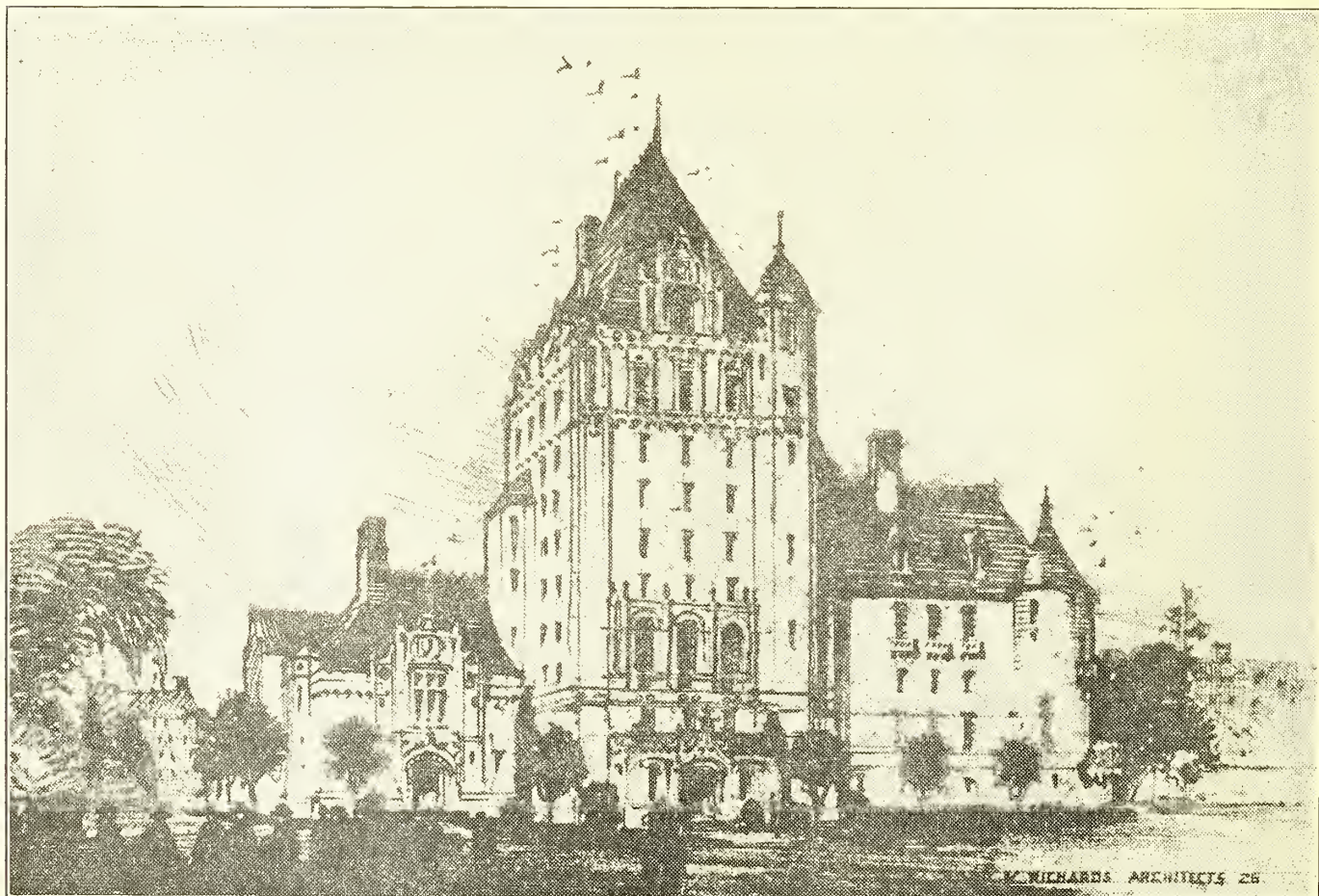
"Counsel for the Defense," stage play by Henry Irving Dodge who wrote "Skinner's Dress Suit," the recent Reginald Denny farce, will be directed by Edward Laemmle.

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V H O L L Y W O O D

V A G A B O N D

The

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Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

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Thursday, April 21st, 1927

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hiatus
A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

Hollywood was startled this week by the following announcement from the Lasky studio:

Guarded with the utmost care at the Paramount studio in Hollywood is a revolutionary screen production which departs from every precedent of screen entertainment. It has no star, no actor or actress who ever appeared in a picture, no sets.

It was made thousands of miles from the nearest studio, and yet it is said to be the last word in dramatic entertainment.

"It is a milestone in the development of motion pictures," stated Jesse L. Lasky in a wire to B. P. Schulberg, asking that it be shown to studio executives for their study.

"Amazing," commented Mr. Schulberg, after seeing it; "it will be a sensation when shown to the public." The inner circle of the studio organization who sat in on the showing agree with him.

Until plans are completed for the public showing of the picture it is to be held as an absolute secret.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND wishes to announce that this amazing and mysterious opus has nothing to do with the three men in the boat with leaking oars.

In the meantime curiosity runs rampant in Hollywood as to the identity of these three water-besieged men and the exact method employed in getting to shore when the oars leaked. Contrary to report, the boat was not "Old Ironsides." We hope to have the solution next week, as George Rigas was at the barber's getting a haircut at the time this issue went to press.

Giant Pathe Deal Set; British Films in Move



AILEEN PRINGLE

She is "The Lotus Lady" of Fred Fox's sketch
See Page Five

Giant Combines Are Organized

The past week has seen the completion of two big film movements.

Pathe Exchange, Inc., has made official announcement of the completion of its merger with Producers Distributing Corporation and the Orpheum and Keith-Albee vaudeville circuits. Details were worked out while Cecil B. DeMille was in New York and plans for a giant producing program are under way at this time.

Details involving additional factors to the merger are believed near conclusion at this time when the names of several others in the merger will be announced.

The British film industry has made its first big bid for international recognition with the reported establishment of a government film subsidy under the direction of Lord Beaverbrook, newspaper publisher, and others. Producing plants are to be built in British Columbia and headed by Nils Chrisander, who has been directing films at the DeMille studio here for some time. This is the first concrete evidence of the looming world film league discussed in last week's VAGABOND.

“Criterion for Film Stories”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Vagabond to Publish Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Edition on May 19th

Title Flip-Flops Is Universal Vogue

That good old pastime of "title, title, who's got the title?" is not the exclusive property of Adolph Zukor, it seems.

Carl Laemmle, out Universal way, yonder, likes to indulge in title juggling, too.

What was, once upon a time, "Lea Lyon," has been renamed "Surrender." Ivan Moskine and Mary Philbin star.

Emory Johnson decided to make an aviation film. He called it "Flight." That was called off. Then they called it "The American Eagle." Too much patriotism, perhaps. Anyway, it's "War Eagles" now.

Harry Hoyt's film, "Patents Pending," evidently kept too many exhibitors pending. So they've changed it to "Hot Heels" for the benefit of showmen who want to have hot heels running for Universal contracts.

Mel Brown's opus, "Let's Go Home" wasn't so good, they decided. Therefore, "Buck Privates."

Edward Laemmle was making "Counsel for the Defense." Not snappy enough, eh? Ach nein! Alright, then let it be "Honor and the Woman."

What was once "Polish Blood" is now "He Knew Women." Page Mr. Menden!

The big naval opus at Universal had 'em stumped for a while, it seems. They named it "The Big Gun," ... but then exhibitors might think there was only one gun in the picture. So they made it plural ... "Big Guns." That plural must make it a singular picture.

Well, ho-hum, let it rain!

Al Wilson Starts 'U' Flying Film

Al Wilson, stunt aviator, has started work on "The Air Patrol," his fifth feature for Universal. It is from his own story.

On Thursday, May 19, 1927, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will publish its Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition as a tribute to this noteworthy film production upon its west coast debut.

Guided by the same idealistic promptings that have created HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as the most distinctive film journal of years, this Memento Edition will contain many features of interest to intelligent and discriminating readers.

Exceedingly painstaking effort will be extended to create this Memento Edition as a work of typographic beauty, even surpassing the excellence of the regular editions of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. This will be of historic value in years to come and another great forward step in the establishment of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as a journal of distinction, not only among motion picture publications, but among the quality journals of the world.

In keeping with our well-defined and regular policy no motion picture actor, actress, director or other motion picture artist will be afforded the privilege of advertising in this issue, with the possible exception, in this instance, of members of the cast and staff of Mr. DeMille's "King of Kings" unit, whose advertising will be accepted as an acknowledgment of the work they have done.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has rigidly excluded professional advertising and this policy will be adhered to at all times to insure absolute freedom of opinion and to maintain this publication on its basis of editorial quality and advertising excellence.

There will be no increase in price, 20c per copy. Regular subscribers will receive the Memento Edition without added cost.

Remember the date—Thursday, May 19th, 1927.

Remember the Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition.

Billy Butts Takes Jackie Morgan Role

Billy Butts has been picked to play "Chester" in the Andy Gump two-reelers made at Universal by Samuel Van Ronkel.

Up to this time the part of the Gump scion has been portrayed by little Jackie Morgan.

Butts was seen with Mary Pickford in "Sparrows" and with Thomas Meighan in "The Canadian."

Universal gives no reason for the change.

De Putti to Star in 'Midnight Rose'

Lya de Putti, that sensational and diminutive actress who scored an immediate hit in this country in the German production of "Variety," and who has been alternately lauded and lampooned since coming to Hollywood, is making rapid strides toward favor here.

She will next star in Universal's production of "Midnight Rose," to be directed by James Young. It will be a story of the underworld. Henry Kolker has been named to the cast.

What Is Inspiration Planning for James?

Hollywood is wondering just what Inspiration Pictures is going to do with Gardner James, its new star.

Signed to a long-term contract after his work with Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman," James has not as yet appeared in an Inspiration film under the terms of his new pact. Having been seen in so many films during the past year it is problematical whether this lay-off will do James any good.

It was announced some time ago by J. Boyce Smith, Jr., Inspiration chief here, that James would soon appear as the star of "Quality." Nothing further has been heard and in the meantime James has appeared in one or two pictures for other companies, being "farmed out" by Inspiration.

The plans to co-star James and Dorothy Gish are, it appears, somewhat indefinite now that Dorothy has abrogated her pact with the company.

It is to be hoped that James will soon appear in his own stellar identity under the Inspiration banner as he is too valuable an asset to be idle long.

Inspiration Picks New Executives

At the annual meeting of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., in New York, new officers were elected.

The position of treasurer, previously held by Walter Camp, Jr., was delegated to J. Boyce Smith, Jr., in addition to the post of vice-president and secretary already held by him.

Frederick H. Stokes was elected second vice-president, assistant treasurer and assistant secretary. The office of general manager was discontinued and that of production manager added. A man for this new post is now being sought.

Burl TUTTLE

Respect —a virtue

"RESPECT—To have deferential regard for; esteem. Conformity of, to duty or obligation. To treat in accordance with propriety, consideration, or obligation; hold sacred or inviolable. To regard as important; pay attention to; heed. The relation in which one thing stands toward another; regard. Good-will; favor; consideration; reflection.—Webster's Dictionary."

The writer heard a lecture recently by a prominent judge sitting on the bench in one of our largest cities. His subject was the difficulty today in administering justice.

Justice is an ideal after which all men of all ages have struggled. If it is never fully attained, the reason is because of the greater difficulty in arriving at the facts in any controversy. Where truth is revealed, justice is a simple matter.

Now, this learned justice pointed out the great difficulty experienced in his profession today—the impossibility of getting at the truth. Today, he said, we have fifty well formed and publicly expressed ideas to one idea in any community of two generations ago. Perhaps forty-nine of the present ideas are worthless. But they exist, are propagated, and each set of followers believes in the one it elects to follow.

We can all easily visualize the complex situation that he had in mind. Take a homely but valuable example:

At one time all the best-thinking people of every community held to the belief that the quality of respect to their elders in young people was a virtue.

Today contrary opinions are held. Some hold that lack of respect in the young is not to be deplored. They see it but as an expression of independence. Independence, they argue, is a virtue. Some parents, while feeling a personal grievance, minimize the evil, and decide that their children are smarter than children used to be.

Vajda To Locate Here Permanently

Ernest Vajda will make California his home. The playwright has returned from New York with his wife and son. His latest work is Pola Negri's "The Woman on Trial."

Universal Buys 'Broadway Romance'

Universal has bought "A Broadway Romance," novel by Neil Martin, which is slated for publication in "McClure's Magazine." It will be filmed in late summer.

Leo Maloney Starts New Pathe Picture

Leo Maloney has started work on his seventh picture for Pathe, "Border Blackbirds," which is being filmed at Maloney's big ranch near San Bernardino.

In the cast besides Maloney, who stars and directs, are Eugenia Gilbert, Morgan Davis, Bud Osborne and Joseph Rickson. Eddie Kull is handling the camera.

Pick Title for Richard Dix Opus

"Who's Your Friend?" Ask Richard Dix . . . he knows. It's the title of his current production for Mr. Zukor. Who's your friend? The cashier.

Harman Weight to Start F. B. O. Film

F. Harmon Weight, who directed "Drusilla With a Million," is preparing "Hook and Ladder" at the F. B. O. studio. Peter Milne is handling the script.

Helen Garry in Ray Griffith Film

Helen Garry, character actress, is playing a part with Raymond Griffith in "Afraid to Love" at the Lasky studio.

Otis Harlan Cast For La Plante Film

Otis Harlan, rotund comedian, has been cast with Laura La Plante in "Silk Stockings" at Universal.

Clarence Brown Unit To Travel to Alaska

Clarence Brown, who is directing Robert Service's "The Trail of '98" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will take the company on location to Alaska in a few days.

Brown recently returned with the company from Colorado, where snow scenes were filmed and is now going to Skagway, Dawson City and Yukon points to film the ice break in the river there. This production is regarded as one of the most promising of the M.-G.-M. array and it is predicted that Brown will once again smash theater records when it is shown, following on the heels of his epochal "Flesh and the Devil," which shattered the record at the Capitol Theater in New York at its recent showing.

Ralph Forbes and Dolores Del Rio are featured and others in the cast are Harry Carey, Josie Sedgwick, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall, George Cooper, Emily Fitzroy, Tene Holtz, William Orlamond, Caesar Gravina, Johnny Downs and others.

Dog Will Appear As Horse in Film

If Lon Chaney thinks he's got a monopoly on trick make-ups, or if Rex, the Wild Horse, is getting upstage and striking for more oats per scene, here is glad news for the producers.

"Pal," popular, palpitating canine of the screen, is going to play a Shetland pony as his next film role.

Harry Lucenay, owner of the famous dog, is lying awake nights, a birdie has told us, thinking of a smart horse-head-and-tail disguise.

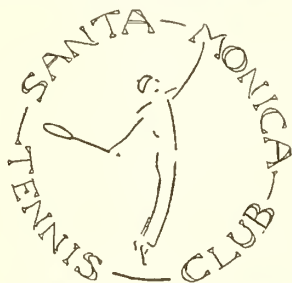
Ye Gods! Actor Turns Scribbler!

The pen is mightier than the grease paint.

Clarence Thompson, for the past two years a stock actor at Universal, has abandoned the make-up case for typewriter plunking as a scenarist with the same company.

"Why, you were in the army, Clarence . . ."

"Three editors fainted at a late hour last night . . ."



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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Criterion for Film Stories

There is an unceasing controversy within the film industry that has reached out into the world at large and held popular attention.

It is the debate to determine what is most vital to the success of a motion picture . . . the story, the players, the director, the producer or the exhibitor.

The scenarist will tell you that without his brain-child the photoplay, with all of its subtle treatment and grandiose settings, would be naught.

The director will modestly affirm that it is his deft touch that puts the stamp of excellence and box-office value upon a production.

The players will haughtily pooh-pooh all of that. Where would the picture be without their dazzling personalities?

The producer has it all figured out that his money turned the trick.

And the exhibitor—ah, well—it is his showmanship that will save the distortions of those poor Hollywood saps.

—O—

Mr. B. P. Schulberg, of the Paramount studios, gives voice to the age-old assertion that "the play's the thing!" In a mimeographed speech that ushers in the latest Lasky publicity bulletin, Mr. Schulberg declares:

"The overwhelming importance of the story in motion picture production has made the search for suitable screen vehicles the dominant activity in the film industry.

"It is most significant that the demand of the present in pictures is not for better acting—the screen now offers the highest type of characterization—not for better direction—the successful directors of today have reached the point where their names on a picture is an assurance of the best of production methods—not better photography—camera work has never been at such a high degree of efficiency and effectiveness as now.

"The one outstanding cry of today is for better stories, or, perhaps, I should say for more stories of the highest grade, for certainly there are numerous pictures being made now which have stories than which we could ask no better."

Whether the simple story has a greater hold upon the popular fancy than the massive spectacle is a moot question.

Some declare that stories such as "Over the Hill" and "Tol'able David" are the pre-eminent contributions to the silent drama. Others rate such opuses as "The Ten Commandments," "Thief of Bagdad," "King of Kings" and others of like ilk above the simply told and simply presented story.

To our notion there is one story being bantered hither and yon in Hollywood that is the criterion for film stories. It is "A Friend of Napoleon," originally published as a 37-page short story in Richard Connell's volume, "Apes and Angels." The screen rights to this story, we understand, were at one time owned by Paramount Famous-Lasky. Plans were announced for its production at least a year ago. Nothing further was heard.

Later it was announced that William K. Howard had obtained possession of the Connell work and was to make it for C. B. DeMille. Since that time it has again sunk into oblivion. It was to be hoped that after Howard had made a marked impression upon the critics with his latest production, "White Gold," that he would make the whimsical story of Papa Chibou of the wax museum. Such, however, is not to be for Howard is slated to direct "Shepherd of the Hills."

"A Friend of Napoleon," if handled with sympathy for the original story, would become one of the most noteworthy productions of many years. As a vehicle for, let us say, Rod La Rocque, with an actor like Walthall in the role of Papa Chibou, and Jobyna Ralston, this Connell story would forcefully demonstrate that a simple story, intelligently depicted, is vastly superior to all of the super-operas of the industry. The same is true of the De Maupassant short stories, "A Piece of String" and "The Necklace."

With the basic material for really worthwhile films such as these stories offer, there should be no furious quest for screen material. But then again it may require too much courage for a producer to tear away from moth-eaten tenets and pioneer.

The producer who will have the courage to make pictures such as "A Friend of Napoleon" will have earned the gratitude of discriminating theater patrons everywhere.

Another prevalent evil of the films that seems timely to discuss here is the practice of stretching two-reel stories out to six or seven reels and squeezing seven-reel stories to two-reels.

Why should it be necessary for players to "ad lib" for three or four reels? If a story can be told intelligently in two or three reels, that is sufficient. If it requires six or seven reels to be satisfactorily presented then why try to hammer it down to short lengths merely to meet the qualifications of some silly production schedule?

When the picture business gets away from the idea of making so many dozen six-reels every year and so many hundred two-reelers because a pre-announced production schedule must be generously padded, then we will have greatly improved product.

In brief, when the nabobs of Hollywood forsake the methods of sardine packers, then the silent drama will be on the verge of its greatest era.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE LOTUS
LADY

... Impressions of an Exotic

The tropics.

Endless reaches of coral reef and blue sea.

The foamy swish of waves sliding over the warm, white sand.

The sigh of the wind passing through the sycamores. Luxuriant jungle at the water's edge.

The languid flow of the river, bordered by sweeping willows and giant cypresses and adorned with eddying lotus.

—o—

People are symbols.

A rough-hewn lumberjack will suggest pine and redwood and the wilderness. A suave dilettante will arouse visions of the city and cabaret. Keen-eyed and bronzed sailors exude the atmosphere of boundless seas. The reader brings dreams of Granada and the bullring.

Aileen Pringle is the symbol of the lotus, exotic blossom of the Far East. She is surrounded by a sensuous aura, an impressive hold upon the impetuous senses.

—o—

When Aileen Pringle appeared with John Gilbert in "His Hour" she precipitated a furore of new-born interest in the male connoisseur of the photoplay.

Even the casual gentleman patron of the silent drama

was suddenly stirred by an unseemly excitement.

—o—

The appeal to man's appreciation of the fragile and spiritual was swept away by the intoxicating allure to the ever-present animalistic man.

With one fell swoop Aileen Pringle had destroyed in man the notion that the exotic in the motion picture was merely a silly vampire. It was the inherent magnetism of an actress who was born to fascinate man.

—o—

Pringle personifies "It."

She came to us before the sudden heyday of Bow.

Where Bow is oftentimes the naive flapper, with the deluctable charm of extreme youth, Pringle is the sophistry of womankind that is mature and realistic.

—o—

The motion picture has progressed in the years between Theda Bara and Aileen Pringle.

One was the exotic who, unconsciously perhaps, instilled into male hearts the fear of being enmeshed by vampish sorcery.

The other has aroused man and personified the exotic as the symbol of man's raptures.

Where the screen wiles of the Bara of a decade ago seem factious today,



Fred W. Fox

the amorous strategem of Pringle will be as potent and logical ten years hence as it is today.

—o—

Aileen Pringle coaxes the male urge to possess and dominate. An appeal to the spiritual side of the male, at least where the succinct photoplay is involved, is inclined to make men feel like dolts after the picture has finished.

It was the passionate mastery of Valentino that brought him to such eminence.

—o—

It is five or six years now since Aileen Pringle first came to Hollywood.

It is really only within the past two years or so that she has commanded the attention of patrons of the silent drama. As the first interpreter of the Glyneseque drama, Aileen Pringle created a new niche for the lowly movie vamp.

When Aileen Pringle vamps they stay vamped.

What's more; she makes 'em like it.

Aileen Pringle has proved that men who go to the movie theaters are not particularly infatuated with the sweet, curly-haired blonde who is picked from the cliff's edge as the hero rescues

her from the mighty-moustached villain.

Pringle upsets all of the pet cynicisms of bitter bachelors. They succumb in droves.

—o—

There has always been an ingenuous astonishment in our minds as to why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has not capitalized this distinctive personality more than they have.

Truly, Pringle has never been afforded a full chance to demonstrate her powers since those first days of prominence.

She has embarked on a co-starring arrangement with Lew Cody in "His Brother From Brazil," the picture now being filmed at Mr. Loew's Culver City studio. Pringle in quasi-comedy seems somewhat incongruous.

Pringle is an individual who can breathe reality into a character such as Camille or Helen of Troy. Her depiction would be vastly apart from the interpretations of any others, for she would stress the physical allure and yet not offend risibilities.

Pringle would entrench herself in great drama.

—o—

Aileen Pringle speaks with frankness. Her words convey the impression of unstinted courage. She declares herself and talks without fear or hope of favor. Yet there is underneath it all a gentility that reveals a woman intelligent and exceedingly well bred.

Here is an actress who can discourse beyond the confines of Hollywood. To her a motion picture studio is a very small portion of the world. She has the stamp of a true metropolitan.

Men like Hergesheimer and Henry L. Mencken recognize Aileen Pringle as an individual in a stereotyped Hollywood. Wherever she moves among people of culture

(Continued on Page 8)

Third
Chapter

MORE NEW BLOOD

Since publishing "New Blood in Motion Pictures," in its issue of February 17th, and "More New Blood in Motion Pictures," in its issue of March 10th, many of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND prognostications have come true and several producers have availed themselves of the suggestions made by this journal regarding new actors and actresses in the silent drama.

Rosita, famous Spanish dancer of vaudeville, who was exclusively heralded as a "find" by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND in the first article of the series, signed a long-term contract with John Considine of United Artists a few days later. Ambitious plans are under way for her screen debut.

Madge Bellamy has signed a new contract with Fox Film Corporation since HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND declared "Madge has earned a place above Clara Bow" and "it is our prediction that this young lady will be one of the biggest favorites of the films within a year's time."

Caryl Lincoln, of whom we said, "Caryl will make young ladies of the Anne Cornwall and Edith Roberts type do some stepping" has since been in great demand and it is believed that it will be only a matter of days before she is secured by one of the big companies.

Dorothy Gulliver of Universal will go to features when "The Collegians" are finished. She was picked as a winner, too.

"Leila Hyams possesses that delicate feminine beauty that makes for stardom," the issue of March 10th announced. She has just been signed as Johnny Hines' leading lady in "White Pants Willie."

George Rigas, heralded as "one of the screen's

given the right kind of roles he will become a real asset to the M-G-M organization.

Vera Veronina, young Russian actress who has been playing the lead opposite Raymond Griffith in "Afraid to Love" at the

tress in the same series, seems too self-conscious before the camera but they tell us that she photographs "like a million."

Probably the most likely candidate among the newcomers today is Avonne Taylor, that dazzling blonde of New York's stage play, "Kid Boots," who has been captured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Our forecast is that Avonne will upset all the current dope on pre-eminent actresses and put a whole pack of 'em in the back row.

Avonne is exceedingly good to look upon; she has that snap and pep that is the sole property of the New York show girl; and she is a trouper.

If M-G-M doesn't do something of consequence with her then they have lost one of the most promising potential stars of many years.

A young man, now playing extra parts who has the capacity to think beyond his status, is Tom DeMilo, who is an actor of intelligence and the ambition to make something of himself in the silent drama. The editor has known Tom for several years and it is his conviction that if some producer who is looking for an athletic fellow of the Richard Talmadge or Reed Howes type

LOUISE BROOKS

Louise Brooks, dark-haired and dark-eyed young actress whose appearance with Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity" a short time ago created a near sensation, seems to be slipping.

Brooks, the logical contemporary of Clara Bow, for whom we held such high hopes, isn't substantiating our predictions at all. A product of the New York show world, Louise Brooks displayed enticing verve and pep in her first film part but since coming to Hollywood she has not done so well from the standpoint of popular interest.

In "Evening Clothes," the latest Menjou film, Miss Brooks seems ungainly and entirely unconvincing. Having revealed herself as an actress of poise and distinction we cannot accept her work in this film as an example of her best work.

It is to be hoped that Paramount will give this capable young actress roles worthy of her and that she will not have to suffer further in parts that are not only blandly depicted but actually incongruous.

With anybody other than Louise Brooks it wouldn't matter much but we know she's capable of better things.

most distinctive character actors," has recently completed a part in John Waters' "Drums of the Desert" for Paramount and further opportunities are now before him.

Charles Delaney, who has just been awarded a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is, to our belief, one of the most promising young leading men of years. In an article entitled, "Wanted: Capable Young Leading Men" in its issue of April 7th, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND discoursed on the sad lack of eligible young men for feature prominence. Delaney is a real bet, much of the Tom Moore type, and if he is

Lasky studio, is regarded as a "comer." She is slated to go to England within a few days to play the lead with Harry Lauder in a picture there. Then she will return to Hollywood. Nothing definite can be said about her, however, until she passes before the public gaze in her first role. She seems to possess ability and she certainly has the beauty.

Thelma Hill, who graduated from the Mack Sennett bathing-suit-propagandists, to join F. B. O. as the featured player with Danny O'Shea, another HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND candidate, in two-reel comedies, is somewhat of an enigma at this time. There is a question in our minds as to whether or not Thelma can fill the place left vacant by Alberta Vaughn. Lorraine Eason, another youthful ac-

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IN MOTION PICTURES ~

will give this boy a chance he will assuredly not regret it.

Colonel Tim McCoy, who is making pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has been heralded as another Tom Mix. However, McCoy has elected to picturize incidents in the history of America and is making considerable headway there.

Helene Costello, sister of Dolores, is fast coming to the

front as a Warner Bros. star Helene, whose individuality has been submerged to that of her sister's sister and her father's daughter, will soon be established as Helene Costello in the public mind.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been handicapped, to a certain degree, in creating his own identity because many have accepted him only

as his father's son. However, by virtue of his work in "Stella Dallas" and other films, young Doug is now well on his own career.

Janet Gaynor, on whom Fox is banking much as a stellar favorite, is considered a candidate to fill the vacancy left by Mae Marsh. She is the outstanding contemporary of Lois Moran and the race between the two for honors is close and replete with interest.

Larry Kent, who graduated from leads with Alberta

Vaughn in F. B. O. two-reelers for First National feature roles, seems somewhat stiff before the camera. If this young fellow is ever given a chance with a director who can make him act more pliantly there is no doubt but what he will progress.

In an early issue HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will publish the fourth of this series and comment on the progress or lack of progress, made by these different people.

DOROTHY DEVORE

Dorothy Devore, who attained wide-spread popularity as a star in two-reel Christie comedies some time ago and later joined Warner Bros. as a featured comedienne, has joined Educational Pictures where she will make six two-reel comedies.

While it is certain that Dorothy will maintain and increase her popularity in these short comedies, one wonders why the motion picture business has failed to recognize the talent of this young lady that befits her for stellar prominence in feature comedies, along with Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Louise Fazenda, Harold Lloyd, Douglas MacLean, Monty Banks, Harry Langdon and other big-timers.

Pretty and petite, of an exuberant and snappy personality. Devore is a logical prospect as a feature star and would amaze those who have overlooked her in the rush.

ALBERTA VAUGHN

While the economic value of Alberta Vaughn, young film actress, has doubtless been heightened during the past two years, there does not seem to have been any great progress, from the popular viewpoint.

Coming from the Mack Sennett ranks where she played small supporting roles, Alberta had a sudden swoop to prominence as the star of F. B. O.'s "Telephone Girl" and other two-reel series. Cognizant of her growing value at the box-office, F. B. O. announced that Alberta would be starred in feature-length productions and soon "Collegiate" appeared with the diminutive actress.

Something must have happened at the Gower Street plant for not long after Alberta was announced as a free-lance player. News has just gone forth that Alberta and "Buster" Collier will play the leads in "Back Stage" for Tiffany productions.

While it is a safe bet that Alberta is getting good money for this part, it is a question whether it will do much for her popularity at the box-office, inasmuch as the public was all primed to expect her in features from a company of the prominence of F. B. O.

Whether or not Alberta is retrogressing is a question not easily answered as many are inclined to the belief salary is the sole barometer of a player's success. To our way of thinking Alberta has failed to live up to the exceptional promise of her first efforts.

Adler Returns to Mack Sennett Plant

Felix Adler, writer and director, has returned to the Mack Sennett studio after an absence of eighteen months.

Prior to 1925 Adler was with Sennett for five years as title writer and gag-man. Then he went to the Fox studios, where he wrote stories, titles, gags and directed two-reel comedies.

Polly Moran Gets Long M-G-M Contract

Polly Moran, eccentric comedienne, has been signed to a long-term pact by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She was formerly on vaudeville and has recently finished parts in "The Trail of '98," "Captain Salvation," "The Unknown," and "The Callahans and Murphys" at the same studio.

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

and affairs she is gracefully received.

Aileen Pringle can speak in language apart from the lexicon of Hollywood. To her the motion picture is a thing of infinite beauty and of vast artistic potentialities. It is not merely the product of studios but a medium of expression that is yet to attain its full growth.

Here is a woman who has neither sought to vilify or glorify the eternal feminine on the screen.

She has depicted, in natural chapters, the eternal quest of womankind for the nectar of life . . . love. She has proven that passion has a spiritual beauty and a hold upon human beings. She has

endued her work with discrimination and thought. There has been no falsetto to her efforts; merely limitation.

—o—

To meet and know Aileen Pringle is a privilege to the aristocrat and a joy to the democrat.

Change Title of Barker M-G-M Film

Reginald Barker's current production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is adapted from Katherine Newlin Burt's novel, "The Branding Iron," will be released under the title "Body and Soul." Studio officials thought the book title would suggest a western film, whereas the locale is the Swiss Alps.

Stein and Warners Cancel Film Pact

Paul Ludwig Stein, director, has secured an amicable release from the Warner Bros. fold.

He has produced "My Official Wife," "Don't Tell the Wife" and "The Climbers" for that company. His release was secured by Attorney Charles B. Hazlehurst. Stein has rejected several long-term contracts until he has made at least one picture on a free-lance basis.

Fay Wray, who will be seen in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March," will play the lead opposite Emil Jannings in "Hitting for Heaven," it has been announced.

'Hoot' Gibson Pact Nears End With 'U'

Whether or not "Hoot" Gibson, western star, will renew his contract with Universal, is the gossip in Hollywood at the present moment.

"Hoot" will complete his five-year pact with Universal some time before the first of October, according to reliable advices, and it is a moot question as to what his next move will be.

It is understood that the Laemmle company has proffered him a new contract at a substantial increase. Gibson is one of the biggest drawing cards in the films today.

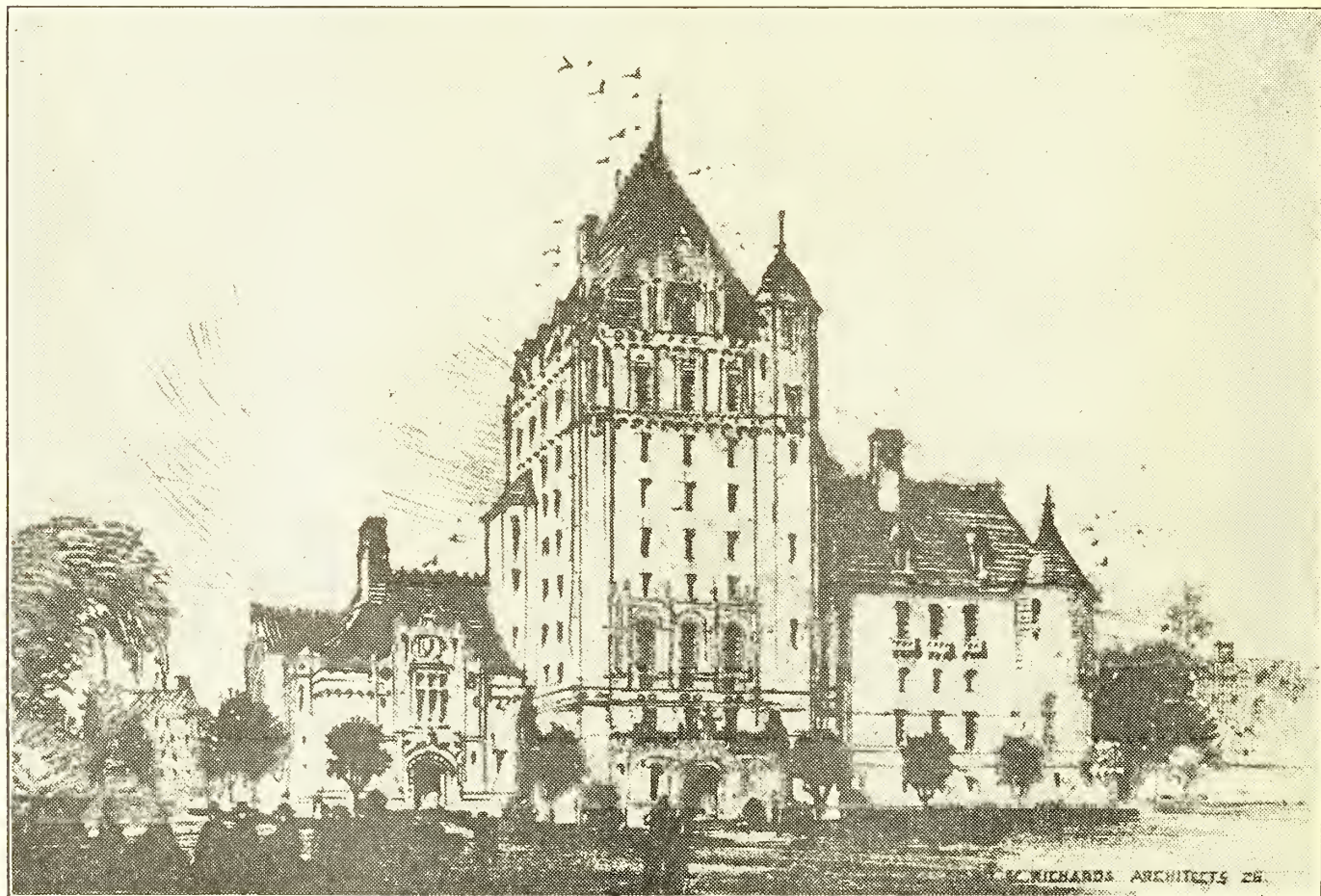
Sam Wood has been signed on a long term contract to direct for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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(20c)

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hiatus

*A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS*

ZUKOR'S FIGURES

Stupendous statistics as set forth by Mr. Zukor's press coterie:

According to figures recently assembled by the Paramount studio in Hollywood, 47,000,000 people attend motion picture theaters in the United States every week. Of this multitude, 24,000,000, a little over half, are entertained in 3300 theaters located in the seventy-nine cities of 100,000 population or over.

No mention is made as to whether this includes the Roxy Theater.

"BACKWARD, O TIME!"

Propaganda for turning the clock backward as disclosed in Universal news pronunciamento:

Beatrice Van, well-known author and scenarist, who has been with Universal for the past six months, has signed a contract to remain with that organization for the past two years, etc.

YAWNING TRUNKS

Gentle nuances heard on the editorial organ of Mr. Guy Price, dramatic pilot of the estimable Los Angeles Evening Herald:

Eve Unsell, the playwright and photoplay author, is at least different from others of her calling . . . her attic trunk is a cavernous and yawning void.

Most writers litter up all spare space in their homes or offices with unfinished or rejected manuscripts.

(Continued on Page 6)

Big Theatre Deal Seen as Pathe Merger Defi



ADOLPHE MENJOU

He is the "Metropolitan Cavalier" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Five

Publix-West Coast Allies Film Giants

The \$250,000,000 theater merger of Publix Theaters Corporation and West Coast Theaters, Inc., which was announced yesterday is seen as a move on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount Famous-Lasky, United Artists and other big film companies to prepare for competition with the new Pathe corporation, involving many other large motion picture organizations.

The principal figures in the new theater alliance are Marcus Loew, Joseph M. Schenck, William Fox, Louis B. Mayer, John Dillon, New York banker; Adolph Zukor and Harold B. Franklin, who will head the giant chain of over 300 theaters.

The new move will make Los Angeles a Publix-West Coast city, insofar as the majority of the big theaters are concerned. Those not included in this faction will undoubtedly be allied with the Pathe interests.

“*Making and Breaking Contracts*”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Pugilism Looms as Film Theme Vogue as Glove-and-Sock Craze Hits Actors

Lasky Lays Plans For 'Blonde' Film

Preliminary preparations are being made at the Lasky studio for the filming of Anita Loos' story, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Just who will play Lorelei is as yet unannounced, but it is believed Hollywood and New York will be scoured for an actress. Speculation credits both Clara Bow and Esther Ralston as the likely candidate. The final selection will be up to Miss Loos, who will come to Hollywood to aid in the filming, and also write the titles. She will arrive here with her husband, John Emerson, about August 1st. She is now en route to London where she will arrange for its opening on the stage there.

Mildred Harris has been selected by Miss Loos as a likely Lorelei, at least insofar as the London play is concerned. Efforts to get Miss Harris for the play in England have been temporarily frustrated by motion picture engagements here as Miss Harris is in demand at the local studios. If these are completed in sufficient time she may accept the Loos offer and go to London. This would, automatically, create her as the foremost bid for the screen version and it is doubtful if a better choice could be made.

Malcolm St. Clair will direct the picture.

Start Work On New Dix Picture

Production has begun on Richard Dix's first Hollywood picture in over two years. He has been heretofore filming at the Long Island studio of Paramount. Clarence Badger is directing.

The story is woven around a private in the Tanks Corps during the late war. Incidentally, the Barthelmess film, "The Patent Leather Kid," deals with the tanks corps, too.

Sex, Jazz and War, that triumphant triumvirate of the silent drama, may be squeezed into a secondary position by a formidable new opponent.

This opponent's name is Pugilism.

The Ancient Art of Sock, with its illustrious Sullivans, Corbets, Ketchels, Dempseys, et al. . . . not to forget million-dollar gates . . . is about to high-brow itself in the photoplay.

Where, only a scant few years ago, the deft calisthenics of the fistic tribe were confined to the back rooms of saloons or dingy athletic clubs, Pugilism is now being reincarnated and immortalized in film.

It was Dempsey, perhaps, the most popular fighter of the day, who first brought the glove-and-sock men into favor with motion picture patrons.

His debut was followed by several sets of "fight" two-reelers; good old hokum that was gobbled up by the fans near and far.

But, now . . . ah! . . . look at the status of the squared ring! Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid" . . . Richard Dix in "Knockout Reilly" . . . George O'Brien in "Is Zat So?" . . . and others on the way. Of all of these, it is a safe venture that the Barthelmess picture will be pre-eminent for its great theme and excellent treatment.

About five or six years ago Dempsey made his first picture at the old Brunton studios. More recently he made a series of two-reelers for Universal; and later than that, "Mahattan Madness," a feature.

These pictures have all primarily exploited Dempsey the pugilist. As a matter of fact, Jack is really a fine actor but he has never been adequately handled. It has always been one of our fond hopes that some day somebody would induce Jack to make a picture similar to those that Barthelmess, Dix and O'Brien have chosen wherein the theme of the story would overshadow the news-weekly prominence of Dempsey.

With the imminent vogue of Pugilism it would seem that some producer would formulate a drama along these lines.

Dempsey today and in years to come will remain the most popular fighter, champion or not champion.

Morgan Dancers To Be Seen with Marion

Marion Morgan dancers will be seen with Marion Davies in "Quality Street." They were used in some idyllic scenes filmed at Las Turas Lake.

Anna May Wong has been selected to play the dancing girl in Paul Leni's "The Chinese Parrot" at Universal.

Here Is Recipe For Movie Unit

Some bright young man in the Lasky publicity department has painstakingly compiled a recipe for a movie company.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND suggests that producers or would-be producers file this away for future reference. Better yet, frame it and hang it on the wall:

A checkup reveals that upon an ordinary motion picture employing six featured players, an average of 120 assistants are engaged behind the scenes. The number is divided as follows:

One director, 1 assistant director, 1 script girl, 1 film cutter, 1 title writer, 1 scenario writer, 17 carpenters, 15 painters, 2 architects, 18 electricians, 2 set dressers, 1 story adaptor, 3 cameramen, 1 research worker, 12 dressmakers, 3 designers, 4 plasterers, 1 property man, 1 business manager, 1 wig maker, 3 chauffeurs, 1 stenographer, 2 accountants, 1 clerk, 2 make-up experts, 1 watchman, 1 projectionist, 2 hair dressers, 1 tailor, 1 paper hanger, 1 casting director, 1 executive, 1 location manager, 2 janitors, 1 drapery worker, 2 wardrobe assistants, 2 maids, 2 technical assistants, 5 common laborers, 1 blacksmith and 1 timekeeper.

The same young gent also informs us that there are more than 150 trades and professions represented on the list of permanent studio employees, as follows:

Doctors, lawyers, nurses, school teachers, librarians, wig makers, sculptors, tailors, interpreters, street cleaners, gardeners, plumbers, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, firemen, artists, painters, plasterers, paper-hangers, carpenters, electricians, accountants, janitors, hair dressers, chefs, linotype operators, radio experts, chemists, steam-fitters, pottery makers, etc.

Nothing is said, however, about sardine packers or supervisors.

Next Week

"Mencken and the Silent Drama"

The Trail of Life

By BURL TUTTLE

The road of life is a winding trail along which we must all travel. Up hill and down dale it weaves its tortuous path toward the distant mirage of the future, ever concealing what lies ahead. Always the terrain is changing. One day the going is smooth, the next, a deep rutted torture to weary feet; treacherous quicksands must be crossed and great chasms bridged by young and old alike.

Some of our fellow travelers stride gaily ahead, clad in the splendors of riches; others, ragged and visibly broken by the harsh realities of life, can barely drag out each bitter day, hoping that each nightfall will be the last. Yet all were young once—happy and carefree, with high hopes and naive faith in the future. They planned what others left to chance—and the bludgeonings of chance are stern indeed. Most important of all, they profited by the experience of others and learned that luxury and extravagance must be denied; that thrift is a virtue, and that out of current earnings something must be saved for the future.

It is written in the Book of Life that the pre-ordained destiny of every human being is final dissolution. The decrees of fate are inevitable. From them there is no appeal. The date of the dawning of his last, no man knoweth. Suitable preparation for the last journey every man can make.

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STORIES

"The great stories of the screen in the future will be those written directly for motion pictures, but the authors must spend as much time in developing them as they would in preparing the plot of a great novel.

"Many writers seem to gain the impression that when they write for motion pictures, they can turn out a great story every month, because they do not have to write 100,000 words on paper.

"How many great novelists write 12 novels a year? How many of them write more than two a year?

"The same standards hold true in pictures. If a creative writer turns out two or three great motion picture stories a year, he should be more than well content, and the film industry will be grateful to him for concentrating on writing two or three great stories rather than twelve that are mediocre."

RALPH BLOCK,

One of the Three Editors-in-Chief, Famous
Players-Lasky Corp.

—O—

Mr. Schulberg Speaks on New Blood

Since its inception HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has, as it will continue to do, waged a fight in behalf of new blood and new ideas in the silent drama.

In view of all of this, the following statement from Mr. B. P. Schulberg, production chief, is interesting:

"Motion pictures today remain the great field of opportunity. In fact, in many respects, opportunity knocks along a more varied line in films today than ever before. In acting, in writing, in directing, in every phase of studio activity, there is a continual call for new blood, for fresh ideas, for diversified talent.

"The roster of those who have forced their way to the front from comparative obscurity in the past year or two is amazing.

"It is interesting to note that so many who have won their way to important posts are women. In former years, girls could qualify for practically only three positions in a studio . . . as actresses, script girls, or stenographers. Today, there is no field in the studio which is closed to them.

"All this is an encouraging demonstration of the extremely healthy condition of the film industry. Its scope of opportunity is not narrowing, but is daily growing broader."

It is the sincere hope of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND that Mr. Schulberg will continue to maintain and exercise this viewpoint on the value of new blood in motion pictures. Further, that other producers, too, will allow new talent and new ideas to nurture in the industry and find a real outlet for expression.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

Published every Thursday by the VAGABOND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 606 Taft Building, Hollywood, California. Telephones GRanite 4690 and GRanite 5902. 20c per copy; by subscription \$10.00 per year.

Making and Breaking Contracts

The question of contractual ethics, as related to the film industry, seems to be an intricate one.

When an obscure player or director rises to fame contractual ties, welcomed in a leaner era, oftime seem extremely irksome, especially where financial remuneration is concerned. Then haughty temperament ensues and player or director become involved in a battle with the corporate employer.

Evidence of this has been noticeable in recent years. Impetus to the solution of the problem was given at the time Rudolph Valentino broke with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Just how much the Zukor corporation, and Valentino as well, lost because of this idleness on the part of the "sheik" would be difficult to determine. That it involved many hundred thousands dollars is certain.

The recent Reginald Denny tiff with Universal, which ended when the actor was given a new contract by Carl Laemmle, also commanded wide-spread interest.

However, the most sensational of the recent player vs. producer contractual duels is that, supposedly now ended, between Greta Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Importing Miss Garbo, a more or less unknown actress, and certainly unknown to the vast American motion picture audience, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer overnight "sold" her to theater patrons. Whether the success of Miss Garbo can be attributed to her own work or to the exploitation and salesmanship of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization is a moot question. However, it is our belief that the credit is divided, with 75 percent of the results attributable to the Loew company and its intensive efforts in behalf of establishing this new personality.

Critics of the silent drama have discussed this contractual phase at length but have failed to offer any likely remedy. The recent action on the part of Rod La Rocque, who, it was claimed, sought a release from his Cecil B. DeMille contract to avail himself of better financial opportunities, has shed a new light upon the whole problem.

At the time of the pending break La Rocque de-

clared that he would continue to work under the terms of his original DeMille pact until such times as amicable arrangements could be made for either a new contract or a sale to another producer. The upshot of the whole thing was that La Rocque and DeMille were brought together by an intermediary and a satisfactory adjustment was made. This is ample proof that it is unnecessary for disagreeing players and producers to drift apart in sullen silence and cause financial losses to all concerned.

It is, perhaps, after all, an individual problem that can only be adequately answered by those directly involved.

It is, most certainly, a question of ethics and conscience. If a player or director cannot fully appreciate the efforts extended upon his behalf by his employer and adhere to his promises then there is little hope that he will ever be satisfied under any arrangement short of wholesale larceny.

At the same time there evolves upon the producer a solemn duty to recognize the efforts that have been extended in the corporate behalf by the player or director involved. If a player or director makes a sensational rise to fame it is assuredly not entirely due to the efforts of the producer. The advantages offered by an affiliation which he may provide undoubtedly has much to do with it. Yet if the individual involved lacks the ability and popular appeal that the producer expects the employer will not extend himself to any considerable measure and, more than likely, will seek to abrogate the pact.

The only sane solution to the whole fracas, as we can best determine it, is that the individual and the corporation must at all times be cognizant of the contributions of the other party to the mutual weal.

Without a Rudolph Valentino it is doubtful if Mr. Zukor could have grossed such enormous sums on those pictures.

Without a Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with its vast facilities and ample resources, it is doubtful if Valentino could have risen to international eminence in such a brief space of time.

We cite this particular case because it held more popular interest and was carried over a longer period of time than any other. The same holds true in all similar misunderstandings, however.

Let conscience be the guide of ethical procedure in these instances. There should be a greater refuge for player and producer than the pages of law books.

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And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

METROPOLITAN CAVALIER

... the Glorifier of Sophistry

Mayfair.

Park Avenue.

Adolphe Menjou.

—o—

Who, perchance, has glorified that dread habilitment of the male, "soup-and-fish," as has Adolphe Menjou, affable interpreter of savoir-vivre?

Menjou. The merest flick of the lapel . . . a chapter in etiquette. A genteel bow . . . a treatise for smart men everywhere. The donning or doffing of an outer coat, or the descent from a motor carriage . . . a Hoyle of finesse.

No wonder the yokels are despondent.

—o—

Before the advent of Menjou the industry thought of its estimable males in terms of patent-leather hair and truck-driver muscles.

Adolphe initiated them into the joys of aristocracy and deft gestures. His glyptic touch has given society in the cinema a mellow and realistic ardor.

No man wants to be a lumberjack after sitting through an Adolphe Menjou photoplay.

His brightest dreams, then, are of Park Avenue on a summer day, with odd-shaped patches of sunlight

clotting the afternoon shadows of the boulevard.

This is the fever of metropolis.

And Adolphe Menjou is its genesis.

—o—

Menjou is, perhaps, the first emissary of Hollywood who has glorified sophistry.

What woman, be she in New York or Pocatello, could tolerate an oaf or bumpkin after beholding the subtle yet exciting worldliness of Menjou?

The droll whimsy of this delightful cavalier has immortalized the allure of the city.

The farms would be deserted if all cities were peopled by Menjous.

—o—

It is several years now since "A Woman of Paris."

But Menjou has not forgotten.

Adolphe Menjou has a deep and reverent appreciation of Chaplin and an un-eradicable memory of the first hopeful days of that epochal photoplay.

In that bygone year Menjou was an unknown, seeking opportunity. Today, in the heyday of his fame, he has not forsaken the principles of that time. Menjou is a devotee of new blood in the photoplay.

With him it is not a pose . . . or a theory. He has proven that it is a fact. There are Louise Brooks, Susan Fleming, Phillip Strange, Arnold Kent and



Fred W. Fox

others. All newcomers. All proteges of Menjou.

—o—

Watching Menjou at work, we have come to the conclusion that he is as affable a craftsman as he is a motion picture character.

The surroundings reflect the man. There is no fuss; no extraneous rush. There is no bawdy tomfoolery. The people behave like ladies and gentlemen. There is a pleasant atmosphere like that of a refined hostelry. Everything is conducive to harmonious enterprise.

—o—

"We don't step on the set until we know exactly what we're going to do," Menjou was saying.

"We don't get out here in the lights and then try to find out what's going to happen. We read the script, know the story and throw the script away. Then we come out on the set and shoot it off the cuff. But we always know what we're shooting.

"To try to make pictures from a cut-and-dried scenario formula isn't exactly provocative to originality. We try to build a picture as we go along. We think up lots of little business as we film the story that was never put in the scenario itself. We get together and pool our ideas. Teamwork; that's what makes great pictures.

"Give new people in pictures a chance. The

public wants good pictures and they don't particularly care who's in 'em as long as it's real entertainment. What do 'names' in Hollywood mean? Repetition. Somebody 'discovers' somebody; then somebody else discovers 'em . . . all at once.

"It's only by the grace of God and Charlie Chaplin that I'm here today. I'm no better an actor today than I was before Chaplin gave me a chance. That's true of many other obscure ones in this business today who will eventually be 'discovered' by Hollywood.

"I respect Charlie Chaplin because he is not a slave to dogma, because he gives new people a chance, because he tempered my ambition and my talent, in whatever measure I may possess it, with his wealth of experience and his kindly advice.

"I consider him the outstanding genius of the motion picture, both as an actor and as a director."

—o—

Menjou is a native of Pittsburgh and of French descent. His father emigrated to this country at the age of seventeen. In later years he was the proprietor of the Cafe Royale in Pittsburgh and it is here that Adolphe gathered much of the atmosphere that has distinguished his interpretations of waiters and barbers.

Menjou attended St. Joseph's Academy and Culver Military Academy in his youth and later entered Cornell University.

Aspirations to become a civil engineer were shattered when young Menjou glimpsed the New York stage. The stage did not welcome Menjou with open arms. So he rented a dress suit and paraded in front of the Vitagraph studios at Brooklyn, but to no avail. He toured vaudeville with a newspaper act for seven months. Returning to New York, he got a job at the Fox studio because a director

(Continued on Page 8)

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

Eve's closet is as bereft of literary skeletons as her illustrious namesake was of clothes!

Ho-hum! Spring has come.

* * *

THIRTY MILES PER HOUR

Throwing water on flaming youth, as revealed in Paramount's announcement of its new "Junior Stars":

Under the terms of the new contracts the "Juniors" must keep physically fit . . . and they cannot drive automobiles more than thirty miles per hour, etc.

* * *

PADDOCKS AND NURMIS

Proof that daylight saving is a dead issue in Hollywood, revealed in the following prosaic excerpt from the the current Paramount publicity broadside:

For seven hours the conference had continued without interruption. The two principals, Walter Wanger, general manager of production for Paramount, and B. P. Schulberg, associate producer, had arrived at the studio simultaneously at 9 o'clock, had retired with nthe sanctum of Schulberg and had remained there incommunicado.

At 12 o'clock, luncheon had been brought in and the conference went on, without cessation, for the problems of planning a production program are many.

At 4 o'clock, Schulberg emerged for just a moment. In the ante-room he met John J. Gain, his general manager.

"Isn't that 1927 and 28 schedule just about settled?"

"1927?" Schulberg answered, with a smile, "we're discussing the pictures we're going to make in 1930 and we may be on 1931 before dinner."

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

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and Parts*6282 Hollywood Blvd
HEmpstead 6812**"TILLIE" and
"ELLA" to Mark
Davies-Moore Race**

The idea of making photoplays based on newspaper comic-strip characters is becoming more and more popular in Hollywood.

On the heels of the animated cartoons of Mutt and Jeff, Felix the Cat, Krazy Kat, et al, there has come the elaborate photoplay of whimsical funny-paper people.

Colleen Moore's "Ella Cinders" was probably the first venture along these lines. Now Marion Davies has brought "Tillie the Toiler," the deluctable charmer of the Sunday cartoon section, to real life.

It will be interesting to note whether the Davies opus will top the Moore production, inasmuch as Colleen is rated as one of the biggest box-office cards in the business and, furthermore, as Marion's character is undoubtedly the most popular of the two.

It is our forecast that "Tillie the Toiler" will shatter all records that have been set by "Ella Cinders."

**Many Lands Pictured
In M-G-M Productions**

Almost every nation on earth is represented in the current Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

Russia is the locale of "Love" ("Anna Karenina") while Germany has "Old Heidelberg."

Alaska has "The Trail of '98," and England is the locale of Marion Davies' "Quality Street," as well as of Jackie Coogan's next, "Buttons."

Texas will be pictured in "The Wind," and South America will have "His Brother from Brazil."

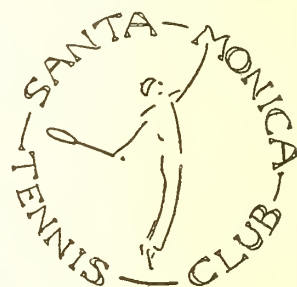
Lon Chaney's "The Unknown" has a Spanish locale and the seven seas will have John Gilbert's "Twelve Miles Out," a story of bootleggers.

Norma Shearer's "Liberty Bonds" is of the American city and "The Frontiersman" and "The Bugle Call" are also American. "The Callahans and the Murphys" is . . . well, Ireland in America.

Paris, Java and the Malays will be filmed soon.

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DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition to Em- phasize VAGABOND as Quality Filmpaper.

—O—

Since the announcement in last week's issue that May 19th would mark the publication of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition, the offices of this journal have been flooded with requests for further information regarding the special issue.

Inasmuch as we have had so many calls relative to so-termed "professional advertising" we wish to again state here that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND does not accept advertising from motion picture players, directors, scenarists or others engaged in similar capacities. All such advertising is strictly prohibited from the columns of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, not only for this Memento Edition, but at all times.

The tremendous reception that has greeted the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND announcement, however, is amply substantiated in the orders, by telephone, letter and telegram from the foremost merchants and commercial enterprises, not only in Hollywood but other cities throughout the nation, reserving advertising space in this edition.

Designed to fulfill the long-felt want of Hollywood for a publication that would not only disseminate news and comment on subjects pertinent to the industry but also interpret the highest ideals and reveal the manifold problems of the motion picture industry to the world at large, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has pledged itself to a high standard of editorial and advertising character.

As a dignified and intelligent medium whereby the real Hollywood can be truthfully pictured to the outside world, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has been accepted by discriminating people everywhere.

Maintaining sympathy for the viewpoints of all concerned in the production of motion pictures, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has shown itself as impartial in its editorial treatment as it has sought to point out deficiencies in prevailing ideas and methods.

The HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition will mark the first giant step in the forward march of this publication, that in the brief period of twelve weeks has had a sensational and unparalleled growth.

Remember HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND . . .
The Quality Filmpaper.

Remember the Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition, May 19th.

In Memoriam

Earle Rafael Williams

I track upstream the spirit's call.
Far, far I go, past all the seasoned ways,
Challenging the cautious calendars and towns.
I track upstream the spirit's call:
Where it will take me I do not know,
But my soul sees that it is all right and that we are not
being deluded,
And my feet follow my soul, often tardily, but the soul
keeps on.

I track upstream the spirit's call,
Not daring now to disobey my dream.
I am swept with the living current on and on:
Into whatever storm I contentedly go, into whatever
peace.
—Horace Traubel.

TITLES

"Title writing is a new art in motion pictures, the functioning of which the public little understands.

"The title writer doesn't start work until all other forces involved in the making of a picture are finished. Then the title writer steps in, sees the picture and writes the titles.

"This is not so easy as it sounds. The title writer has to see the picture dozens of times and study every scene. His work is as careful as that of the cutter. The tone of his titles is determined both by the type of story and the tempo of the sequence he is directly interested in. And he must make the titles short."

WALTER ANTHONY,
Chief Title Writer, Universal Picture Corp.

CONVENIENCE

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

happened to need plenty of men with moustaches.

—o—

The war came. Menjou enlisted with the Cornell unit. He was promoted from corporal, duty sergeant, first lieutenant to captain. Then he sailed for Italy. This unit was the only Cornell unit sent abroad and the first company of American soldiers in Italy. Two months after his arrival in Italy his company crossed the Alps and went into action at St. Mihiel. Menjou served with the 212th, 228th and 250th French field artillery and the 4th, 5th, 78th and 91st American divisions. After the Armistice he was with the 5th Division, American Army of Occupation, in Luxembourg.

After the war Menjou

came to Hollywood. There were many bitter months of disillusionment and privation before he met Chaplin and opportunity.

His appearance in "A Woman of Paris" lifted him to fame overnight.

—o—

The obscure Menjou had become Menjou, the coveted of all producers.

Arzner Signed to New Lasky Contract

Dorothy Arzner, who recently finished direction of "Fashions for Women," has been signed to a long term contract to direct for Paramount Famous Lasky.

Marie Dressler Has Hopes to Be Director

Marie Dressler, who played the lead opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" some years ago and has recently finished a part in M.-G.-M.'s "The Callahans and Murphys," has a yen to be a film director. Perhaps she will follow in the footsteps of Lois Weber, Dorothy Arzner and other megaphone wielders of the gentle persuasion.

Jimmy Hume Now Back in Hollywood

Jimmy Hume, film juvenile, who has been making personal appearances with films, is back in Hollywood.

Hattons to Title Jackie Coogan Opus

Frederic and Fanny Hatton will title "The Bugle Call," latest Jackie Coogan production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Work Under Way On Warner Film

With the completion of the cast of Warner Bros.' "What Happened to Father," work is now under way under the direction of John Adolphi.

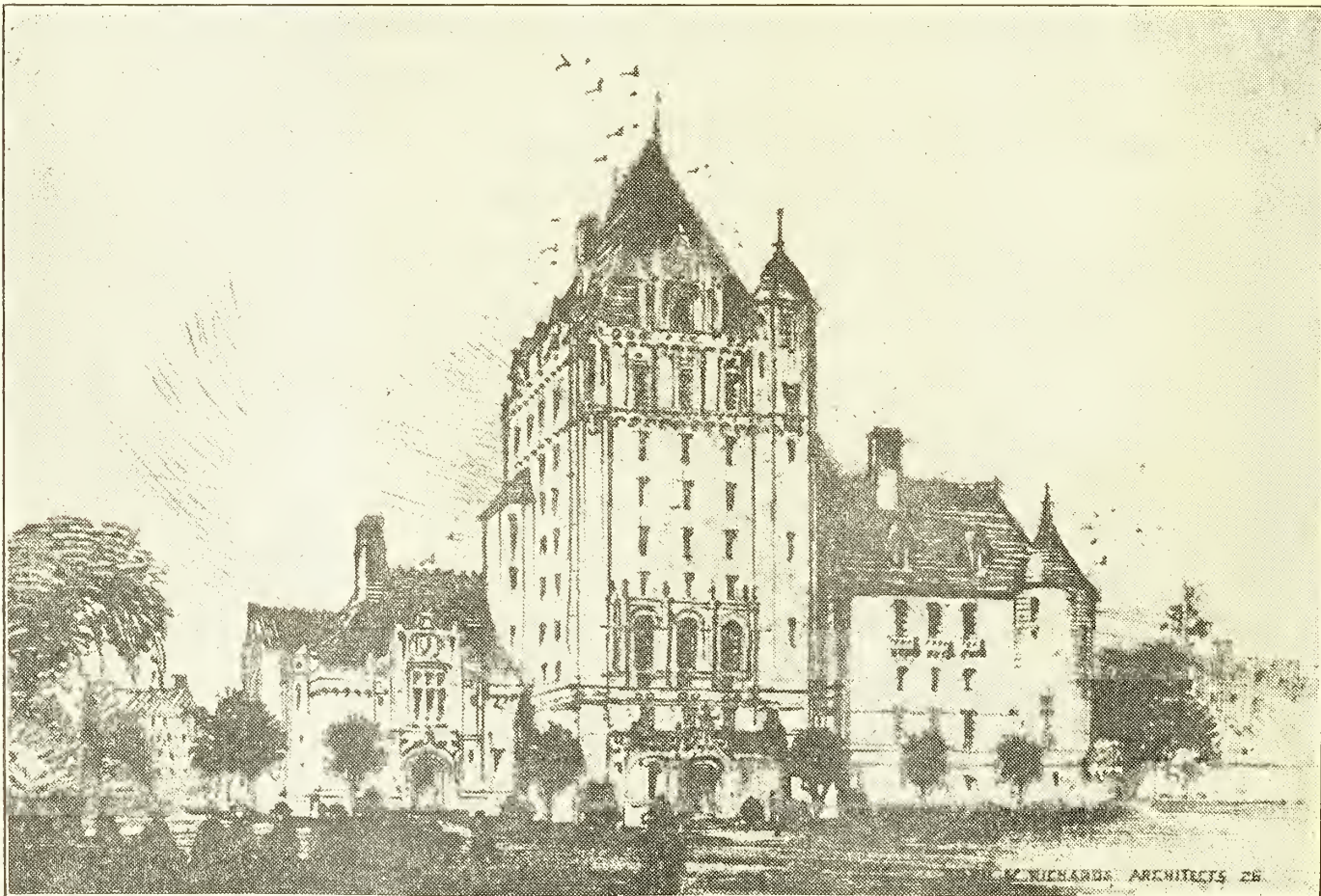
Hugh Allan and Flobelle Fairbanks head the cast, together with Vera Lewis, Cathleen Calhoun, William Demarest, John Miljan and Warner Oland in the title role.

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The
Quality Filmpaper *Edited by FRED W. FOX*
Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

Volume I, Number 13

Thursday, May 5th, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

ELVES AND GOBLINS

Attempt to outdo Andrew Lang and other fairy tale scribes, as disclosed in publicity copy of Mr. Don Eddy, publicity purveyor at First National studios, Burbank, Calif.:

... Harry Langdon, that whimsical elf of the screen, starts work late this week on his screen opus...

CHINESE FOR CHINESE

Gentle hint to Mr. Harry Beall, press agent, to get busy with some publicity for Mr. Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater, as disclosed in conversation between downtown merchant and HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND representative:

VAGABOND man: "The Chinese Theater will open about May 18th..."

MERCHANT: "I don't think there are enough Chinese in this town to support such a theater."

MR. CARR SPEAKS

Eloquent passages from the Los Angeles Times column of that versatile philosopher and profound thinker, Mr. Harry Carr:

There are no two ways about it, the American girl has the beauty market cornered.

Every famous author who comes to Los Angeles, prepared to make

(Continued on Page 6)

Big Henry Ford Film Plans Seen in Moves



BETTY BRONSON

Read about her in "Peter Pan Gets Ritzy"
on Page Five

Auto Magnate's Son Due Here Soon, Talk

Not only is the name of Henry Ford buzzing around on automobile row this week, but in Hollywood as well.

For several years now it has been rumored that the billionaire auto magnate was contemplating an invasion of the motion picture industry, but each time the persistent rumors have been denied by Ford himself or men near him.

The latest report that has been picked out of the "inside dope" this week, as drifting in from eastern points, is that Ford, acting through an agent by the name of William Moudy is starting out on a big theater buying orgy and that Ford's son, Edsel, is due in Los Angeles some time the latter part of June or the first of July relative to the construction of a studio here.

The Ford enterprises are now so vast and so tremendously wealthy that any invasion into the movies on the part of Ford will be something for Zukor, Loew and the others to consider very seriously. Besides his Ford and Lincoln auto interests,

(Continued on Page 6)

“Mencken and the Silent Drama”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Vagabond "King of Kings" Edition to Be Work of Quality and Distinction

James-Inspiration Split Near, Rumor

Two weeks ago, in its issue of April 21st, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND said:

Hollywood is wondering just what Inspiration Pictures is going to do with Gardner James, its new star.

Signed to a long-term contract after his work with Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman," James has not as yet appeared in an Inspiration film under the terms of his new pact. Having been seen in so many films during the past year it is problematical whether this lay-off will do James any good, etc., etc.

It seems that the question is about to answer itself, according to the gossip going up and down the local movie rialto the last few hours.

James, it is said, has asked for a cash settlement and immediate release on his contract, which is reported to have about two or three months to go before it expires.

Inspiration, at the time of signing James almost a year ago when "The Amateur Gentleman" was completed, announced elaborate plans for him as a star in his own right. His first picture, according to a statement from J. Boyce Smith, Jr., general manager of Inspiration, was to be Dixie Willson's story, "Quality." After the announcement nothing further was heard.

In the interim Inspiration "farmed out" James to Cosmopolitan Productions (Hearst) at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for one of the big parts in "The Flaming Forest." Since that time James has done nothing and the idleness began to irk him, it is said.

When Dorothy Gish recently secured an abrogation of her Inspiration contract and the stated plans for Gish-James co-starring films were thus shattered, James, according to the gossips, decided to fulfill the demands

Since the first announcement two weeks ago that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND would publish its Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition on May 19th constantly increasing interest has been manifested in this undertaking.

As the first special edition of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, and as a memento of one of the most pretentious pictures of many years, the Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition has started an early demand for orders of the issue.

Adhering to the same high editorial standards that characterize the regular weekly editions of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and restricting its advertising columns to the most exclusive type of commercial publicity, the announcement of this new departure has been enthusiastically received.

Incidentally, we have stated twice that no professional advertising will be accepted for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, either for the Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition or the regular issues. The advertising of motion picture players, directors, scenarists, executives, etc., so common to the pages of other motion picture publications are positively not admitted to these pages. Yet they continue to seek advertising space therein.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND asks no favors and extends none.

The Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition will be a success on its own merits and will be offered to you on its face value.

Look for it! Buy it! Read it! Keep it! Send it to friends back East!

Remember the date, May 19th . . . but here's a tip, look for it on the stands a couple of days before.

Hollingsworth To Cut Feature Film

Perry Hollingsworth, cutter, is aiding Director Arvid Gillstrom on "Clancy's Kosher Wedding," another Irish-Jewish comedy, at FBO studios.

Stahl To Film M-G-M Dixie Opus

John M. Stahl will direct "In Old Kentucky" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The story is by Charles Dazey.

for his services by other producers by demanding an immediate adjustment of his pact.

It is believed that something definite on the matter will be heard within a very few days.

Chaney To Make Bolshevik Opus

"Terror" is the title of Lon Chaney's next picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is a story of the Russian revolution, an original by Sig Esbern. Benjamin Christianson will direct.

Next Week

"The Return of Griffith"

Connelly Returns to Films As Revue Set

Erwin Connelly, droll screen comedian and whilom vaudevillian, has again returned to the cinematic stamping ground and is regaling the boys at the Hollywood Athletic Club with stories of the tour of his Chinese revue.

Connelly only recently returned from an extended trip to Seattle, Portland and northern points, where his show, "Honorable Wu and His Chinese Revue," played the principal theaters. Several weeks ago it was shown at Loew's State here in conjunction with Harry Langdon's "Long Pants," and was declared a great factor in piling up the big gross that week.

As the revue has already been booked for sixteen weeks return dates over the same circuit it has just played Connelly will have a chance to stay in Hollywood and avail himself of the many screen offers that have been pouring in on him.

Originally introduced to the screen by James Cruze in "Beggars on Horseback," Connelly won instant favor with screen producers and is in constant demand.

Now that Erwin has a Chinese show whoopin' it up for him, with offers for Honorable Wu, the remarkable Chinese "sheik" in addition to his own roles, he has every good reason to go at his work again with great gusto.

Easton, McCarey To Assist Harmon Weight

Richard Easton and Ray McCarey are assisting F. Harmon Weight on "Hook and Ladder" at the F. B. O. studios.

When Weight finishes this film he will begin direction of Mary Philbin and Jean Hersholt in "Viennese Lovers" at Universal.

Human Wisdom

By BURL TUTTLE

Human wisdom, the core of its heart, is summarized in two words—"Get Understanding."

In every age, from Solomon's to the present, our wise men have admonished us to seek understanding. If every man understood every man, or, more in the bounds of reason, if every group of men held together by agreement as to methods could understand every other group, our common problems would dissolve before our eyes. Men have never understood men—all men. That is why progress of man has always been retarded. In the man, the history of the human race is a history of failures, a story of rises and falls—a chain of episodes without happy endings. Nations have come up and gone down, cultures have ripened and rotted, and systems have evolved and dispersed. The appearance of truth in the cynical assertion that man cannot progress beyond a certain point, that he goes on and on in series of cycles, bobbing up and down like the wooden images on a merry-go-round, without getting anywhere, is due to the fact that in nearly every age well meaning men have had a great part in obstructing and upsetting the plans of other well meaning men working in the common interest as any taken by envious and jealous men perversely bent upon destruction alone. The story of the Tower of Babel is simply a story of the destructive force of misunderstanding. According to books, there is nothing new under the sun. Many believe

that; all cynics, all who decry progress, believe it. But it is not true. We live in a new world. No generation that ever lived could face the future with the assurance of well-being with which we could face it if we had understanding. There is nothing we cannot do better than it was done before—there is no "lost arts," if any have been lost, we have discovered new ways of doing the same things, ways that are better than the old. All major steps in progress have been uncovered to our view, our scientists have traced them out in the tombs of the dead.

Progress is a fact.

Song Hits Born On Movie Sets

"Idolizin," "Sing a Little Love Song," "Canadian Capers," and other popular airs of today were born within a little melodeon on a motion picture set. Two of the best known composers of current popular music create their hits while playing "inspirational music" for screen stars.

Sam Messenheimer, author of "Idolizin," and others, is a musician at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and his airs usually are first tried to inspire actors—and, when they succeed in this, he puts them on the market. Henry Cohn, author of "Canadian Capers" and "Are You Playing Fair?," does likewise. So that popular songs are usually gauged by their success on screen players before the public gets them.

Kirkland Cutting FBO 'Gingham Girl'

David Kirkland, director, is cutting "The Gingham Girl," his latest film, at the FBO studios.

Will "UFA" Lose Prestige in U. S. on Hugenberg Deal?

The film trade journals of the past week have carried the news of a deal whereby Alfred Hugenberg, wealthy German newspaper publisher, has taken over control of the UFA studios at Berlin.

It is understood that Hugenberg would like to do away with the Fanamet deal, whereby Famous Players, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National recently acquired a "kontingent" financial interest in UFA. This arouses the question of UFA's position in the American market if the abrogation goes through. Hugenberg and his associates, it is said, control 19 of the 27 places on the UFA board of directors and it is his intention to raise the capital to 45,000,000 marks.

The fact that UFA has not made such an elaborate showing in the American market, even with its American affiliations, leads one to wonder what will happen if Zukor, Loew and the other powers withdraw their support from UFA.

"Variety," distributed by Paramount here, enjoyed what was perhaps the most successful run of any German picture, from the financial and publicity standpoints.

Is Sidney Kent Paramount Pilot?

In an advertisement published in one of the New York film trade journals, Paramount advertises itself as "The Pilot of the Industry."

The illustration depicts a pilot at the pilot-wheel of a boat, with the trademark of Paramount inscribed thereon.

A sharp-eyed VAGABOND sleuth declares the features of the pilot in the illustration are strangely reminiscent of Sidney Kent, Paramount general manager.

Can it be that Sidney is to be advertised as the Paramount pilot from now on?

Ruth Dwyer Cast In Hines Picture

Ruth Dwyer, screen ingenue who recently returned to Hollywood following a year in New York, has been cast for a leading feminine role in "White Pants Willie," Johnny Hines' new feature comedy which is being made at the Tec-Art studios.

This will be Miss Dwyer's third role in Hines comedies, as she played parts in the last two First National releases which Hines made in eastern studios.

Banks Prepares For New Comedy

With his Pathe feature comedy, "A Perfect Gentleman," in the final stages of editing, Monty Banks has selected a story for the fourth picture in the series of twelve he is making for this organization.

The new story, which is an original by Charles Horan, bears the title of "An Ace in the Hole."

No selection of a director has definitely been made, although it is probable that Clyde Bruckman, who guided Monty in the making of "A Perfect Gentleman," and his preceding comedy, "Horse Shoes," will again handle the megaphone.

Gishes Together After Year's Time

Lillian and Dorothy Gish have been reunited again after a year's time.

Lillian has been making pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio here while Dorothy has been filming in London.

They are now with their mother at Santa Monica. Dorothy's plans are as yet indefinite, but there is a likelihood she may return to London for one more production.

V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Mencken and the Silent Drama

Hollywood cannot understand why Mr. Henry L. Mencken, editor and critic extraordinary, takes such keen relish in walloping the silent drama.

That, however, is perhaps only one of many things that Hollywood does not understand.

Mr. Mencken's intelligent criticism has been assailed with the scorn of a bevy of local critics, the greater portion of the pseudo variety, who have been prompted by a false sense of industrial patriotism and obsessed by cinematic quackery.

Mr. Mencken, however, can never fully appreciate Hollywood and the photoplay, until he has hibernated in its midst and accrued some of the philosophical dogmas of the galloping tintype. To obtain a thorough understanding of the motives and motifs of the motion picture one would have to remain here for a year and spend twenty days of each month on Poverty Row.

When Mr. Mencken sits in his Fifth Avenue suite and passes judgment on the photoplay he is exercising the viewpoint of a metropolitan. The utter sophistication of Mr. Mencken is, naturally therefore, apt to bewilder a clan that thinks in terms of horse-operas, sardine packers, fake artistry, grotesque cinematographic heebie-jeebies and the lavish exploitation of job-lot "baby stars." Perhaps Mr. Mencken does not understand that in Hollywood there is as much individuality as there is in a canning plant. The nature of the work alone here merely demands repetition, not originality.

The small coterie of thinkers in Hollywood are accustomed to hear and read that this sameness of thought and action is the result of the public demand. The solace and the refuge of individualists who are employed in packing sardines is the notion that the scope of their labors is determined by a vast and palpitating populace that hasn't as yet reached the high school age, mentally.

One of the rudimentary complaints of Mr. Mencken, so volubly and incessantly expressed, is that the movies are quick-on-the-trigger. It causes Mr. Mencken great anguish to attend the theater and there witness a marathon of dramatic contortions. To him the photoplay is a chest-heaving, hip-wiggling, eye-

rolling, leg-shaking speed contest where the principal requisite is to see how fast so many characters can dispose of a certain number of problems dealing with honesty, strength, the old homestead, the wayward flapper, the war or love.

This, Mr. Mencken, is what Hollywood has dubbed the "Tom Mix complex." For Mr. Mix, who has garnered untold wealth in the studios of Hollywood, is probably the most valuable thespic asset of the movies. Mr. Mix gets a salary that would stagger the Maharajah of Khapurthalia. Mr. Mix is the interpreter of action. There is a reason for action in his opuses. But all the others have come to the conclusion that because Tom Mix expresses action, action is hidden wealth. Therefore action in parlor, bedroom and bath. So . . . the "Tom Mix Complex."

The popularity of these humpty-dumpty cinemas has been nurtured so extensively that today there is scant demand for anything but marathon movies. The producer who tries to convey dramatic thought in five hundred feet of film where Poverty Row will get the identical idea across, in more or less rapid form, in ten feet is a damn fool.

While he is making that five hundred feet Poverty Row is making five pictures and 'way down yonder in the country, where the hack theaters get 'em for a nickel a seat . . . well, Mr. Mencken, they want action and amorous calisthenics . . . not drama. The motion picture industry, constantly talking about its past infancy, is like the small boy who continually refers to himself as a man. They're both trying to escape from themselves.

Mr. Mencken is perhaps as amused as we are at the pretensions of our Hollywood film magnates. They speak of "bigger and better pictures," "the story's the thing," "give new people a chance," "get famous authors to write originals for the screen," etc., and proceed to dish up the same old hash that has been on theater menus for years.

When any famous author writes for the screen he can expect one of two things . . . a broken heart or a mutilated story. The motion picture industry is so surfeited with editorial smart-alecs, title jugglers, ignorant supervisors and inane executives who are constantly sticking their feet in their mouths that it is a sorry task for any hopeful author who endeavors to contribute something commendable to the silent drama.

These are all things that Mr. Mencken observes in the theater. They are, of course, apparent to his

(Continued on Page 7)

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PETER PAN GETS RITZY

... from Barrie to Glyn

This child, Betty Bronson.

In three years she has gone from "Peter Pan" to "Ritzy."

In three years she has run the gamut from Barrie to Glyn.

What will she do tomorrow?

—o—

Betty Bronson is one of the half-fabulous characters of Hollywood. She rose from obscurity to the coveted title role of "Peter Pan." They say they combed the world for the girl or the boy for this part.

But they found Betty Bronson in Hollywood, unknown and unsung.

That's where they'll find many more Peter Pans in years to come. Not in the remote recesses of the world. Right here at home.

—o—

The Betty Bronson of the "Peter Pan" days was a naive little girl. The months since have given her poise, assurance, a touch of gentle sophistication.

Nothing much has been said about Betty Bronson, the actress. They have let her abide in memory as "Peter Pan." Many thought she would never overcome the popular association of her own self with the Barrie sprite.

They have experimented with Betty Bronson, when they should have cherished her.

There is only one Betty Bronson in the popular mind ... a Betty Bronson that is the incarnation of youth and the springtime of womanhood.

They have casually tried to bring her to us as an Important Motion Picture Actress when she is really a sweet and beloved young lady, unfitted for the garish roles in which she has been cast.

Not even the undying memory of "Peter Pan" can compensate for that.

—o—

The affront has not been to the public. It has been to Betty Bronson; this hurtling from fame and opportunity to the ignominy of patterned roles.

There are a hundred others in the films who could have played the parts she has played in three years.

There are few others who could have immortalized "Peter Pan."

—o—

What is Betty Bronson, of all the youthful creatures of Hollywood, doing in the midst of the Glyn sophistry?

Where is Clara Bow? Where is Aileen Pringle?

"Ritzy."

So "Peter Pan" is getting "Ritzy"!

This, then, is the sacrifice of Youth.

—o—

In the treasury of the



Fred W. Fox

world's literature is there not a vehicle that is more aptly suited to the distinctive personality of Betty Bronson than the worldliness of Glyn-esque tales?

—o—

Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky, together with other officials of Paramount have laid great stress of late upon the efforts being extended toward the infusion of youth into motion pictures.

In the midst of Paramount Picture School, "junior stars," and all of that, Betty Bronson stands as a mute testimonial to the failure of these gentlemen to give youth a real chance.

—o—

There have been instances in Hollywood, during the past two or three years, where one-picture players have been introduced, to wit: George Billings, who rose to fame with the Rockett brothers' picturization of "Abraham Lincoln" and sank to obscurity thereafter; Frank Hopper, whose rise to eminence as the Theodore Roosevelt in "The Rough Riders" bids fair to subside and die with the passing of that one film, and several others.

The argument is that these players are only "type" and

that their place in the silent drama is limited.

It is also true that Betty Bronson rose to fame on the same basis. The producers sought a Peter Pan, not particularly Betty Bronson. Now that the recollection of her first effort is beginning to efface somewhat, is she, too, to be doomed to the obscurity of a one-picture player or the questionable eminence attendant upon her appearance in such pictures as those she has made since "Peter Pan."

There is one great argument that cannot be overlooked, aside from the inherent ability of Betty Bronson. That is her youthful charm; and youthful charm is one of the great assets in this vast enterprise founded on personalities.

—o—

It is difficult, at best, for a celebrity of stellar prominence in Hollywood to survive flatulent roles. It is hardly to be expected, therefore, that a comparative novice such as Betty Bronson should be able to progress in roles that are totally alien to her personality and perhaps her own inclinations.

If a vehicle, or rather vehicles, somewhat reminiscent of, or similar to, "Peter Pan," had been chosen in lieu of the pictures in which this young actress has been featured since her debut, it would undoubtedly have afforded her more opportune mediums for the expression of her latent talent.

The wisdom of following any star's success with a picture bordering on the same motif has always been questioned by authorities on the silent drama. It exerts a retroactive audience psychology and stamps the performer as a "type" for certain.

Yet it would have been far preferable to have seen Betty Bronson in a second "Peter Pan," than in any one of the successive photoplays.

—o—

The destiny of Betty Bronson, under the juris-

(Continued on Page 8)

D. W. Griffith Back In Hollywood Again

D. W. Griffith, recently signed as director general for United Artists, arrived in Hollywood yesterday.

When met at the train by a host of friends Mr. Griffith expressed his pleasure at being in Hollywood again after an absence of eight years. He was here last December for one week, at which time he announced that he would return to Hollywood permanently after disposing of interests in New York.

His original plans for an immediate return here after that were later disrupted when negotiations began in New York between United Artists, Producers Distributing Corporation and other companies, all seeking Griffith's services.

About ten days ago Griffith signed a contract in New York with Joseph M. Schenck, United Artists chief, whereby he will get a salary of \$8000 and a huge percentage of his films' earnings.

While no definite plans have as yet been announced it is believed Griffith will film Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave," as his first personally directed picture at the United Artists studio here.

Ford in Films?

(Continued from Page 1)

Fordson tractor plants, Ford also owns mines, forests, ships, railroads, and an endless array of widespread commercial undertakings that reap millions of dollars each month.

It has been reported at various times that Ford's plan was to produce films and exhibit them in his own national chain of theaters at about one-third of prevalent admission prices. Ford has already made millions of feet of educational pictures, being held in Los Angeles and Detroit, according to the gossip, but now he intends to go in for the popular species of photoplay.

The entry of Henry Ford would create an economic upheaval, it is believed, and his moves are being closely observed to determine whether he will ally himself with any of the existing companies or create his own organization.

Will Companies Try to Outdo Each Other on Comedy Teams?

Ever since Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton made a dent in the box-office with "Behind the Front," and later, "We're In the Navy Now," the other big film companies have been trying to outdo Paramount with a similar comedy duo.

First National has evidently hit upon Charlie Murray and George Sidney as a co-starring team worthy to compete with Mr. Zukor's Beery-Hatton combine. "Lost at the Front" is the name of the latest Murray-Sidney opus at the Burbank plant. The optimist will readily see that "Lost at the Front" will be entirely unlike "Behind the Front." The cynic will declare that First National is doubling in brass.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer some time ago announced that it would groom Karl Dane and George K. Arthur to take the hauteur off the Beery-Hatton company. Its first offering along these lines is "Rookies," an opus of the citizens' training camps.

Perhaps some day some producer will decide to separate comedy teams and war.

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

sage remarks, retires mumbling and bewildered.

Mencken, Aldous Huxley, Hergesheimer, and now Carl Van Vechten . . .

Two things—no, three things—overwhelm to the exclusion of all other conscious thought—the bewildering beauty of the girls, the enormous distances, and the fascination of the mental cerebrations of Miss Aileen Pringle.

Miss Pringle must have a golden line of conversation. Just as the old-time bartenders used to have a special bottle reserved only for Senators, Miss Pringle must have a reserve of charm especially for high-brow authors.

Anyway, no gentleman with a thirty-two-story dome, on coming to Hollywood, has ever been able to write about anything else. . . .

When he hears the murmurs of the sad sea waves, they murmur back something glowing that he has heard the fascinating Aileen say. The glory of a mountain peak at dawn makes him think of Aileen's shoe buckles.

I am prepared to concede that she is a wonderful girl; but, when I meet her I think how awful it would be should she, by mistake, let loose some of these thoughts reserved only for superior brains of the Ninth Area. I dare say, it would destroy an ordinary person; wither him up where he stands.

—O—

GREAT MAN

Modest refrain from Lasky publicity ode:

Take Jesse Lasky for instance. Mr. Lasky has arrived. He is a very great man, indeed, etc., etc., etc.

Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 5)

diction of Paramount or of any other producer, will be largely determined by the intelligence and discrimination exercised providing vehicles that do not offend the popular conception of the girl as a Barriesque figure and veers from the endeavor to mirror her as a Glynescue character, which she most certainly is not.

The destiny of Betty Bronson is, to a great extent, the destiny of youth upon the screen.

Must youth be sacrificed to the sophistries of box-office precedents?

—O—

Must the spirit of Barrie upon the screen die under the sterner hand of Glyn?

There reposes in us a transcendental hope that Betty Bronson will be given the chance to vindicate the glory of "Peter Pan" again.

—O—

And perhaps that hope is only transcendental to ourselves; and not super-eminent, or even plausible, to the gods who guide the fate of Betty Bronson.

All we can do is hope for the best.

No Fat Mammals In Lasky Films

Mr. Jesse Lasky shuns avoirdupois actresses or heavy heroes.

As a matter of fact, Jesse is becoming so particular that a difference of five pounds might cost some ambitious young man or woman at that studio a fat contract.

James Hall, Richard Arlen, Louise Brooks, Nancy Phillips and Sally Blane, the "1927 Junior Stars," had better cling to svelte lines.

Otherwise their "1927 Junior Stars" contracts will be tossed right out of Mr. Lasky's window.

Laemmle Renews Phillips' Pact

Universal has taken up its option on Eddie Phillips' long-term contract.

Phillips will continue to play the heavy in "The Collegians" until their conclusion, then will be transferred to feature productions.

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LOIS WEBER: An Asset

One of the most able directors in the motion picture industry is Lois Weber.

In addition to being a pioneer and thoroughly experienced in every phase of photoplay production, Miss Weber has recently demonstrated, in her remarkable production of "The Marriage Clause," that the pioneers of the films need not languish with the advent of radical new ideals. The creation of Billie Dove as a star in her own right can be directly attributed to this Weber-Universal film.

While Lois Weber has been variously termed a "woman's director," that is, stressing the feminine viewpoint of silent drama, she has shown that her directorial understanding does not exclude sympathy for a man's reaction to story situations.

"The Marriage Clause" was a notable production because of its simplicity and its noteworthy tendency to avoid exaggeration and the introduction of heroics where they might plausibly have been employed by almost any other director.

Lois Weber has the touch of a practical realist and yet she has incorporated in all of her photoplays a fine thread of romance and sentiment that is not offensive to the most sensitive onlooker. The romance of Lois Weber's films is rich in its utter naturalness.

If Samuel Goldwyn, in launching Gilda Gray on what will probably be her most ambitious effort to date, would utilize the imagination and deft artistry of Lois Weber on "Passionate Island," there is absolutely no doubt but that he would have a worthy successor to his "Stella Dallas." The future of Gilda Gray on the screen has vast potentialities and it is to be hoped that in her first Hollywood venture she might have the benefit and experience of a director such as Lois Weber who could more effectively interpret the fine phases of a "Passionate Island" than any male director we can bring to mind at this writing.

It is to be wondered why United Artists, Famous Players, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, DeMille or one of the other giant companies that are constantly seeking new blood and new perspective for their organizations have failed to avail themselves of the intelligence and experience of Lois Weber.

Hula-hula

Gilda or Clara?

Hula-hula. Hula-hula.

Right away everybody has visions of Gilda Gray.

But now Clara Bow, titian-haired exponent of It, is going to hula-hula some herself. Her next picture will be "Hula," a story of a hip-sliding lady from exotic isles.

This will give us a chance to compare "Hula" with "Aloma of the South Seas."

Who's the most popular . . . Gilda or Clara?

MENCKEN AND THE SILENT DRAMA

(Continued from Page 4)

critical scrutiny and are not disguised a whit by the voluptuous rigamarole of the theater presentation. To the populace at large they are also sadly apparent, to the extent of reaping enormous financial rewards, instigating further cinematic atrocities of like ilk, and thoroughly convincing the producer that art, intelligence, plausible story and other intellectual treatment is absolutely unessential to the production of photoplays. The apparent popular preference for the old wine in partially new bottles has throttled the chances for advancement in the silent drama.

This, strange to say, is not altogether the fault of the public. For whenever a producer has dared to make a picture that had the components of thought it has been as successful as any mediocre effort.

The gist of the whole thing is that the producer must be prodded to a consciousness that he alone is shaping the destinies of this industry and if today, with a ready-made audience of, let us say, twenty million, he makes a success of a picture that is prepared like a dish of goulash, then certainly, with a production of individuality and intelligence he will make at least twice as much with an audience of forty million.

If he has a vast ready-made audience today that is satisfied with what he gives them, let him remember that there is another great potential audience, whose feet never pass the threshold of a motion picture theater because they are awaiting the day when there will be something worthy for them to see.

Critics like Henry L. Mencken are doing more to point a way to the ultimate realization of a great art and industry than all of the alleged critics, of local or foreign origin, who spend their time heaping scorn upon their words.

Next Week :

"The Return of Griffith"

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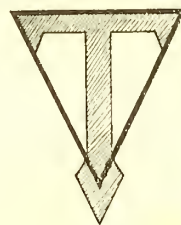
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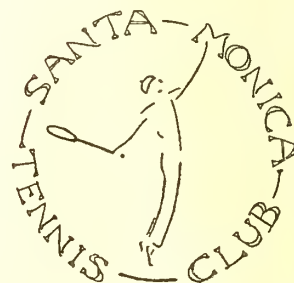
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The

Quality Filmpaper


 Edited by FRED W. FOX
 Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 14

Thursday, May 12th, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

BLACK IS WHITE

New Hoyle on polo, as disclosed in editorial memento from offices of Mr. Johnny Hines, comedian, Hollywood:

Johnny Hines is not a polo player . . . he takes to the game like a duck . . . he is by no means bad and may even join a polo club shortly to develop his game.

Hint to polo players: join the movies. See Messrs. Roach, Holt . . . or Hines.

Attempt to dignify the silent drama, as reported by the press agent of Mr. Robert Kane, film producer, New York City:

President Machada of Cuba will appear in Robert Kane's new picture, "Dance Magic," it became known today.

While filming a sequence showing the featured players boarding a Fifth Avenue bus the President of Cuba passed before the cameras as they were grinding.

UNLIKE ANYTHING

Subtle surprise in store for cinema seekers, as disclosed by Mr. Don Eddy, publicist, First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.:

. . . Langdon's new story . . . the plot is unlike anything ever attempted by a screen comedy star. . .

M-G-M, First Nat'l Meet; "Miracle" Tiff



JOAN CRAWFORD

She is the "Little Girl in a Big City."
See Page Five

Chiefs of Two Studios to Meet

Los Angeles will be the scene of two big film conventions next week when studio executives, sales officials and other heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation and First National Pictures congregate in two distinct meets to discuss films for the next year.

At the time these two organizations gather in conclave here the preliminary battle between First National and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer over the screen rights to Max Reinhardt's "The Miracle" will be well under way. The former is plaintiff and the latter defendant.

Among the delegates to the M-G-M meet will be Nicholas Schenck, J. Robert Rubin, Felix Feist and others from the New York offices as well as Louis B. Mayer, local studio head, and his aides.

John J. McGuirk, Robert Leiber, Richard Rowland and other First National powers will be present at the convention at the Burbank studios of that company.

"The Return of Griffith"

- TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Vagabond to Publish Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Edition Next Week

Stage Hits And Novels Are 50-50

The stage play and the printed novel will share honors on a "fifty-fifty" basis in forthcoming productions of the screen, according to indications based on production schedules at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Out of twelve plays on this season's schedule, six are stage hits and six novels.

The stage plays range from Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine," soon to go into production, to Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street," in which Maude Adams starred on the stage and Marion Davies is enacting in the film version.

"Old Heidelberg," Richard Mansfield's stage vehicle, is in the schedule, being directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Other stage plays that the public will see in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions this coming season are "Mr. Wu," Walker Whiteside's stage vehicle, with Lon Chaney in Whiteside's role; "Twelve Miles Out," with John Gilbert, and "Anna Karenina," Nazimova's stage vehicle, being filmed with Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez under the title, "Love."

Famous novels being filmed include Dorothy Scarborough's "The Wind," in which Victor Seastrom is directing Lillian Gish; Kathleen Norris' "The Callahans and the Murphys," Frederick William Wallace's "Captain Salvation"; Robert W. Service's "Trail of '98," which Clarence Brown is filming, and, of course, "Anna Karenina," which was first a novel by Count Leo Tolstoy, then adapted to the stage.

Besides these a number of originals, written directly for the screen, are in production, such as "His Brother From Brazil," with Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle; "Liberty Bonds," in which Monta Bell will direct Norma Shearer from his own original; "The Frontiersman," Colonel Tim McCoy's new

Next week will mark the appearance of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition upon the occasion of the west coast showing of this remarkable photoplay.

Although dated Thursday, May 19th, in keeping with the regular weekly date of the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, the Memento Edition will make its appearance upon the newsstands in Hollywood on Tuesday evening, the night before the debut of the "King of Kings."

Considerable time and painstaking effort has been extended by the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to make this Memento Edition one of the finest of its kind ever issued.

Stories of the filming of the "King of Kings," the motives that prompted its making, the hopes held out for its spiritual message to the world, the reaction its making had upon those employed in its production, mighty scenes from the picture itself . . . profusely illustrated, deftly described . . . compiled with sympathy for the high ideals of the picture and its producers . . . will distinguish the Memento Edition from all other similar editions.

It will sell for the usual price of Twenty Cents per Copy and subscribers will receive the Memento Edition without added cost.

Remember the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Cecil B. DeMille "King of Kings" Memento Edition . . . next week!

McCoy Pictures Boxer Rebellion

The Boxer uprising is the background of Tim McCoy's newest Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer story, as yet untitled.

Fritz Tidden Is Faro-Dealer Now

Life as a press agent seemed too monotonous for Fritz Tidden, press agent.

So he became a faro-dealer and joined the Klondike gambling coterie.

But it was only for the movies. Fritz, who is Clarence Brown's press agent, was used by that director in a scene for "The Trail of '98" and acquitted himself with aplomb.

historical drama, and a new mystery story on which Tod Browning, author and director of "The Road to Mandalay," is working.

Monty Banks Now At Metropolitan Studio

As a result of the Pathe-PDC merger, Monty Banks has moved from the Hal Roach studio in Culver City to the Metropolitan studios in Hollywood. Preparations are going ahead on "An Ace in the Hole," his next Pathe feature comedy. This will be the fourth in a series of twelve.

Western Actress In Kerry Picture

Betty Caldwell, who has been playing leads in westerns at Universal, has been given a part with Norman Kerry in "The Irresistible Lover" at the same studio.

Others in the cast are Lois Moran, Gertrude Astor, Myrtle Stedman, Arthur Lake and Lee Moran.

Ambitious Program Launched by Lasky

Ambitious plans have been announced by Paramount Famous - Lasky Corporation for the ensuing year. This organization will release 297 films between August 1st, 1927, and August 1st, 1928.

There will be 60 starring films and at least 20 specials, including "Abie's Irish Rose."

Paramount News will release 104 editions on the basis of two-a-week. Christie will offer 36 comedies on the program and there will also be 6 Edward Everett Horton funfilms; 5 Mintz novelty films; 26 Krazy Kat cartoons; and 26 "Out-of-the-Inkwell" cartoons.

"The Covered Wagon," giant James Cruze film, will be reissued.

The specials will include a Harold Lloyd film; "Beau Geste"; "Metropolis"; "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; "Underworld"; "Glorifying the American Girl"; "Make Them Love You"; "The Gay Defender"; four Emil Jannings pictures; two Fred Thomson pictures; "Chang"; and "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

The list also includes "Wings"; "The Wedding March"; and, of course, "Old Ironsides" and "Rough Riders."

Richard Dix will make four; Thomas Meighan, four; Clara Bow, three; Wallace Beery, one starring and others with Raymond Hatton; Bebe Daniels, five; Adolphe Menjou, five; Pola Negri, four; Eddie Cantor, two; Esther Ralston, five; Florence Vidor, four; four Zane Grey films; one W. C. Fields; five Jack Luden westerns; and three with George Bancroft and Chester Conklin. Fred Thomson will also make two pictures in addition to his specials.

Max Kimmich will direct Arthur Lake in a series of two-reel comedies at Universal.

Efficiency

By BURL TUTTLE

Like most everything else, efficiency can be overdone.

The experts in this field have just discovered that business men waste a good deal of time, white paper and typewriter supplies in being formal and polite in their correspondence. If it is not actually a time-saver, politeness is, at least, relatively negligible as a time-waster. So much time is wasted in so many other ways that it would be a waste of time to attempt to enumerate them, a fact that perhaps explains the experts' selection of business correspondence for attack—in addition to alleged wasted time, they can point to the waste of supplies.

The efficiency statisticians have figured the exact cost per mile or letter page of the formal address "Dear Sir." They know to a "T" what it costs the credit department to tinge its firmness with politeness, and they feel that politeness is mere wasted effort as well as wasted ink, paper and the like.

The trouble with the experts is that they are eternally experting; they feel that they are duty bound to go on uncovering the mistakes into which they feel they have been led by their natures.

Their standards are based on per unit per hour results and favor the direct and automatic methods of getting them. They don't care a hoot about the outsides and amenities that add pleasure, zest and even efficiency to the game of business.

In building a bridge, the engineer utilizes his knowledge of his materials when he figures strains, capacities and the like, but the efficiency experts who desire the elimination of politeness apparently have no idea about the source of the human qualities upon which they rely to carry their recommendations into effect.

Formal intercourse, politeness, the conventions, all have contributed to the development of the qualities which enable men to carry on the intricate operation of modern industry with reasonable efficiency. Moreover, the formal way is the short-

est, quickest and safest way of doing almost anything.

The shortest way from a southern point on the west side of the street to a northern point on the east side is a direct line, but if the traffic is heavy and fast-moving, the safest and the surest way across lies in the fact that the crossing is guarded by a traffic cop.

The analogy lies in the fact that the crossing is the recognized point for crossing the street and that when everybody submits to the formal way things get done sooner and better. Men used to kill one another with extreme courtesy and politeness; the code duello was very formal but it was efficient; it really represented the shortest cut to the desired end.

Nearly every game has its rules and formalities. To outsiders these rules may appear silly, but nine times out of ten they tend to save time and unnecessary explanations and bother. But the great value of politeness and courtesy in business comes from the contributions they make to the character building.

Like efficiency and everything else, politeness can be overdone, but the man who is polite in business reveals the respect for himself and the person with whom he is dealing.

This he must have if business intercourse is to be maintained on the high levels to which modern business leadership aspires.

Lasky's National Blonde Quest: Why?

We are informed that Mr. Jesse Lasky, astute vice president of Paramount, is inaugurating a "nation-wide search" for a girl with a "blonde personality" to play Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

The candidate can be either blonde or brunette, but she must have a "blonde personality," whatever that is.

Why this "national search," Mr. Lasky?

There is Mildred Harris, a blonde . . . and an actress.

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The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

Published every Thursday by the VAGABOND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 606 Taft Building, Hollywood, California. Telephones GRanite 4690 and GRanite 5902. 20c per copy; by subscription \$10.00 per year.

The Return of Griffith

After eight years David Wark Griffith has returned to Hollywood, the scene of his first motion picture triumphs.

Some newspaper reporter has prosaically declared that Griffith has returned to "end his career where he began it." But Griffith has not returned to Hollywood to end his career. He has come back to garner the full fruits of his many years of unselfish labor in the silent drama.

The return of Griffith is a symbolical return as well as a physical return.

It creates an edifying feeling within us to know that behind Mr. Griffith, in his new and auspicious plans, is the confidence, the sympathy and the power of Joseph M. Schenck.

The full sway of the Griffith genius has not been apparent since the days of "Broken Blossoms" or "Way Down East." Beleagured with financial problems and beset with worries that he should never have had to shoulder, Griffith has not been able to command that freedom of movement that is conducive to the best work of an individualistic genius.

In his new affiliation with United Artists, under the sagacious leadership of Mr. Schenck, it is assured that within the coming months there will be a reborn Griffith, fostering works wherein the deft touch and the dramatic artistry of the master will be apparent at its height.

There are many who bewail a Griffith lost in the rapid march of time. Griffith has not been lost; he has merely been submerged by hapless circumstances.

With the burdens of production details lifted from him by Mr. Schenck and the production chiefs of United Artists, the immortal Griffith will reassert himself.

There has been a sweeping change in Hollywood since Griffith left it long ago.

The place itself has emerged from a stripling town to a city. The small cluster of studios have grown into scores of giant producing communities, where production is computed in millions of dollars and thousands of employees.

The motion picture has evolved into the fourth industry since the memorable days of that first film epic, "The Birth of a Nation."

The nickelodeon has given way to the motion picture palace. Theater chains, with hundreds of houses, have supplanted the one-house exhibitor. Efficiency and volume have seized the photoplay. But, basically, it is the same. Its intrinsic worth must be judged in terms of imagination, of artistry, of popular appeal and of great personalities.

Of these personalities Griffith is still the greatest.

Not even the ignominy of years of hardship can take that from him.

He is still the master.

There is no other person in the ranks of the photoplay who has shown the glory of sentiment as has Griffith.

It has been evident in the greatest and the least of his pictures.

It stamped "Judith of Bethulia" as a great production just as surely as it created "Intolerance" as an undying epic.

Some have accused Griffith of employing hokum in his pictures. If he has employed hokum, it is because hokum is a part of life and because Griffith has been true to life.

Griffith has shown more people a sentimental understanding of life than has any other individual. There is nobody immune to whimsy, to pathos, or to reverence.

It is Griffith's understanding of all this that has set him apart as an unforgettable figure wherever motion pictures are shown.

For as long as human beings shall react to human impulses, so long shall Griffith live as a spiritual entity.

That alone immortalizes the man.

The measure of a man may be determined by the respect accorded him by his co-workers. For Griffith there has always been a warm affection in all who have known or worked with him.

It is his unconscious power of eliciting this loyalty that has done so much to solidify him in the popular regard.

Griffith, the man, retains the confidence and the esteem of his subordinates just as surely as he has carved his name in the annals of the photoplay.

This, too, neither time nor circumstance can destroy.

Griffith, himself, has declared that the studios of the giant film corporations, with their minute schedules and their demand for volume production, are illy suited to his temperament.

(Continued on Page 6)

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LITTLE GIRL IN A BIG CITY

... An Embryo of Great Drama

Every time we see Joan Crawford on the screen we think of a little girl lost in a big city.

It may have been her rather dolorous role in "Sally, Irene and Mary," when she first came to prominence in Hollywood, that has left this impression on us.

But it is there nevertheless, whether Joan is in sophisticated drama or an "Understanding Heart."

Her characterizations have represented her as a rather bland and apathetic figure in the silent drama.

But underneath it all one is aware of a worldly-wise understanding, the mask of the true actress.

Joan Crawford has all of the poise of a Pauline Frederick, but she is as yet an immature thespian. The few brief months since she made her bow have witnessed a remarkable development in her gesture and the general manner in which she carries a role.

If her progress during the next year is as consistent, she will have attained a place of distinction and value in the photoplay.

There seems to be a rather vague and experimental regard for Joan Crawford on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It may be that they

are allowing her to run the gamut from semi-farcical drama to dyed-in-the-wool melodrama to determine her fitness for certain vehicles.

Surely they must be more puzzled than ever. For she has acquitted herself with aplomb in all of these.

This young lady can troupe.

Where the rise of Sally O'Neil, who also was given her first role of eminence in "Sally, Irene and Mary," has been rather spectacular, the ascendancy of Joan Crawford has been somewhat unnoticed.

This may be due to the Hollywood propensity to pass lightly over any who have not emerged from the crucibles of a sensational debut.

The utter restraint that has stamped the new-found career of Joan Crawford does not smack of the Hollywood skyrocket tendencies.

Joan Crawford is a young actress who is stressing more upon the need of a foundation of experience and versatility and its resultant aspects of permanency.

The girl is apart from the coteries that can only be classed as either ingenues, vamps or lovely heroines.

One is conscious of a hidden strength in her portrayals and the feeling that she relies more upon innate ability than loveliness of visage or contour.



Fred W. Fox

The day has come in the motion picture industry when new personalities will take rein.

New blood, new technique, new ideas . . . that is the cry of Hollywood today.

It demands young men and young women of intelligence and talent. In its thirty years of progress, the evolution of the silent drama has brought it to the state of an industrial enterprise worthy of the mettle of any ambitious youngster.

The establishment of the films on a sound economic basis and the trenchant demand for its recognition as an international factor in art has drawn to it thousands of accomplished individuals each year.

The American girl, taking her place in the development of the photoplay, is perhaps more adequately represented in the person of Joan Crawford than by any other in Hollywood.

As we have said before, people are symbols.

Joan Crawford is the symbol of the American girl.

It will be interesting to see just what the coming year has in store for Joan Crawford.

Each of the bigger film corporations has, at this

writing, at least one new young actress on whom high hopes are being pinned.

Some have glorified the lady of the jazz age.

Some have symbolized the charmers of bygone days, when costumes and courtiers held sway.

Some have pictured a great variety of heroines . . . but practically all of them have elected to portray one particular type of femininity.

Joan Crawford has run the gamut from lolling ladies in parlors to gals out in the raw country.

Joan Crawford has given to her screen portrayals a touch of realism as well as romance.

She has made her heroines plausible and she has endured them with popular appeal.

That is the mark of a capable actress.

By that token she is destined for a great and glorious adventure in the realm of the unreeling celluloid.



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For Rex, Pinto, Tony, Silver King, Tarzan and other four-footed favorites of the silent drama have had a good horse-laugh on all who thought the horse would never have free rein in the cinema.

As is customary of other dogmas of the film studios it is now necessary for a potential gun-and-saddle star to have a sleek, shiny nag, lest he tumble into disrepute.

So let's sing . . . horses! horses! films are crazy about horses!

Will British Film, "Roses of Picardy," Equal 'Big Parade'?

Impressed by the great hit made by "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory," British film producers are setting out to equal, if not surpass, the records of these two American war films.

One of the most spectacular among these is "Roses of Picardy," which is being distributed by the Gaumont company of London. An intensive exploitation campaign has been launched to put it over with the British exhibitors and a big bid is being made for bookings in the British territories and dominions.

It is understood that "Rose of Picardy" stresses the British military participation in the World War and that the chances for bookings in this country are very slight.

It is very doubtful, therefore, owing to this English sentiment, whether the opus can even begin to touch the marks made by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and William Fox films, which were adapted to the countries in which they were shown.

With a great box-office title such as "Roses of Picardy," however, which is known to everybody, this film could have been an international hit.

DIED: Mr. F. Elt Hatt By Burl Tuttle

OBITUARY: Died, on May 12th, at 11:60 a. m., F. Elt Hatt, aged 244 days and some minutes, at his home, 1111 Cranium Place. Deceased was a prominent figure in Hollywood and all points north, east, west and south, usually being accompanied by a band.

Hatt's surviving relatives are his brother, S. Traw Hatt; a sister, Mrs. Fay Shunn, and an uncle, Dern E. R. Cree, all of whom are expected to maintain residences in Hollywood until August 31st.

Appropriate requiem services will be held at the local Chamber of Commerces, other chambers of commerce, the many stores of the Hatt family . . . or some handy ash can.

The epitaph reads:

"Wear straw while the sun shines!"

The Return of Griffith

(Continued from Page 4)

This was accounted for, to a great extent, in his hibernation at Mamaroneck, New York, for several years, where some of his most distinctive works were produced.

When Griffith returned to the sanctum of the giants later, it was evident in his work that he was not completely in accord with his surroundings.

While there may have been a sincere and conscientious desire to render him unstinted co-operation, yet the bustle and the magnitude of the atmosphere was not harmonious to his own methods of production.

The return of Griffith to Hollywood and United Artists will afford him his long-sought chance to make pictures in his own style and with boundless resources. Further than that, he will be financially compensated in the measure due him.

We have maintained for years, in the face of repeated denials and endless scorn, that Griffith would return . . . to Hollywood. Now our prognostication has been fulfilled.

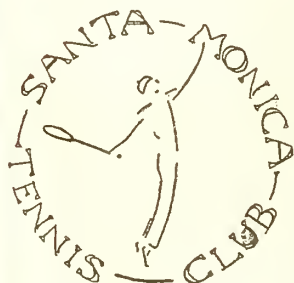
For years we have also maintained, in the face of adverse criticism that is even yet rampant, that Griffith would return . . . to glory. This he will do.

In David Wark Griffith we repose a steadfast faith and for him we maintain an undying admiration.

Griffith has been a dreamer . . . and a doer.

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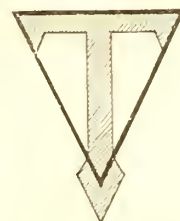
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The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY

20c

Volume I, Number 15

Thursday, May 19th, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.





CECIL B. DeMILLE, Creator of "The King of Kings"

Portrait by
Harold Dean Carter

Cecil B.
DeMille

"KING of KINGS"

Memento
Edition



S
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Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

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Cecil B. De Mille using an Eyemo in filming some of the special shots in his colossal production "The King of Kings" two scenes from which are shown in the Eyemo spy-glass viewfinder.

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Complete information on the Bell & Howell Cameras shown here will be mailed upon request.

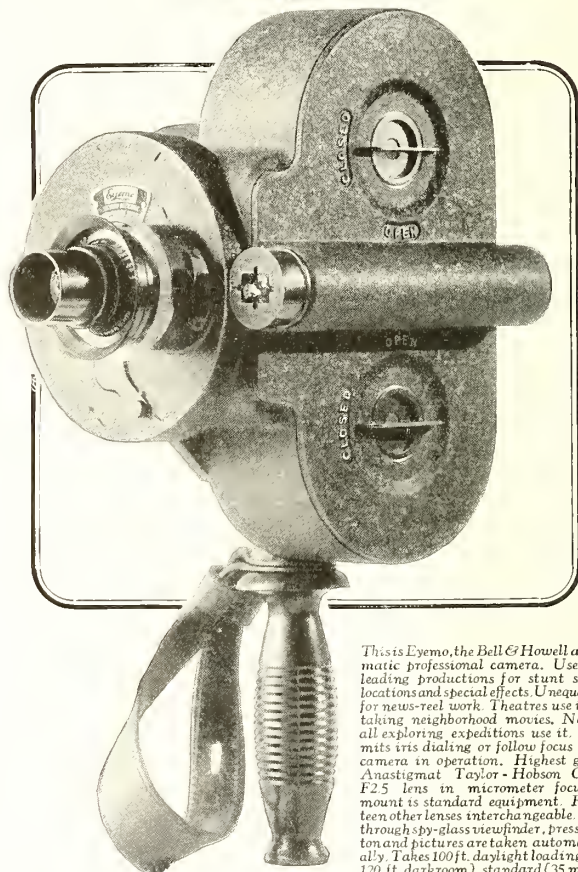


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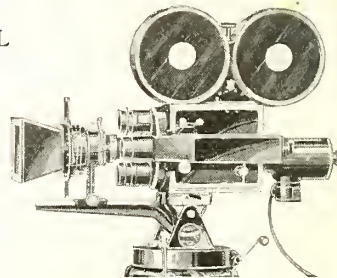
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How... DeMille Filmed the "King of Kings"

By PEVERELL MARLEY, *Chief Cinematographer of the "King of Kings"*

A MOTION picture photographer is really the optic nerve of the camera's eye.

With the marvelously precise camera of today, he is able to register on photographic film any scene the camera can "see." His problem is to make scenes visible in the best manner—to obtain the lighting effects that fit the scene to be filmed.

The lighting of motion picture sets is the interesting part of being a camera man. The mechanics of handling a camera are comparatively simple.

Every picture of "super" size new gray hairs to the cinematographer. "The King of Kings," however, has perhaps exceeded all other film productions in the matter of strain upon the camera department.

In the first place, every individual scene of this story of the Christ had to be reverent, true, emotionally powerful. The lighting must be perfect. The lighting must take its part in shading the emotional interpretations—but it must never be obtrusive. The lighting must have the quality of the great religious paintings with which the public is familiar; but it must be "dynamic" instead of "static" lighting.

In other words, we had only made a start when we had studied some five hundred great paintings of the Christ to learn the lighting and composition of the masters of the brush. For Da Vinci, Rubens, Dore, Tintoretto—all these were concerned only with still or static presentation.

Our lighting and composition must move.

Its elements must shift and change, and all with retention of quality and artistic lighting design.

—O—

Furthermore, every word of the

New Testament has been subjected to the microscopic examination of thousands of brilliant scholars. The last bit of meaning of every scene in which the Christ appears had been extracted through centuries of study.

Therefore it became evident that we could not be content with the usual camera equipment. Where pictures by the hundreds are "shot" with four to ten lenses, we used seventy-two for "The King of Kings." Some of these lenses differed only in the time the molten glass cooled or heated before the formation of the lenses, or in a slightly different technique used in the grinders of one lens company over another.

And again the matter of spe-

cial care as to the film in limning the delicate subtleties of the New Testament.

Where ordinarily one kind of film is considered sufficient we found it necessary to use seven, besides the colored film used by the "Technicolor" cameraman. And, with the exception of "Panchromatic," which gave special emphasis to shades and tints not picked up by the standard film for sunsets, and special extra-speed stock, the differences in most companies.

For instance, we used one film instead of another during the last scene of Christ on the Cross because a slight difference in the grain between the two kinds rendered our choice better for the pho-

tographing of the beautiful glow of light which envelops Christ during his dying moments.

It was a tremendous challenge and a great opportunity, this photographing of "The King of Kings."

It gave a splendid chance to prove that photography, always improving, advancing, can now definitely take its place as one of the vital elements in an emotional presentation.

—O—

In the case of any big picture which has big, impressive groupings as well as the smaller, intimate scenes, a cameraman's mind has to develop decided agility.

For instance, when lighting the Crucifixion sequence with all its significance, we had to interpret the best lightings of Dore, Rubens and others of the greatest artists, in the down-to-earth terms of just why the sun arc of millions of candle-power in a certain spot would give certain blacks, grays or whites; also why the addition of a "silk" or light silk shade, in front of a small spotlight would change the whole emotional significance or an individual actor's interpretation.

In lighting the Hill of Calvary, a tremendous setting of 48,000 square feet, 250 lights of 27,000 amperes were used and manned by 177 electricians.

It was in this gigantic set that we faced in very enlarged size the problem of "air texture" which arises but seldom and then in small, easily handled circumstances.

Mr. DeMille planned for an effect of outstanding terror in his reproduction of the earthquake and storm which took place on Calvary as related in Matthew 24:33 to 54.

An earthquake rends the ground, dirt is swirled high by the fierce winds, the atmosphere becomes impregnated with dust. A difficult task to photograph without showing "light streaks," for light reflects from dust, in fact, you will



DeMille and a battery of cameramen filming "The King of Kings."

How DeMille Filmed the "King of Kings"

never see a ray of light unless there is something in the atmosphere.

In this case, we must give the impression of swirling dust, without light streaks.

We must give the illusion of a storm, dark, gloomy, lightless—and still use enough light to permit its translation to the sensitized celluloid.

—o—

We worked for a whole day to get just one shot.

Huge lights were moved, moved again and yet again, sometimes only a few inches.

Shades of all kinds and varieties were devised to prevent streaks.

Before we could shoot a scene which finally looked perfect to the eye it was necessary to develop a short strip of it for a test. The camera catches things that the eye misses—in several instances our tests found streaks requiring further laborious moving and shifting of the ponderous equipment.

We were faced from the start with necessary that the Central

with one unusual problem. It Character at all times be brighter than surrounding objects or people—and this without making the effect a conscious one. The extra brilliance had to give the feel of an exceptional individual, without becoming pronounced or obvious. This is just one of the many unique problems which came in the wake of this pictorial story of Christ.

In describing, briefly, a few adventures with "atmospheric lighting" during the production of this unusual picture, let us survey, for instance, the difference between two kinds of suspense, the suspense before tragedy, and the suspense before joy.

—o—

The first is concerned with Judas from the time he turns traitor.

Insensibly the lights which depict his scenes draw out the shadows, longer and darker. Black supplants grays and builds its mental concepts of growing gloom, up through light the mind of the beholder has been carried along to tragic denouncement.

By this growth of suspense through the action smoothly, easily. The lights help to build up in him the wonder, "What's coming next?"

We reverse this with the scenes of the Raising of Lazarus. Deep funeral blacks lighten into grays,

lighter tones, as Christ consummates His great miracle.

Again we build an atmosphere of dynamic force,

might be joyful of the performance of a miracle of healing; another sad . . . the falling of the Christ under His burden. Where



A dramatic scene of Mary and John the Beloved at the foot of the Cross.

quick decision when Christ acts to cleanse the Temple. Here the lights are bright, the movements clear-cut, brilliant. We are not seeking for suspense here but onward action to the promises of great joy which Christ gives.

Likewise every detail is sharp, clear—when Satan tempts the Christ with the greater forces of the world spread out beneath them. Tempting indeed, the power of those flashing lances, those brilliant shields. Such a temptation could hardly seem so impressive under lowering skies, in the dull grays and duller blacks.

Along the Via Dolorosa we had

a succession of problems. This was a processional shot. Our Central Figure proceeded along a street, each section of which provided some new contact. One the change could be logically in accord with the reproduction of light as it would be out of doors, our lights and shadows must change to suit the mode of the story.

—o—

It has been my good fortune to photograph a number of Cecil DeMille's outstanding productions.

Of all these, however, and in fact of all the pictures ever made, I feel that "The King of Kings" sets a new record for unusual camera problems.



Cecil B. DeMille and Jeanie Macpherson discuss a scene during the filming of "The King of Kings."

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New York Critics Exert Zeal

in
Commenting
on the

"King of Kings"

By BURL TUTTLE

THE parade of big pictures across the screen has been augmented by Cecil B. DeMille's historical production, "The King of Kings."

Its engrossing visualization of the early struggles of the religious peoples, showing the pomp and power of the Roman Empire dominating the struggling, over-taxed and over-burdened disciples of Jesus, is destined to create a new high mark for the genius of this director.

Mr. DeMille, as usual, gets results from employing repression. He never sacrifices accuracy of outline to achieve some bombastic touch.

The life of Christ is so colossal in its dramatic sweep, so vital and picturesque, that it never fails to appeal to the imagination. DeMille has humanized the historical figures of the Bible. He builds his story deftly to a climax fraught with suspense. Some say that he sacrifices contrast. We see more of the struggles of those martyrs of Christianity than we do of the pompous court life of the Roman Empire.

In the main, the director has been faithful to tradition.

He advances his story by developing his characters.

He paints them in all their moods and fancies, thus effecting real dramatic conflicts. Even with the approach of the Crucifixion they are not subordinated to create gigantic scenes of color and movement.

The atmosphere is both educational and impressive.

As a whole, "The King of Kings" is a big picture, directed with admirable restraint by Mr. DeMille.

The following paragraphs are excerpts of opinion expressed by various critics at the world prem-

ier of "The King of Kings" in New York:

New York Daily News:
"The King of Kings," being DeMille's interpretation of the story of Christ, is a notable film achievement.

"It demonstrates once more—

in such a manner as has never been equalled—the magic of the motion picture; the genius of the camera; the dexterity of the scenic artists; the skill of the make-up department; the versatility of the wardrobe designers; the power of sympathetic, understanding handling of a huge cast

of players—players who are not merely playing in this cast but feeling and believing their roles."

New York Mirror:

"The King of Kings' is a symphony of beauty. Its scope is vast; its action dignified and momentous; its backgrounds a peo-

GEORGE E. CRYER
MAYOR



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May 2nd, 1927.

Mr. Billy Joy,
Publisher, Hollywood Vagabond,
605 Taft Building,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Sir:

Among all of the men that have achieved distinction in the motion picture world, none have attained greater eminence and distinction than Cecil B. DeMille.

His work has demonstrated that he combines with artistic ability of a marked degree, imagination that leads him to undertake and accomplish what to most men would be impossible. He easily occupies a place in filmdom's hall of fame, and thereby becomes one of Hollywood's foremost citizens.

Mayor.

pled mirror vitalizing gorgeous settings. Cecil DeMille, at whom more arrows have been bowed than any other figure in the cinema, achieves in 'The King of Kings' a great accomplishment. He does more. He gives the world the Christ again. Even the skeptics will melt and become human under the spell of this picture. No creed is championed, for the Christ believed in no creed. It is the epitome of drama, tact, finesse. Such is the beauty of this picture—an inspiration to those who undertook to give it to the world. An inspiration to all who see it. That's all."

New York Evening World:

"For beauty of photography 'The King of Kings' is superb; as a visual story of the life of Christ it is accurate and can offend no one; as a pure tragedy it has no equal on the screen. It is one of the few monuments on the high road to the Citadel of Motion Picture Art."

New York Telegraph:

"An attempt to review this

magnum opus purely as a motion picture would brand the critic forevermore. The theme is too mighty, the achievement too magnificent even for superlatives. A titan task has been accomplished, a task so stupendous as to be far beyond the mere conception of any but the noblest and the best. It has been divinely granted to DeMille to render one single service to humanity that transcends in spiritual value the combined accomplishments of seven saints.

"The King of Kings' is the ultimate."

New York Herald-Tribune:

"'The King of Kings,' as the distinguished director calls his picturization of the last three years in the life of Christ, was revealed as a handsome, dignified and generally tasteful photoplay spectacle, full of excellent acting and admirable pictorial effects."

New York Telegram:

"'The King of Kings,' with Cecil DeMille as producer, is a religious document which not only

follows the Bible with fidelity but, in one scene at least, brings out the stark drama and tragedy of the life of Jesus as the printed word has never done.

"We prophesy a ready acceptance of the picture by the public and church officials as an able pictorial version of the Bible."

New York Graphic:

"In all the years Cecil DeMille has been a part of the motion picture world he has never given anything that has approached in merit 'The King of Kings.' Nor does it seem probable that he will ever again reach the standard this picture sets. One of the most difficult themes, the story of Christ's passion and death is transferred to the screen with a solemnity and a convincing impressiveness that surpasses 'The Ten Command-

courage for its particular director both to undertake and to finish it, and I think that he may be partially rewarded on this earth and, let us say, in heaven. As a further tribute to its director, it should be stated that its groupings, its compositions, are marvels of beauty, and that its lighting, even in the obviously studio-made scenes, is as fine as ever came out of Berlin or Hollywood."

New York World:

"One looks first, then, upon 'The King of Kings' as being an extraordinary motion picture play, as nearly perfect a consummation of a big job as any cinema has ever been accomplished."

Variety:

"Tremendous is 'The King of Kings'—tremendous in its lesson.



One of the many huge sets erected for "The King of Kings."

ments' or any other picture of its type ever made."

New York Post:

"'The King of Kings' is essentially a series of still photographs, many of them striking in the extreme. It is very much like turning over the leaves of a large, elaborately illustrated edition of the Gospels, beginning with the latter part of Christ's ministry and going through the events in Jerusalem, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension."

New York Sun:

"Cecil B. DeMille's long awaited production of 'The King of Kings' is for the most part a dignified, reverential work and always a strikingly beautiful one. It took

in the daring of its picturization for a commercial theater and tremendous in its biggest scene, the Crucifixion of Christ.

"That scene alone, minus the crucifixion and of the storm only, with the ravages of God upon the Romans for the crucifixion of Jesus, as illustrated here by an electrical storm of high intensity, concluding with an upheaval of the earth, or earthquake, engulfing the peoples amongst the falling rock and earth as The Christ remained pinioned to the cross, with a dove circling around His Head, can carry the whole.

"There yet remains, though, so much that could and should be said about this Cecil B. DeMille stupendous outworking in celluloid of an inspired thought."

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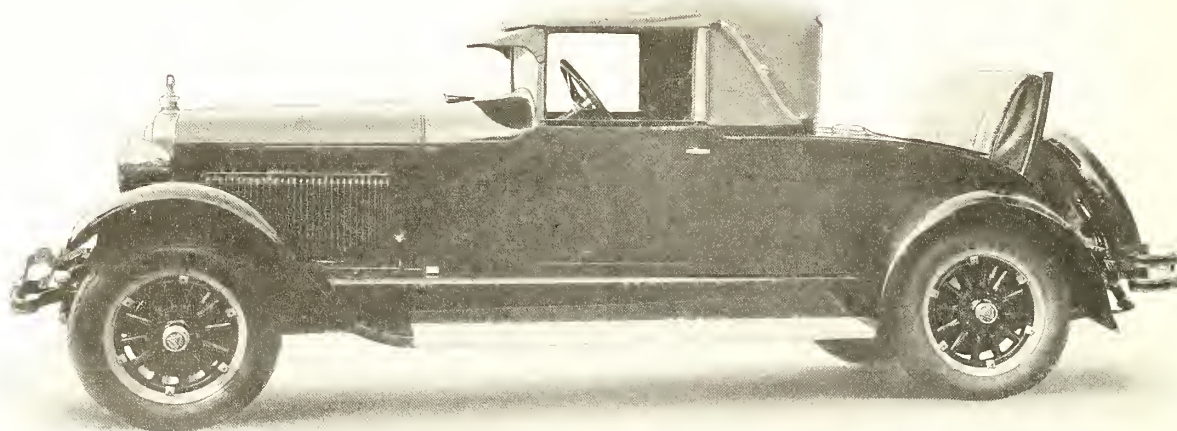
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"For now I know we shall today see him who may sit in the Siege Perilous, and shall achieve the Holy Grail. For as ye all well know, that holy vessel, wherefrom at the Supper of our Lord before His death He drank the wine with His disciples, hath been held ever since the holiest treasure of the world, and wheresoever it hath rested peace and prosperity have rested with it on the land. But since the dolorous stroke which Balin gave King Pelles none have seen it, for Heaven, wroth with that presumptuous blow, hath hid it none know where. Yet somewhere in the world it still may be, and maybe it is left to us, and to this noble order of the Table Round, to find and bring it home, and make of this our realm the happiest in the earth. Many great quests and perilous adventures have ye all taken and achieved, but this high quest he only shall attain who hath clean hands and a pure heart, and valour and hardihood beyond all other men . . ."

—Sir Thomas Malory.

—O—

In the world's treasury of legend there is no jewel as bright as the song of Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Grail.

To the child of tender years, reading Malory for the first time, it is a romantic inspiration. To the man or woman of mature intellect it is an allegory of profound beauty.

The story of Galahad, the fair-haired and youthful knight who achieved the Holy Grail, who passed serenely where the magic of wizards was impotent, is an ecstatic simile of life.

It is a song of the ultimate victory of virtue and the undying glory of good deeds. It is a rapturous object lesson for a world that is today lost in a swirl of materialism and prone to overlook the achievements of pure hearts and gentle souls.

The great-girthed knights of the Arthurian legend who thought their prowess at arms would win the Holy Grail for them are strangely reminiscent of the boobies of finance who believe that money can rule the world and that millions donated to vague charities now and then will win for them the grail of a good name in years to come.

The Galahad of the legend conjures up thoughts of the dreamers of the world who do good deeds with unselfish intent. They are the keepers of the Grail . . . the grail of happiness.

—O—

There is a Galahad in Hollywood.

He is a greater Galahad than the knight of the beautiful legend.

He is a Galahad in the midst of the ignominy of commerce; a man arrested by the beauty of his labors, not held captive by the potential financial rewards of his undertakings.

He is a Galahad zealously conscious of the sanctity of his efforts; and somewhat awed by the immense scope of the quest of his Grail.

This Galahad the greater is named DeMille.

—O—

Hollywood has unfairly criticized Cecil B. De-



Fred W. Fox

Mille in years past. Not only Hollywood, but the world, too.

DeMille is not a maestro of sex, he is not a votary of the lascivious, not a gourmand of voluptuousness.

He is a man deeply reverent and, withal, infinitely kind. He is shy; and somewhat melancholy. His is a sensitive soul, responding to all that is beautiful and fine. He is a man of moods and of gentle humor. His is a gracious and whimsical personality; tempered with the hope of making every person he meets a true friend.

There may be times when DeMille is in a stormy mood. That is not the real man. He is much like a little boy . . . wondering, enthusiastic, attentive.

—O—

DeMille has ego. It is not the ego of conceit. It is the ego of confidence. People who have that are fortunate. They accomplish things in the world.

DeMille would throw away a million dollars to create something that is edifying. But it would be his luck to make a million dollars on his venture.

DeMille is one of the few men in motion pictures who have successfully combined artistry with showmanly requisites.

DeMille has been pictured as the Great God of the "yes men." DeMille hates yes men.

DeMille is the type of man who believes in frankness, but he does not encourage it; his demeanor and gestures are too authoritative. It takes a man or woman of

courage and confidence to argue with Cecil B. DeMille. The man or woman who will do that will have won his undying respect.

He likes people who are genuine.

DeMille does not regard himself as the Absolute. He is a man strangely timorous about making mistakes, and aware of the human propensity to err.

We were slated to converse fifteen minutes, at the most, when we visited DeMille at his Culver City sanctum the other day. It was nearly two hours before we bid him adieu. It was one of our most enjoyable journeys.

DeMille waxed enthusiastic about the "King of Kings." He showed us countless numbers of "stills" and photographs from this latest spectacle of his. He told us of the ambitions he held forth for its spiritual message to the world.

Cecil DeMille has the urge to give something to the world that will surmount the mere status of photoplay entertainment. He has the idealistic promptings of a dreamer; but he also has the practical convictions of a doer.

The strange anomaly of a man who has made a fortune in the photoplay with earthy themes and now has the ambition to realize nothing further than satisfaction from a theme divinely spiritual.

In speaking to him one realizes that this is not a sudden or passing fancy; it is an urge that has been formulating and growing for years.

It antedates the heyday of his bathtub regime.

This is the sort of thing Cecil B. DeMille has always wanted to do.

DeMille spoke in a soft monotone.

"I find that the reactions of people all over the world are the same.

"Letters that we have received commenting on our various productions clearly indicate that the reaction of the Swede, the Hindu, the Italian, the Englishman . . . all are identical.

"People throughout the world love things that are sweet and idealistic. That is why the most saccharine mood of a photoplay will rarely offend them.

"In this picture we have not portrayed the Christ as a wan ascetic. We have shown him as a real man, a believable person, an

(Continued on Page 26)

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Histories that read almost like romances are those of the stages at the Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer studios, where, in the ever-changing array of scenes for different plays, castles, palaces, cabins and other scenes are

wrecked, rebuilt, and wrecked again.

Each star has his or her favorite stage, and as a result some very incongruous alterations have taken place in the settings as one picture supplants another.

For instance, where the majestic old castle in which "Annie Laurie" was enacted once stood, now there are a row of Texas shacks, built of scantlings and pine shakes—the locale of Lillian Gish's

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newest picture, "The Wind."

The stage in question is Miss Gish's favorite stage; on it were built scenes in "La Boheme," followed by the Puritan council hall and church in "The Scarlet Letter"—then was built the huge castle set in "Annie Laurie" and now it has been shorn of stone and masonry to accommodate the primitive shacks of the plains.

The arch built for "Ben Hur" was later used as a backstop for William Haines' baseball practice for "Slide, Kelly, Slide."

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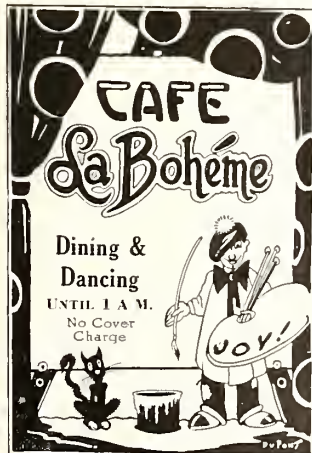


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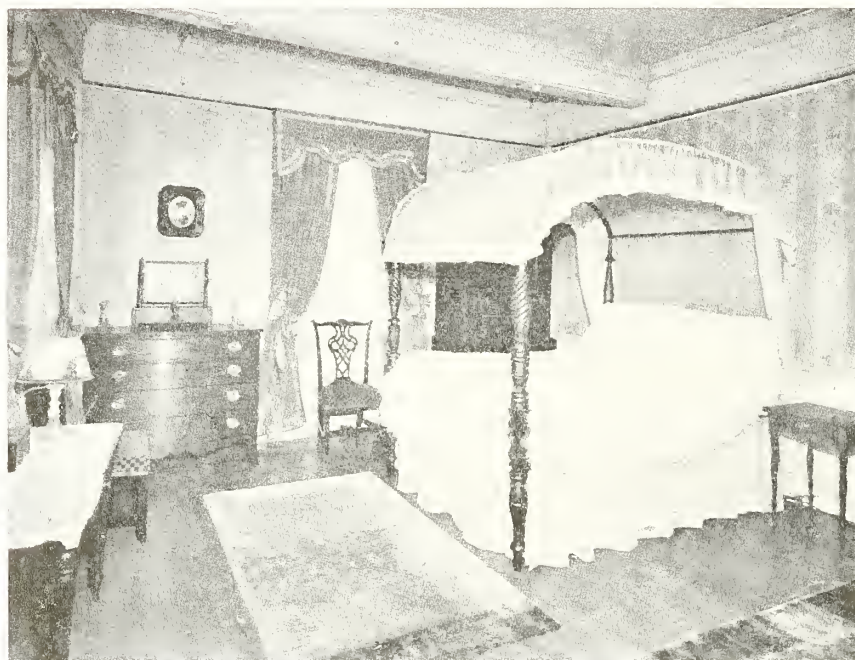
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from Depths to Heights *in the New Testament*

by JAMES MITCHELL LEISEN, *Art Director for Cecil B. DeMille*

It has been said that the stage and the screen really have only one thing in common. That is, the fundamental business of interpreting human emotions. Starting from the same point their methods immediately diverge and technique common to the two arts assume radically different forms, and bring essentially different results.

The screen, therefore, in adopting a technique which has gained great success on the stage in the last few years has done so in such a way that it is hard to associate the two as being the same. I refer to the use of different levels, steps, balconies, inclines and planes as a specific and definite factor in the development and intensification of dramatic situations.

The technique of levels in the theatre has given successful results by allowing the director to shift the action and concentrate the attention of the audience on one particular spot without an undue change of scenery. The "Theatre Arts Magazine" gives a very excellent summary of its value by saying, "Many levels and steps liberate action and give it a dynamic quality, which runs far afield of ordinary production methods." A good example is seen in the Moscow Art Music Studio's production of "Carmencita and the Soldier." Woodman Thompson has also employed this technique to great advantage in the new Actor's Theatre, production of "God Loves Us." Norman Bel Geddes and other designers for the theatre are using it to great advantage.

But, levels for the screen? Here it is given a different method of use. For you see where the stage may have only one or perhaps ten scenes, the screen will have from twenty to three hundred, and here is where the most marked difference between the

use of the same technique in the two arts will occur.

The director of a motion picture need merely shift his camera in order to concentrate the attention of the audience on what he wishes them to see at that particular point.

Levels, therefore, find their greatest value to the screen where it is necessary to have great mobs of people, and where a definite emotion is to be created by their ebb and flow and constant reforming into different designs, which will give the mob a definite rhythmic quality, and a continuous movement which cannot be obtained with a mere sea of heads on a level space. By this technique your central point of action may be legitimately raised high above the heads of your surrounding people, and given a dramatic punch which is not usually obtainable under ordinary methods of production.

So, therefore, if levels are to have their effects a story must be found which carries with it such continuous strength and power, such a vividness and investiture of settings as to permit the theory

to take its place as an integral part of the entire mosaic. Given such conditions levels become a sort of third dimension of the cinema, projecting and enhancing its interpretative powers.

—O—

I had hoped for a long time for a real opportunity to test the validity of this technique when translated for motion pictures, and when Cecil DeMille announced his intention of making a story of the Christ under the title of "The King of Kings," I realized that a most opportune time was at hand.

Mr. DeMille agreed to gamble on a theory which, if correct, could greatly emphasize the dramatic value of the tremendous scenes and situations contemplated. The arguments for this new theory were sound, though untried to the extent which we expected to employ them. I know of few men who could have so calmly placed \$2,000,000 be-

hind an idea which no one would miss consciously if absent, but which would subconsciously create an emotional thrill if present. It is much the same as the story of the old master who worked for two months painting and repainting one tiny bit of blue sky to obtain a color that satisfied him. Only an expert would be able to tell the difference between the final shade and those preceding. "Why," he was asked, "be so particular, the public will never know the difference." "They may not, consciously," was the reply, "but subconsciously the difference will raise that painting to greatness." We were in a similar position. If successful the uninitiated would never know what that juggling of sets had given to the success, but would only realize that their emotions had been profoundly stirred by the action of the huge mobs of people. Those who knew, however, would realize that Mr. DeMille, in having had the courage to go ahead with a more or less untried theory on a great scale, had given one more thing to the advancement of motion pictures to which he had already given so much.

It is obvious that in the New Testament we are given a score of dramatic picturings which allow the employment of this idea, and the three great sequences which best show its dramatic use are, the condemnation and trial of Christ before Pilate, the Via Dolorosa, and the Crucifixion on Golgotha, with its subsequent earthquake and storm.

The great problem obvious in all of these sequences is the treatment and handling of the mob to liberate their action and make something besides a senseless waving of arms and sea of bobbing heads. If we had handled them as is usually done, we would prob-

(Continued on Page 19)



"Suffer little children to come unto me." A beautiful scene from DeMille's picturization of the Christ.

Immortal

Mr. DeMille Creates a Motion Picture

IN PRODUCING "The King of Kings" Cecil B. DeMille has, of a surety, created the first motion picture destined for an undying universal popularity. The pantomimic interpretation of the Christus transcends the status of a photoplay of spectacular proportions or impressive theme, even though the story is known to the uttermost reaches of the earth.

By a sympathetic translation of the loftiest ideals of mankind, evading a hypnagogic picturization and reverential to all creeds, Mr. DeMille has presented to us an ecstatic and inspired rendition of one of the most beautiful chapters in human annals.

Under a less positive hand, the story could have been ponderous with allegory. It has an innocuous effect upon the more gentle senses and pervades one with a profound consciousness of something that is immortal in its beauty.

"The King of Kings" is the most effective work that has ever been conceived by DeMille, or for that matter, the vast majority of our picture makers.

From this day on his name is inalienably linked with this enchanting creation—a spiritual heritage that far eclipses the material affluence of DeMille or the flourishes of his bygone endeavors.

WE ARE reminded of the words of a certain Hollywood producer, who entered the industry in its earliest days, speaking of a photoplay of twelve or fifteen years ago that depicted, in certain scenes, the presence of the Christus.

"We were confounded for some time as to how we were to suggest His proximity. To utilize an actor, garbed in the pictured habiliments of the Christ, was a rash thought. We were told that this would not be tolerated. The Christ must not be actually shown. He must merely be suggested.

"Eventually, we decided upon a moving beam of light, passing to and fro, as the logical solution to this vexing situation. It was most successfully employed."

Today, in the face of a sympathetic depiction such as DeMille has given us, the problem seems somewhat absurd and the solution most naive.

DeMille has not elected to show the Christus as an ascetic, nor as a deity. He has cleaved to the fundamental understanding of a man among men and has offered none.

THERE will, of course, be comparative comment made on "The King of Kings" and "The Ten Commandments."

This latest work of DeMille has none of the theatrical gestures that characterized "The Ten Commandments," excellent picture though it was. "The King of Kings" does not reveal a propensity to inject a moral or to appeal to the melodramatic tastes.

It is a straightforward and reverent delineation of a theme and a character of universal appeal. The lack of theatrical gestures will only serve to heighten its value in years to come.

THE poignant Biblical passages are intensified in the photoplay. The gentility of the Christus . . . Gethsemane . . . the Via Dolorosa . . . Golgotha . . . the Resurrection . . . all touches and chapters that bring to the casual onlooker a clearer conception of His life and bring to the devout a fervor of joy.

In one fell swoop Cecil B. DeMille has achieved a more generous result for the cause of international amity and understanding than a myriad of missionaries traveling far countries.

"The King of Kings," with the international intelligence of the photoplay, will bring to all men the realization that the ideals propounded by the Christus are deep in the hearts of their fellow-beings.

Further, it will impress upon varied creeds the thought that although the path of the Christian, the Hindu and the Mohammedan may seem to deviate, in reality they all lead to the same ultimate realization.

IT MIGHT not, perchance, be amiss at this time to speak of the progress of DeMille.

As one of the very first to appreciate the possibilities of the silent drama, he has maintained, in the thirteen years since his advent into Hollywood, a consistent stride toward the development of all of the latent opportunities of the newest of the arts.

DeMille's evident disregard for financial limitations in the making of a motion picture is not a genuflection on his part to the creation of a bizarre notoriety in the popular mind. Wherever he has surpassed the ac-

Photoplay

Destined for Everlasting Glory

cepted standard of financial involvement, it has been done for an excellent reason.

The inherent desire on the part of DeMille to achieve the finest work is not to be bounded by the dogmatic notion of what expenditure should be allotted to the production of a cinema.

HOLLYWOOD has plentiful evidence, both in experience and certain specific photoplay failures, that it is not conducive to the best interests of an industry to tolerate the helter-skelter waste of money that has distinguished certain motion picture directors.

While vast amounts of money have been spent on DeMille's productions, there has always been a certain well-defined reason . . . sometimes a matter of box-office preparation; then again, perhaps the innate wish on the part of their producer to attain the finest effects.

To the inquisitive and calculating gentry of Hollywood, "The King of Kings" may represent, in its vast settings and plentiful assemblages of people, a new high mark in the production cost of a cinema. It will be a difficult task for anyone to calculate a "King of Kings" in the face of its tremendous effects.

To the layman, it will be revealed as a spectacle of gargantuan dimensions, yet the effects will merge, not with the sense of proportion but rather with the sense of infinite drama that is set therein.

These are things that are rather far-fetched, to a certain extent, for the commercial value of the "King of Kings" is assured by its universal appeal and aspects of longevity.

We speak of them merely because they have been brought to the public attention in what seems to be a rather inconsequential effort to decry the drama of the "King of Kings" as compared to its settings.

DEMILLE has progressed much further in his scant few years as an independent producer than in the decade when he was employed by a film corporation.

Possibly the greater latitude afforded for the expression of his own ideas has been an incentive for him to veer from the type of motion picture with which he first came into prominence.

Where, previously, DeMille has been merely a

prominent figure he is now, with "The King of Kings," an eminent figure.

This picture has revealed him as a man of great spiritual understanding and of deft artistic skill.

THE KING OF KINGS" is a triumph of Cecil B. DeMille and it is also a triumph of the silent drama.

For its majestic grandeur and its tremendous step toward fulfilling the destiny of the motion picture, Hollywood and the world owes a debt of gratitude.

"The King of Kings" will prove itself the king of photoplays . . . as immortal and universally beloved as He whom it portrays.

Hollywood, Calif.
May 11, 1927.

Mr. Cecil B. DeMille,

Dear Mr. DeMille:

"The King of Kings" is the world's most exalted message to humanity today.

I have viewed it and re-viewed it, each time with increasing awe.

It seems more than an achievement by man alone, accustomed as we are to the results of your genius.

More congratulations seem hopelessly inadequate to express recognition of such a sublime work.

I never have seen, in all my years of experience, such a masterful drama and such a beautiful and benign atmosphere maintained.

The world's greatest subject has been made into the world's greatest picture by the great director of tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Sid Grauman

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and his
"King of Kings"

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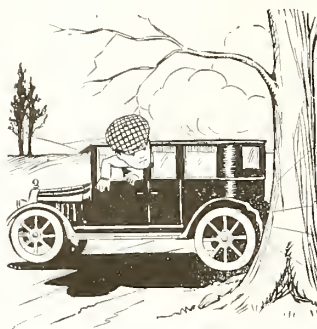
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from Depths to Heights in the New Testament

(Continued from Page 15)

ably have had in the first of the sequences a mass of people in a square, fronting the palace of Pilate, and would have been, of course, within the narrow limits of a flat surface, but by taking this square and raising it by a series of terraces, stairways and porticos on the facade of the buildings facing the palace, we were able to liberate the action and employ the people in a definite, although constantly changing, composition of great dramatic value.

The one thing discovered, however, in so placing the people, was that in addition to gaining all the physical power of numbers we gained many fields of action which would ordinarily be lost through the large, unbroken mass of humanity. Which meant that every individual became an integral part of the action and made it necessary to use, instead of the usual mob, a mob of individuals composed of famous players.

This liberation of action allows the audience to see at once the priests of the temple inciting the mob against Jesus, and allows the building of the emotion of this mob to become one continuous surging sea of movement, rising against the figure of the Man, and against Pilate, his only physical protection who did not have the strength of courage to face his own dismissal from power if he refused to condemn the Christ. The ascent and descent of the characters perfectly expresses their rise and fall in their station. The descent of the Christ from His place of condemnation into a mob that is crying for His life; the insecure position of Pilate held up on his elevation and protected from the venom of the Jews by a thin line of Roman soldiers; the constant physical ascent of the Hill of Golgotha, co-ordinating with the constantly increasing mental agony of the Christ; the final peak of emotion given by the center cross towering above the others. All of these are subconscious expressions of the definite emotions created by the story, and are made possible of visual expression by the use of levels.

On the "Via Dolorosa" the audience re-acts to the same emotions as the central figure of our story by their being made to walk with the Christ as He ascends His stony path. This is done by a moving camera which carries the audience along step by step, and I don't believe 20 per cent of the audience are going to be conscious that the camera is moving.

This moving camera liberated

the action of the mob by giving us a constantly changing field on which the individual emotions of the people are allowed full expression, and again called for the use of actors and actresses instead of atmosphere.

—O—

Study for a second the opportunity the Hill of Golgotha itself gives for dramatic action, and how short a space of time there really is to crowd every-

thing necessary into the footage that could be given to this episode. Here again levels come to our rescue, in freeing the people and allowing us to put twenty individual scenes into one.

To do this, however, it meant an endless amount of study, designing, and discussion, the building of a model, which was thoroughly discussed by Mr. DeMille, Miss Macpherson and myself. Every shift of level, every sudden

drop of a path, every outjutting rock was specifically and painstakingly placed in reference to action required at some time or another during the sequence.

The arrival of the tragic procession; the raising of the three crosses; the dramatic placing of the Madonna and the Magdalene; the taunting priests; and the triumphant Caiaphas who was at last to see his enemy perish; the start of the dreaded storm; the death of the Christ; the flight of the people, headlong, tempestuous; the opening of the earth and the engulfing of human beings. This involves a great deal of action, intense action, action that must move, change and shift and still maintain the composition of great design, so that through all the flight of hundreds of people we would never for a moment lose their dramatic value and emotion.

The amount of planning this required was stupendous and meant the employment of the best artists obtainable in order that no conception or idea which would have a dramatic effect would be overlooked, and credit without end must go to those men whose individual artistry made possible the composite results.

Designs of Dan Sayre Groesbeck, Anton Grot, Harold Miles, Julian Harrison, were each fitted into their place in the complete mosaic of a picture of tremendous beauty.

A beauty that so thoroughly fits the mood of the picture, however, that its appeal is subconscious and does not distract from the tremendous drama of a Man who gave His life that the world might know the truth.

My heartfelt thanks must go out to the hundreds of my assistants, whose sincere belief in the ideas we have used have made those ideas a successful and integral part of "The King of Kings."

Ideas in which there was but one thought, that each item from the smallest to the largest should be worthy of its great and exalted subject.

Congratulations to—

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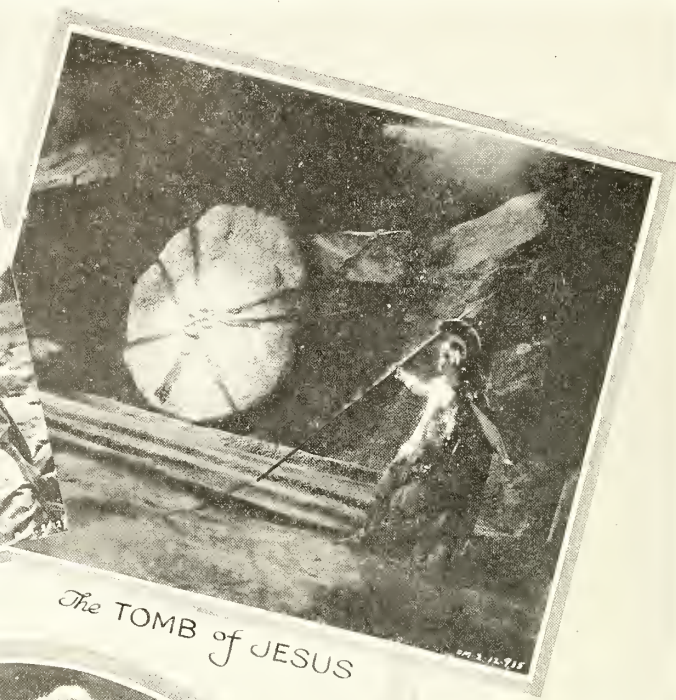
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Modern Judases

By Burl Tuttle

THE "highbrow" walking up and down the earth and viewing the works of the Creator with il-concealed disdain does not approve of the motion picture.

Indeed he assures himself of his ineffable superiority by heaping ridicule upon the screen. With curled lip and haughty eye he decants upon the motion picture and upon the common people who favor it so much.

These men, who thank the Almighty that they are not as other men, go through life like a shell. They give nothing, they take nothing, but live for themselves alone. I do not wonder that they have no use for the motion picture and its appeal to the masses.

One of these modern Judases, in the guise of "Dramatic Critic," recently poured the vials of his sarcasm upon the screen version of the life of Christ, produced and released by Cecil B. DeMille under the title "The King of Kings."

"Very little left of the popular version of the Bible accepted by the masses," he stated in his critique. Then he indulged in this little sneer: "The motion picture producer will take the Book of Job next; they could make a good deal of Jobs boils."

The life of Christ, before it was filmed, reposed on the shelves of the libraries. All its profound wisdom and philosophy, all its poetic beauty, all its passionate preaching of love and truth was shut up between two covers of leather. Consult the librarian and he will tell you with regret that the book is little read.

Our hurried lives, the battle for daily bread, gives us little time to absorb and enjoy the treasures of literature.

The motion picture in the past has taken half of the great and good things in literature and has visualized them for the general public. The imperishable charms and beauties of Homer and Dante, and Shakespeare have, by means of the screen, in some degree at least communicated to the great

masses who never had the advantage of academic training.

The story of the life of Christ is being presented in films for the benefit of millions who never had any adequate conception of it before.

Why belittle or why refuse to appreciate this glorious power and this wonderful influence of motion pictures? If "The King of Kings" succeeded in no more than giving a faint reflection of the life of Our Savior to the motion picture audience a great thing has been accomplished by Mr. DeMille. If the filmed version does no more than to stimulate interest in the story it may mean the finding of a new source of inspiration for many a soul that otherwise might have gone through life uncheered and uncomfirmed.

A man of really broad mind with a spirit friendly to humanity takes kindly to the masses. To him that medium looks best which has the greatest influence and the largest audiences. Imperfections may well be overlooked for the sake of what is vital in the message.

All the real progress of our race has come through reaching the greatest possible numbers. The treasures of the world's literature are not merely for a chosen few.

Time was when a manuscript was the precious possession of one man or one family or one little group of men. Then came printing and the book was read by thousands where the manuscript never passed out of one narrow circle. The screen makes the feast of knowledge even more general. Everybody is invited, everybody inspired and everybody learns something.

A medium which reveals and visualizes for the masses that which otherwise would be merely the scholar's delight should not be sneered at—least of all by a real scholar.

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Editor



Mr. Fred Fox,
Hollywood Vagabond,
605 Taft Bldg.,
Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Mr. Fox:

There is always a place in filmdom for publications which will join with us, wholeheartedly and sincerely, in moves and attitudes calculated to advance this great industry of ours.

I have been much interested in your statement of motives along this line and my best wishes are yours in the work of building the "Hollywood Vagabond".

Please accept my sincere thanks for the courtesy of your special "King of Kings" issue.

Very truly yours,

Cecil B. DeMille

A Task Well Done

If my ambition was to be a baseball player, I'd want to be a Christy Mathewson.

If my ambition was to be a pugilist, I'd want to be a Jack Dempsey.

Or if my ambition was to be a painter, I'd hope to be a Rembrandt; if a musician, a Beethoven, or if a sculptor, Michelangelo.

By the same token, if it was my ambition to be a motion picture director, I'd want to be a Cecil B. DeMille.

It would be my ambition to set for myself a goal of such high ideals and worth that, even should I fail to ultimately achieve it, yet it would be an inspiration and a satisfaction to me for having sought it.

To be sufficient master of one's self to take scripts such as "The Ten Commandments" or "The King of Kings" and carry them to an idealistic fruition in such a manner as has Mr. DeMille is in itself worthy of the homage of the motion picture industry.

This then, our memento edition of a task well done, is merely a feeble expression of our appreciation of Cecil B. DeMille and his noteworthy achievement.

Proof o' the Pudding

The greatness of many so-termed screen "epics" disappears once the advance claims of press agents have subsided to the results of critical scrutiny.

With the "King of Kings," however, Mr. DeMille has not only created an epochal motion picture but he has also definitely proven to the industry and the world that the supposedly blasé dramatic critics of the daily press appreciate real achievements.

Never, to the best of knowledge, has there ever been such an unanimous flow of praise for a photoplay as has been poured upon the "King of Kings." Many critics have indulged in such brilliant and laudatory phrases that it is to be wondered whether or not they will reach such heights of enthusiasm again in the entire span of their critical endeavors.

The warm reception that has greeted Mr. DeMille's work should be an incentive to other producers to attain the same great heights, if for nothing else at least to bask in the limelight of equally fine critical lexicon.

Mr. DeMille has demonstrated that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

ODE

By *A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy*

We are the music-makers,

And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,

And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties

We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story

We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying

In the buried past of the earth
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

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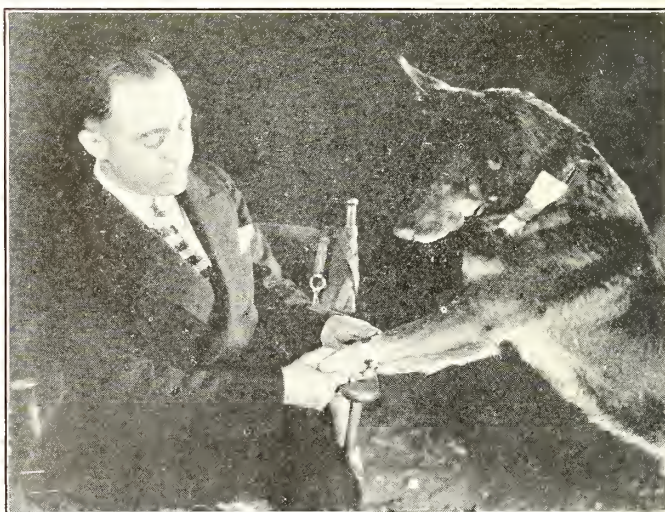
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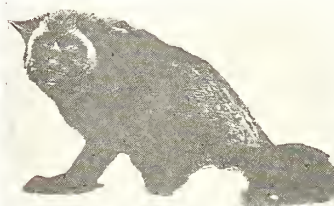
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"The King of Kings" in the Orient

By
EDWIN MEYERS

(Formerly associated with the
Madan Theatres, Ltd.,
Calcutta;
now of the Universal
Scenario Staff)

With the pen of human understanding, dipped in an ink of ineradicable strength, Cecil B. DeMille has used the face of the Earth as his booklet and has written across its pages, in the stout, bold letters of a universal language, the story of mankind.

Not only has he written . . . but he has carved out each letter with a sharp, flaming chisel and a mighty hammer, so that the message contained thereon shall remain everlastingly as a thought and inspiration to the different races and creeds of the world.

What will be the reaction toward "The King of Kings" in the countries east of Suez?

To know the mind of the Orient is to delve into the mysteries of the ages. To the Orient "The King of Kings" will carry a tremendous spiritual message.

ROD LA ROCQUE
HOLLYWOOD

November 15, 1926

Harold Dean Carsey, Esq.
2435 Laurel Canyon
Hollywood

Dear Mr. Carsey:

I must take advantage of this opportunity to thank you for the beautiful studies you made of Miss Del Rio and me.

The photographs actually thrilled me, and the ten years I have devoted to photography, in an amateur way, have fortunately taught me enough to fully appreciate your work. It is, indeed, gratifying to have a sitting (usually a dismal affair) turn out so well.

It will probably interest you to know that each and every one of the photographs has already been placed; to use a common expression, "they went like hotcakes".

I am sincere when I say that I look forward to posing for you again.

Best always,

Rod La Rocque

Rod La Rocque

7056 Lanewood Avenue

The races of the Far East, especially of India, are dreamers and ascetics . . . mystics ingrained with a great love of the dramatic and a desire for spiritual ascendancy.

They are a people of two minds . . . one the mind of a child; the other, the mind of the ages wherein aeons and cycles of time have left in their wake stories of civilization long forgotten before the birth of Rome.

It is the mind of the child that will be awed and spellbound by the unfoldment of "The King of Kings."

The mind of the ages will recognize it as a revelation.

In India today there are approximately four Hindus to every Mohammedan . . . and there are more Mohammedans than the entire population of all of Britain's possessions exclusive of India. To these millions of the East, "The King of Kings" will speak in understandable lexicon. It will bring the masses together in a unity of thought and understanding.

Mr. DeMille has not pictured the Christ as a symbol of Christianity, or the King of the Jews, but rather as a symbolic figure of an Ideal . . . the Representation of every creed in the universe.

To the Mohammedan "The King of Kings" will be the age-old story of Mohammed.

To the Hindu it will be the story of Krishna.

To all creeds and races of the Far East, as of the Occident, it will be the interpretation of a Figure that has prompted each and every religious construction.

"The King of Kings" embodies vast possibilities for the enlightenment and the mutual appreciation of all peoples.

Thus it will transcend all barriers of race, tongue and creed and become a potent factor in the destinies of mankind.

HOLLYWOOD
VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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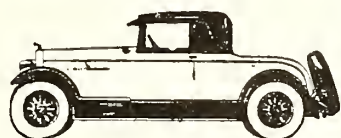
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Congratulations to Cecil B. DeMille and his "KING of KINGS"



JACK GARDNER

The Greater Galahad

(Continued from Page 11)

ideal within the visual scope and reach of humanity.

"It was He who admonished us, 'Go out unto all creation and spread the gospel.' For centuries mankind has been trying to spread the gospel of good-will unto all corners of the world. Creeds, religions, sects . . . all have come and gone for years. The world is looking for a spiritual message that is based upon the collective religious tendencies of all men. The Christian, the Hindu, the Mohammedan . . . all have something in common in their various religions.

a message so beautiful that it cannot help do good for the world. It will arouse the emotions of mankind. It is the supreme message to spread the gospel unto all creation, for everybody can understand pictures.

"I do not say these things from the standpoint of Cecil B. DeMille. I speak as an infinitesimal part of a great undertaking. It is not a DeMille spectacle; it is the 'King of Kings,' the work and the inspiration and the soul of many people who have been profoundly

Cecil DeMille stirred in his chair and regarded the distant hills with a gaze of reverie. The sun was emerging from the dark bank of rain clouds and touching the peaks with dashes of fire and color.

DeMille was silent. His eyes dwelt on the glory of the distant horizon in melancholy contemplation.

This, then, was Cecil B. DeMille.

This was the soul of a man who reacted to spirituality, friendliness, unselfish ambition and the pink-fingered etchings of a twilight sky.

This was the soul of a weaver of dreams.

This was the soul of a Galahad . . . whose Grail was the happiness of mankind.

What greater Grail has the world than that?

This article, reprinted from the March 17th issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, was written at the time Mr. DeMille was putting the final touches on "The King of Kings."

"We have tried to make the 'King of Kings' a spiritual message of world-wide interest. Its entertainment value is assured. It is a spectacle of moving beauty from the showman's viewpoint. It is massive and colorful.

"But underneath it all, there is

moved and have given of their talents generously.

"My eagerness is not for a 'King of Kings' that will make millions of dollars; it is for a picture that will live and be an inspiration to the world. Mankind will be the judge."

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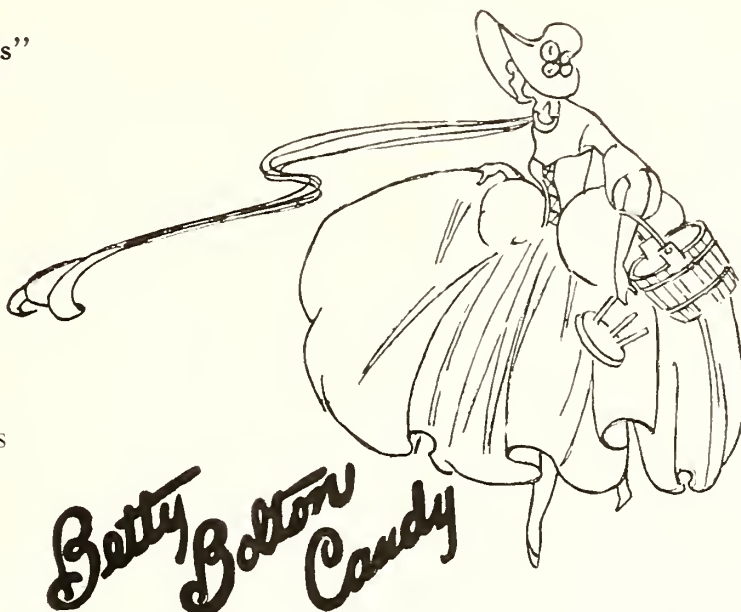


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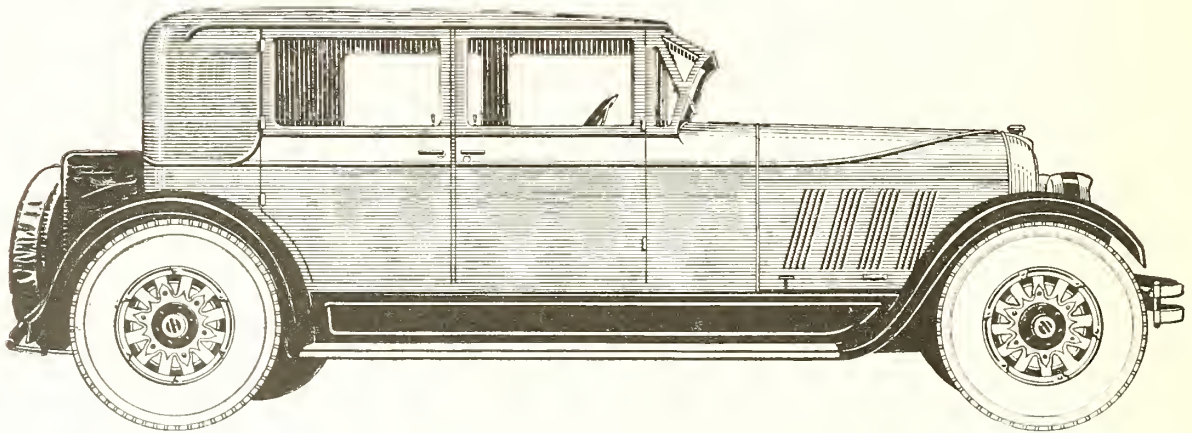
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The

Quality Filmpaper



Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume I, Number 16

Thursday, May 26th, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

NOTES ON ACTING

Thespic might as disclosed in First National publicity bulletin:

"Announcement will soon be made of new starring vehicles for Milton Sills, Billie Dove and Ken Maynard . . . stories that are exactly suited to their personalities and great acting ability. . ."

REALISM IN FILMS

Note on how to attain realism in the production of silent drama, as disclosed in copy of enterprising young Hollywood press agent:

After several unsuccessful attempts were made to film this scene, Director Weight secured the exact realism by offering \$100 to the firemen if they were successful.

MR. LASKY SPEAKS

Exultant diapason from publicity of the Paramount studio, Hollywood:

"The studios are stretching out their arms and crying constantly for new faces, new ideas and new methods . . ."—Jesse L. Lasky.

FERTILE BRAINS

Voluptuous praise for George Fitzmaurice, director, as expounded by First National press agent:

On the First National list of specials will be several from the fertile directorial brain of George Fitzmaurice, etc., etc.

Rumor Changes Near at First Nat'l Studios



JAMES CRUZE

He is "Hermes with a Megaphone" of Fred Fox's sketch. See page Five.

Claim Shifts Near As McCormick Quits

That a far-reaching shake-up is imminent at the Burbank studios of First National was the gist of reports flying up and down Hollywood Boulevard last night as news of the resignation of John McCormick, production manager, spread.

According to these rumors, many who are now in power at the studio and were brought in at the beginning of the McCormick regime are due to step out soon.

While no definite announcement has as yet been made by Richard Rowland, First National chief, as to McCormick's successor at the studio, it is generally believed that Al Rockett, now associate producer, will take over the job, assisted by his brother, Ray Rockett. They first came into prominence with their production of "Abraham Lincoln," and, until recently, were managing the New York studios of First National, now closed.

In the meantime many erstwhile smug jobholders at Burbank are wondering what is going to happen.

“The Movies and Politics”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Vagabond to be Host at Gala Night Ray West Banquet at Cafe Lafayette

Mack Sennett Cashes In on Harry Langdon

Harry Langdon got his start in the movies under Mack Sennett, so one cannot begrudge the poobah of pulchritude the opportunity to cash in on his erstwhile protegee.

Yet the masterful maneuver just executed by Sennett with "His First Flame" cannot pass without at least this brief comment.

Langdon made two-reelers for Sennett until the day came when bigger and better opportunities as a comedy star in feature length opuses beckoned to the whimsical Harry. As a parting gesture, perhaps, to the Glendale Boulevard comedy chieftain, Langdon made a six-reel picture, "His First Flame," a story of fiery hearts and fire engines.

Then Langdon bid adieu to his Sennettic haunts and hied himself to the studios of First National. He made "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," then "The Strong Man," and, most recently, "Long Pants." All this time Mack was carefully nurturing the can of film that held "His First Flame."

Now, with Langdon near the zenith of his popularity, the astute Sennett has released his Langdonian production and is, conservatively speaking, mopping up.

From all of which we observe, it's an ill wind that blows no one good.

Malcolm MacGregor has been signed by Universal to play the leading male role opposite Lya De Putti in "Buck Privates."

Next Wednesday night, June 1st, will be the greatest night of the year!

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will make its social debut at a brilliant dinner dance, the first of many Vagabond functions, as host to Ray West and His Orchestra upon their return to Los Angeles after a triumphant tour of the Orpheum circuit and upon the inauguration of their engagement at Harry Miller's beautiful Cafe Lafayette, opposite Westlake Park.

Lew Cody, greatest of 'em all, will act as master of ceremonies. If all who have evinced a desire to be present that night live up to their threats it is assured that Harry Miller will have to add another floor or put new hinges on the doors the next day.

Ray West first came into prominence with his syncopators, favorites of the Hollywood film colony, when he was engaged at the Hotel Alexandria and, later, went out on the air over station KFI, Los Angeles. His popularity and that of his boys was augmented when he made a brilliant debut at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel later.

Featured with Ray West and His Orchestra at the Wednesday night gala festival will be beautiful Manilla Le Mori, the "Jada Girl" who took New York by storm when she introduced the song of that name. Miss Le Mori will add to the night's festivities with a number of her snappy songs.

Harry Miller, in bringing Ray West to the Cafe Lafayette, has once again demonstrated his ability to satisfy the discriminating popular demand for the highest type of entertainment and the traditional excellent cuisine of the Cafe Lafayette should insure a banquet that, together with the other superlative features of this greatest of nights, will put Wednesday, June 1st, down as one of the red letter night of Hollywood social annals, to be remembered for many years to come.

Reservations for this gala night of feast and song should be made to Harry Miller, Cafe Lafayette, opposite Westlake Park, telephone DRexel 4763, or to Mr. Joy, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, 605-606 Taft Building, Hollywood, telephone GRanite 4690 or GRanite 5902. The charge will be \$3.50 per person, including covert.

Don't forget . . . next Wednesday night . . . all Hollywood will be there! Make your reservations early!

Wm. Powell in
'Beau Sabreur,' Too

William Powell, who was seen in "Beau Geste," will also be in the film sequel, "Beau Sabreur," according to a Lasky announcement.

Perrin to Make
'U' Two-Reelers

Jack Perrin will appear in thirteen two-reel westerns for Universal. Bruce Mitchell directs the first, "Blind Men's Bluff."

8 Famed Scribes To Aid Paramount

Eight noted authors and playwrights have been signed by Paramount to come to Hollywood and write screen stories.

Ernest Pascal, author of "The Dark Angel" and "The Marriage Bed," will prepare a story for Florence Vidor.

Wilson Meizner, co-author of "The Deep Purple," will write an original story of back-stage life in New York.

Jack Larrie, author of "The Easy Mark," will write an original for Thomas Meighan.

Oliver H. P. Garrett, star reporter of the New York World, will write an original crime melodrama.

Kenyon Nicholson, author of "The Barker," co-author of "Love is Like That," will write an original story, "The Tent Show Girl," for a star to be named later.

John Thomas, author of "Dry Martini," will write an original for Adolphe Menjou.

John Kirkpatrick, author of "The Book of Charm," will write a story of adolescent love, and Nunally Johnson, author of "Rough House Rosie," will write an original for Clara Bow.

Tom Reed, former publicity chief at Universal Studio, has been signed to a long-term contract as a scenarist at that studio.

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The RETURN of the Manassas Mauler

In the midst of the Pickfords, Fairbankses, De-Millies, Griffiths, Joe Schencks and the thousand and one other colorful and internationally famous celebrities that have brought it fame, Hollywood points with a gesture of pride and confidence to one who is as truly one of ours as the most beautiful actress, the most finished actor, the most brilliant director or the most sagacious producer.

Where Hollywood is not prone to regard its myriad famous children with more than a casual interest born of close cinematic perspective, this one figure commands its excited attention at all times.

This is Jack Dempsey, the most popular fighter that has ever stepped into the squared ring.

Jack, whose hail-fellow-well-met carefree camaraderie is known the length and breadth of movieland, is today the center of more popular interest than any ten leading motion picture figures. The Manassas Mauler, who hammered and smashed his way from obscurity and poverty to international fame and fortune, is on the verge of the most spectacular chapter of his spectacular career.

For Dempsey is about to return. —O—

There are things that Hollywood senses with a pro-

phetic instinct. The fate of a certain player on the first night . . . Hollywood can prophesy far ahead of the world, sometimes ahead of the player himself. An instinct, an intuition, call it what you will, but Hollywood rarely goes wrong in its predictions.

Hollywood is today sensing the triumphant return of Dempsey.

—O—

It was a warm day, with the sun beating down on the hillsides at Matilija Springs. Towering reaches of mountains soaring over the deep canyon where the bubbling waters of the creek eddied and murmured. The verdure of early summer fringing the banks and sweeping over smooth stone.

—O—

He was out there pummeling a negro sparring partner with those terrific, swift sallies. The rushing, savage Dempsey whom the world had thought was gone. This was the slugger of Toledo, the battering ram that had smashed the mighty Firpo . . . bronzed, lean-sinewed, clear-eyed.

The Dempsey of Philadelphia and Tunney was merely some gaunt ghost from a forgotten past.

The Manassas Mauler was returning.

—O—

We heard a flat-visaged sparring partner somewhere near us . . . "there's no man

on earth, I don't care who he is, who can stand up against that baby today. Dempsey is sure comin' back" . . . he was a young giant with a battered nose and a cut eye. He had come out of that same ring a few moments before.

The kaleidoscope swept on. Others who climbed in that ring, fresh and confident, to be shuttled and crushed by Jack the Giant-Killer.

A half-hour later, Dempsey climbed out of the ropes, perspiring freely but still fresh. The human battering ram paused before us with a friendly hail. We talked. About Hollywood. The Vagabond. Actors. Everything but fights.

The world will talk about that when Dempsey returns.

It will be something to talk about for years.

—O—

Dempsey, personification of brute strength, is a strange medley of human emotions.

In the ring, with the heat of battle at its height, he is a ferocious, tiger-like savage.

In the hush of a summer twilight such as this, seated on the doorstep, eyes intent on distant hills . . . a grown-up boy, rather shy and plaintive.

One is forever conscious of a deep-seated desire in Jack Dempsey to make friends.

The return of Dempsey will be a psychological surety as well as a pugilistic triumph. The world has always liked Jack. But since the day he lost his crown, three fans have stood where one stood before.

Dempsey has been created as somewhat of a martyr by the public. Popular sentiment is for him. It is an urge of which he is conscious and with which he will keep faith.

Dempsey is coming back.

A scant few months from now the world will herald the return of the Manassas Mauler.

Jack Dempsey . . . of Hollywood.

Not So Bad

By BURL TUTTLE

What Hollywood needs today is a little auto-suggestion of the right sort, a little Coueism applied to its economic comeback. Every day Hollywood and its leading industry, motion pictures, is getting better and better.

There is today only one real obstacle to complete restoration of business and industry, and that is a purely mental inhibition—the present psychological trend toward pessimism. We listen to the agitators who line Hollywood boulevard and thrive on unrest and make a living by preaching it.

But let it be noted that this gentry agree only on one thing—that everything is all wrong and must be changed, or the motion picture industry will plunge into disaster. Each has his own nostrum, his own scheme of reform which offers the one and only way out. There is seldom any unity of opinion on the extreme left, and just now there is less than ever.

Long after the gale has died down, after the lightning has ceased, and after the furious storm god has departed, the sea is restless and troubled, as if in memory of what has been. So it is now with public opinion. It is turbulent, but with the turbulence of the after-the-storm.

If we can cultivate a calmer, more confident spirit, we shall find the processes of social and economic recuperation will be greatly forwarded. The film industry is going on steadily, but it may be helped by a saner and more wholesome mental attitude.

Wages are higher than for many a decade. There is a job for everybody that is willing to work. The American dollar is the best coin made in the world. We have more actually and more per capita than ever before in our history. There is more production scheduled and actually under way than a year ago.

Under the guidance of Joseph M. Schenck and other acknowledged leaders, the industry is moving along to greater things. The building of new studios, the remodeling of old ones and the reorganization of producing companies is in full swing.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

Published every Thursday by the VAGABOND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 606 Taft Building, Hollywood, California. Telephones GRanite 4690 and GRanite 5902. 20c per copy; by subscription \$10.00 per year.

The Movies and Politics

If it is true that the press wields a potent influence on the political destinies of the nation and the world, it is certain that the motion picture exerts a stimulus equally powerful.

Yet the fourth industry has not demonstrated, through legislative channels, any tendency to share in the official adjudication of its manifold problems as has the fourth estate.

Censorship governs the contents of newspapers and magazines, but it is a moot question as to whether or not there is more latitude in the official limitations set upon journalistic enterprise than in the regulations governing motion pictures.

The recent federal monopoly quiz into the affairs of the Zukor organization was certainly dissimilar from anything of the nature that might have involved a chain of newspapers. It is rumored that the impending merger of certain theater chains is being held in abeyance until the anti-trust aspects of the proposition have been fully determined. The last decade of growth of the cinema has not found any notable spokesman for the cause of Hollywood in either the local or national congresses. In the city of Los Angeles, whose eminence may be directly attributed to the presence of the film industry, it appears that the photoplay is regulated, insofar as civic rights are concerned, by a group of legislators totally unaffiliated with the silent drama and with no particular concern regarding its destinies.

The only executive in the industry who has manifested any apparent interest in the legislative rights of the industry is Joseph M. Schenck, who, since his arrival in California a few years ago, has attained a prominent position in the political circles of Los Angeles and California. There are others who have evinced a casual and spontaneous curiosity in the political status of Hollywood at the various seats of government.

With all of its rather apathetic and sometime maligned features, the newsreel has done much to foster an international understanding for America, even as it has created a sympathetic regard in American eyes for the peoples of alien lands. In this status of a semi-official plenipotentiary, the newsreel alone should have earned for the entire industry a more tolerant legislative regard for the rights of the cinema as a whole. Yet a most stringent censorship prevails

and there is a rather dolorous contemplation of Hollywood at Los Angeles, Sacramento and Washington.

In England and Germany, nations intent upon nuturing their film industries to compete with American output, the governments have developed an official or semi-official subsidy to insure the greatest freedom of movement upon the part of the cinema.

Hollywood, in its various productions, has extolled the American, his government, the nation's military and naval institutions, the natural resources of the country, and divers other aspects that present the American species as the ultimate work of God.

Yet the citizenry continues to gloat in Hollywood two-gun exploits and the various legislatures take keen relish in introducing laws and by-laws intended to pummel the silent drama into the ignominy of an industrial serf.

The only reason Hollywood has failed to realize the full measure of its political rights is because it has elected to entrust alien hands with the protection of its inherent privileges.

As soon as Hollywood will take cognizance of its vacant chairs at the different governmental assemblages and extend its influence to place a representative there, then only will it realize that the solution to many of its ills is through the channels of legislature.

Until that time the only protest that Hollywood can make against unfair censorship or trodden rights is through the organs of its critical spokesmen which, after all, is somewhat ineffective in the rendezvous of the political potboilers.

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It was in the lobby of a big hotel.

Two sleek-haired and self-satisfied actors were in the midst of a heated conversation. Suddenly one burst out with, "Say! whaddye think you're gonna do; out-run Nurmi or make a picture with Cruze? You're too slow, boy, too slow . . ."

—O—

James Cruze, without a doubt, can make a good picture in a shorter period of time than any other director in the motion picture business.

The traditional rapidity of his filming cannot be attributed to carelessness; all of his pictures bear the mark of a sure hand and very often, a stamp of lavishness.

Even with such giant spectacles as "The Covered Wagon" and "Old Ironsides," Cruze takes less time than any other director delving into the realm of super-spectacles.

Cruze knows what he wants before he goes on the set. Once he gets there there is not one unnecessary gesture or a lost moment.

He gets 'em in the can quick.

—O—

"The Covered Wagon"

"Let Me Protect You"

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made a popular sensation of James Cruze.

We, however, discern more of the man's real touch in such productions as "Beggar on Horseback," a whimsical masterpiece, "Ruggles of Red Gap" or "Welcome Home," none of which were adequately appreciated by either the public or the industry itself.

—O—

When one visits Cruze in his palatial home in Flintridge, he can always be found imersed in the cavernous depths of a huge easy chair, well nigh the size of the covered wagon itself.

Cruze listens and watches. He speaks rarely and when he does, he has something vital to say.

One has the same feeling when watching one of his films, be it a "Covered Wagon" or a "Beggar on Horseback" . . . that there is a tremendous reserve of thought and expression for each iota that is evident.

—O—

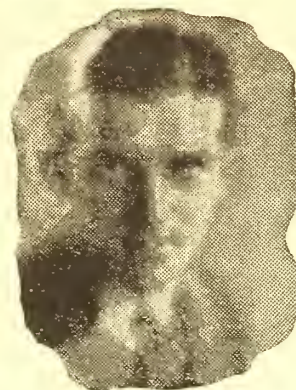
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Fred W. Fox

a giant. When he looks at you, there is a sense of power behind the scrutinizing eyes.

Cruze's father, a pioneer of Utah, was seven feet tall and weighed over three hundred pounds. They say that he could lift a thousand pounds on his back.

It is from him, perhaps, that Cruze inherits the surety of physical strength and mental power.

He may not have ever shouldered a thousand pounds, but he has shouldered the responsibilities of many big film undertakings and carried them with confidence and ease.

—O—

Cruze became a motion picture actor with "The Million Dollar Mystery" in New York. Soon he had become one of the most popular leading men of the early films.

Once, when working with the Tannhouser company in Florida, Cruze made seventeen pictures in seven days. In fact, they made one picture be-

tween 6 in the morning and 1 o'clock that afternoon.

Maybe it was there that Cruze was nurtured with the idea of making 'em quick and sure.

—O—

Cruze has made many noteworthy pictures as a director during the past nine years. Among them, "Hollywood," "Merton of the Movies," "The Fighting Coward," "The City That Never Sleeps," "The Goose Hangs High," "Marry Me" and "The Pony Express," in addition to those already mentioned and others.

He is now directing Thomas Meighan in "We're All Gamblers."

—O—

Because of "The Covered Wagon," the public has come to regard James Cruze as a moulder of giant epics. The motion picture industry, too, has been prone to look upon him as a director dealing with huge screen subjects and has overlooked the subtle humor and the deft whimsy of his other remarkable photoplays.

—O—

If for nothing else, Cruze's name will go down in Hollywood history as the man who demonstrated that a director who knows his business can combine speed with talent and precision to produce consistently fine silent drama.

—O—

The names of our Griffiths and DeMilles are incomplete without the name of James Cruze.

—O—

He makes 'em quick and sure.

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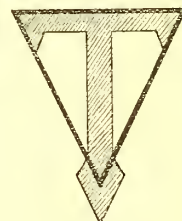
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Will Fitzmaurice Top "Dark Angel?"

"The Dark Angel" was one of the most impressive pictures ever made and, according to most critics, the finest directorial work of George Fitzmaurice.

The recent announcement by First National that Fitzmaurice would direct Colleen Moore in the screen version of "Lilac Time" has created great interest in Hollywood. Many sharpshooters declare that Fitzmaurice will top his previous war film.

At the same time one wonders whether the deft directorial touches of this megaphone wielder will be subdued to the Moore personality.

Universal Changes Title of New Film

"Grip of the Yukon" has been substituted for "Eternal Silence" as the title of Ernst Laemmle's current Universal picture.

On finishing "Hook and Ladder," F. Harmon Weight will go to Universal to direct.

Gloria *versus* Norma

*But United Artists
Cashes In*

According to the latest inside information Gloria Swanson is the biggest money-maker among film stars of the feminine gender, being very closely followed by Norma Talmadge.

They say the returns on Gloria's pictures look like the balance sheet of the U. S. Steel Corporation and that the money drawn to box-offices by Norma runs a close second to the German indemnity.

While there may be much interest and excitement among exhibitors and laymen over this close-run contest, there can only be wreaths of smiles on Joe Schenck's face.

For after all, United Artists cashes in, with either Gloria or Norma in the lead.

Fazenda, Cook To Make Gob Picture

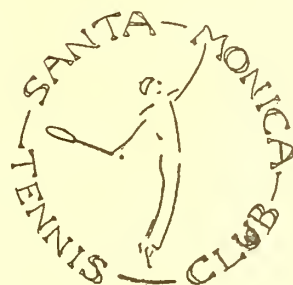
"A Sailor's Sweetheart" will be the title of the next Louise Fazenda-Clyde Cook film for Warner Bros.

Gilbert Warrenton Now With Universal

Gilbert Warrenton will have charge of the photography on the Universal production, "Viennese Lovers."

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The

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Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 17.

Thursday, June 2, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

"NEVADA" IN UTAH

Garbled geography as disclosed in publicity from Mr. Zukor's Paramount press agents:

Film players, cowboys, horses and camera equipment by the carload have left Hollywood for the open spaces of Utah where Zane Grey's "Nevada" will be made.

THE BABY'S GROWIN' UP

This lusty baby, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, is only four months old . . . but oh my! It sure is growing, growing, growing and g-r-o-w-i-n-g!

Especially since the Cecil B. De Mille "King of Kings" Memento Edition two weeks ago, the increased demand for contract advertising space in HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has been enormous.

We can't let these enthusiastic advertisers squeeze us poor scribes out, though. So we're going to add four pages; and more just as soon as they're needed.

That means we'll have to doff our nice, rough pamphlet paper and use smooth, coated book paper, so HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND can be assembled neatly. This week we're using our same old cover; but on June 16th, two weeks hence, the baby will blazon forth in its new bright-hued paper dress, now being tailored in Chicago. This hot color will knock you for a loop . . . and how!

Chain Theatre Clutch Tightens; War Nears

Fox-Publix War; West Coast Move

That the clutch of chain theaters is tightening in exhibiting end of the film industry is forcefully demonstrated in several maneuvers of the past week.

William Fox, who recently acquired the new Roxy Theater in New York for an enormous sum of money, has decided to invade the Chicago loop with a Roxy theater, according to reports, and S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy") is now laying plans for the giant house. Experts declare this is merely the first move on the part of Fox to challenge the leadership of Zukor's Publix Theaters.

Another mid-west move of strategic political importance is the rumored deal whereby Finkelstein and Ruben of Minneapolis are angling to get the Saxe circuit of Wisconsin, making a total of over 150 houses if merged.

West Coast Theaters of California are spreading toward the east and it is believed that eventually this local company, together with Publix, will dominate the chain theater field throughout the nation.

But, then again, William Fox is no slouch. . .



FLORENCE VIDOR

She is "Democracy's Duchess" of Fred Fox's sketch. See page Five.

“More Money for Salesmen!”

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

British Editor Flays "Meretricious Entertainment" of American Films

"Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Such is the wail of the hapless idealists of Hollywood who, visioning photoplays of rare artistic beauty, are scornfully advised to "make pictures for the box-office; forget those arty ideas."

Enmeshed in a whirlpool of "box-office," "snappy titles," "names," and a welter of commercial idioms, many pioneering spirits of Hollywood have been suffocated by the never-ending desire of many producers to adhere to silly dogmas that supposedly insure "successful motion pictures."

That there is balm in Gilead, however, is shown in the accompanying editorial from "The Bioscope" of London, leading British film trade journal, which vigorously flays the tendency of American film producers to "shape the story with one eye all the time on the showmanship angle" and heralds the dawning day when "a public tired of being gulled by meretricious entertainment dressed up with senseless

exploitation punches will show its displeasure of the offending parties in no uncertain fashion."

The theaters of America, with their growing lackadaisical audiences, have certainly been "gulled by meretricious entertainment" for many years now. As yet the boobelariat of this nation has failed to "show its displeasure" and if the British populace is on the

(Continued on Page 11)

"An Imported Fallacy"

(Reprinted from "The Bioscope," London, England, issue of May 12th.)

As has so often been pointed forth from these columns, showmanship is an art that can, because of the peculiar situation of the patron who has to form a general judgment of the film before entering the theatre, exercise such an effect in audience numbers as really to make the difference between financial success and failure.

We employ our adjective advisedly, for the reason that, by virtue of the previously-mentioned circumstance of buying seats on trust, there is a distinct possibility of the film's appeal not measuring up to the standard promised.

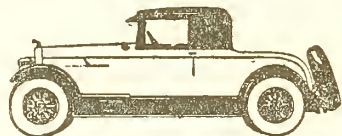
Judging from quite a number of the American subjects trade shown lately, the biggest fallacy which trans-Atlantic producers ever made seems not only undiminishing but actually on the increase. An example, which we mention merely in passing, is where an insipid and pointless film has been given rather a catch-penny title, which the scenarist has capitalized by linking up with a prefatory quotation from a celebrated literary writer.

For the most part British producers have eschewed such pseudo-showmanship, although, unfortunately, it cannot be denied that one or two fits of mental aberration have resulted in the creation of mediocre films the only selling point—and more than a dubious one—of which was a tie-up with a principal in a cause celebre or the title of some neurotic work.

Far from these practices being confined to the above-given examples, however, they mostly centre, in America at least, around the inclusion of incidents of which their correlation to the story is more often than not extremely difficult to determine; that they possess showmanship possibilities of a kind is the only thing not in doubt.

Amounting almost to a mania, there has for some time in America been a wave of unworthy ingenuity in shaping the story with one eye all the time on the showmanship angle. From the viewpoint of art, these practices are condemned at once; but that is not our main bone of contention, for it has to be realized that the cinema makes its majority appeal not to art-lovers but to entertainment-seekers.

In this last consideration British producers have justified themselves and will, we hope, continue so to do. The day is dawning when a public tired of being gulled by meretricious entertainment dressed up with senseless exploitation punches, will show its displeasure of the offending parties in no uncertain fashion.



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Puritan Legacy

Newspaper reports the other day carried the statement that Brookline, Mass., a city of 47,000 population, has no movie theater.

It is said that five years ago, when a vote was held on the movie theater proposition that the vote in favor of a house for the silent drama was hopelessly squashed by the puritanical element. The films are regarded in Brookline as an undesirable attraction for children and young people and, as a result, residents of Brookline who seek the pleasure of an occasional photoplay are forced to visit nearby towns in order to fulfill their desires.

While this may seem somewhat shocking to certain elements of Hollywood that are prone to consider the motion picture as a universal need, as a matter of fact Brookline is only one of many cities, towns and hamlets that are bent on keeping the motion picture out.

The smug bluenoses in Brookline no doubt consider it a more sanctimonious pastime to sit in the corner grocery and twiddle thumbs over scandalous gossip.

Hollywood and the motion picture industry is not at all affected by such perverted virtue and is amply rewarded by the sane enthusiasm that marks the presence of the photoplay in the myriad cities of the world where people use their heads for something else than hat-racks and in the metropolitan and urban communities of America where the privilege of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is not obliterated by a false notion that the photoplay is a cloak for satanic sorcery.

Monty Banks Making Great Headway as Fun Feature Star

The film industry has been so busy watching the competitive activities of Chaplin, Lloyd, Langdon, MacLean and the other big laugh-and-yell men that it has paid scant attention to Monty Banks.

However, the time has come when Hollywood will have to regard Monty with more aplomb if the reports of the box-office sleuths are correct.

As a star in Pathe feature comedies Monty has been setting a new pace with "Playing Safe" and "Horse Shoes," and it is believed that "A Perfect Gentleman," his newest opus, will hang up a new record.

Optimism

By BURL TUTTLE

Hope is the promissory note of life on which the principal never matures — while Optimism represents the coupons on this note that enable you to collect compound interest.

Optimism is Hope brought down to the present and applied to the thing you expect to tackle next. You may be able to make a success without Optimism but it comes easier when you have that indomitable faith that success is sure and certain.

Hope is that intangible and eternal faith that is possessed by all—but Optimism is an individual quality which can be acquired and developed just the same as systematic exercise will develop the muscles.

The man with a pessimistic attitude often has to work twice as hard to gain success as the man who goes out with absolute confidence that he will win—and when he does fall down he suffers under the burden of a double failure which makes it much harder for him to "come back" than the Opti-

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mist who can see only the bright side of every day's work.

If you feel there is a chance for developing your Optimism, start in training now and go out each morning with your head up and your eyes fixed on victory—practise the pright outlook in every word and gesture — carry plenty of ointment of good cheer wherever you go and see how much smoother things will run for you.

The only pessimism that is justified is that which comes from feeling that you have not been square with yourself in the efforts you put forth.

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More Money for Salesmen!

Is the film salesman, glib knight of the canned drama, entitled to more money for his labor?

This is the question raised in a recent issue of "The Film Salesman," a four-page weekly bulletin published in New York, whose editor writes to HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as follows:

Dear Mr. Fox:

I wish to call your attention to a letter written to "Film Salesman," the organ of Film Salesmen, Inc., by Jack Bellman, manager of Hollywood Film Exchange (New York).

This letter expounds a matter of the most vital importance to the industry. Your co-operation, therefore, with the organization, by giving the letter space in your influential periodical, will materially help correct an ailment that is becoming more and more malignant as time passes.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. W. GOLDSTEIN,

Editor "Film Salesman," Commonwealth Exchange,
New York City.

We are happy indeed to comply with this request for a helping hand.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is unalterably in favor of increased compensation for film salesmen, or for that matter, any workers of the motion picture industry whose efforts contribute toward generally increased prosperity in the film business and whose compensation is perhaps not consistent with their efforts.

It is a hard task at best to sell film in this day of chain theaters, distributor-owned houses, keen competition and whatnot.

There are many in Hollywood who labor under the delusion that the successes of many pre-eminent photoplays in attributable to their production genius alone. As a matter of fact, many photoplay flops have been saved from the junk heap by energetic salesmen, who have bent superhuman effort toward the profitable marketing of product, oftentimes sadly inferior to what might humanly be expected.

Where motion pictures of unusual texture have been produced, the lowly salesman has ventured into the highways and byways of the world, into metropolises and tank-towns and boosted the sales quota far beyond the wildest expectations of exacting executives.

Every once in a while we of Hollywood hear of a picture, pronounced a hopeless mess at the studio, which has gone out into the distributing realm and garnered fat profits merely on the strength of great exploitation and clever salesmanship.

The greatest picture made in Hollywood will live or die on the efforts of the men who go out to sell it. If an epic comes from a studio and falls into the hands of incapable salesmen, then it is just too bad. Likewise,

if a tawdry film goes out and not only returns its production cost, but a fleet of Rolls-Royces, well, then, our film gods should get down on their knees and offer hosannas.

Is that what they do?

Hardly so, to judge from this:

A MERE SUGGESTION

By Jack Bellman,

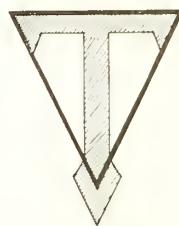
General Sales Manager, Hollywood Exchange, N. Y.

I have read many fine letters that have appeared regularly in the "Film Salesman." Many of them I find to be of the stereotype and abstract kind. Most of them concern the efforts of the selling branch of the industry. But not one of them regarded the compensation of the film salesman—a matter that is of the greatest importance to the business, since it affects the exchangeman, the exhibitor, and ultimately the producer.

The matter of compensation has never had the attention it should, merely because no one had the resolution to bring it up and make an issue of it once and for all. The exchange manager was content to let well enough alone, and the sales manager at the home office has never given a thought to the fact that by paying the salesmen a salary commensurate with the amount of business brought in it would redound in considerably more revenue to the company. Therefore, the matter has been thought of only momentarily and eventually forgotten.

The film salesman, to be candid, is the lowest paid

(Continued on Page 8)



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Fourth Chapter of "New Blood" Series to be Published Next Week

In next week's issue HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will publish the fourth chapter of its sensational series, "New Blood in Motion Pictures," a critical survey of the many new players, directors, executives and others in the silent drama.

The attention of the entire theatrical world has been riveted on these symposiums and HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND each week receives numerous letters regarding the different new persons discussed.

You cannot afford to miss any of these chapters. One is published every few weeks.

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"Academy of Motion Pictures" May Emulate Ancient Craftsmen Guilds

The newly organized "Academy of Motion Pictures," headed by Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Joseph M. Schenck, Louis B. Mayer and many other leaders of the photoplay, has aroused discussion everywhere.

This fraternity, with its avowed intention to foster an extensive interchange of ideas and discussion of various industrial and social problems affecting Hollywood and the film business; and with its expressed determination to foster the highest intellectual ideals of the silent drama, may be likened to ancient craftsmen's guilds, which occupied a similar position in the industries of medieval times.

For years there has been a sad lack of unity of thought and action in the photoplay. Each producer, player or other craftsman of the motion picture has elected to solve his own individual problems in his own fashion, with little or no attention to the possible affect upon others likewise engaged in motion pictures.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Academy of Motion Pictures will do much to alleviate the friction and lack of understanding that needlessly terminates so many otherwise pleasant affiliations in the film industry.

Composed, primarily, of powerful factions of Hollywood, it is to be hoped that the judgment on different problems presented to the Academy will not be restricted to the viewpoint of leaders alone. If equity rules the efforts of this noteworthy guild, then many happy results will be attained by the personnel of the Academy, beneficial to the mutual weal of all concerned.

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Reginald Denny Completes Film

Reginald Denny has completed his new feature comedy titled "I'll Be There," for Universal, under the direction of William A. Seiter.

Complete Cast For Rich Film

According to the announcement made today by Warner Brothers, Jack Ackroyd and John Miljan will have the leading roles opposite Irene Rich in her newest picture, "The Outpost," under the direction of Michael Curtiz.

Aero Story To Be Filmed Again

"Won in the Clouds," an airplane melodrama made by Universal in 1911, will be re-filmed with Al Wilson starred. Ray Knabenshue was featured in the first production and was supported by Herbert Rawlinson and Frank Lloyd.



at the sign
of the
Spinning
Wheel

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Los Angeles

Goldwyn Has Wealth of Material to choose from in Published . . . Novels and Plays

Recently the daily press carried the news that Samuel Goldwyn, United Artists producer, was looking for suggestions for a picture adapted from some well-known book or play.

As an inducement to the populace to aid in the quest for such screen material, Mr. Goldwyn offered the sum of \$2500 to the first person to suggest a vehicle that would be suitable for the type of film he outlined.

The winner of the prize was a woman who suggested a book from which Goldwyn will produce an elaborate costume drama featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

At this writing we do not know whether Mr. Goldwyn's offer of two and a half thousand was for this one film, or is of the "standing offer" species.

Assuming that it falls into the latter qualification, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND hereby suggests several vehicles that might interest Mr. Goldwyn, or perchance, some other enterprising producer. In the event Mr. Goldwyn considers any of them worth \$2500 we will post the amount as an award to the first aviator who will fly from Hollywood and Gower to the moon.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written an intensely interesting story that is a page from the early history of the Americas, and, from the historical and dramatic standpoint, will appeal to every American citizen and is known to every school child of this vast democracy. Its theme is certainly as

stirring as that of "Old Ironsides."

We refer to "The Power and the Glory," a story of the Cavalier La Salle, famous French adventurer and explorer, whose illustrious exploits carved an immortal impression on the pages of our national history.

Parker has woven around this man a drama of color and exultant beauty that, in the hands of an intelligent producer and competent director, should make a glorious motion picture.

There is another story . . . the book is one of very few on our desk . . . that is a direct antithesis of Parker's glowing novel. Yet its theme is so great, so true to life, and has been so lavishly heralded for its profound sublimity by such eminent critics as H. L. Mencken, Burton Rascoe, Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Ellery Sedgwick and others of note, that it is, in our opinion, entitled to first consideration as "the great American novel."

Basically, it is not adapted to pictures in its published form. Yet it has the intrinsic fundamentals of a tremendous and universally popular photoplay. It is down to earth; it is as potentially epochal as "Stella Dallas," which was produced by Mr. Goldwyn, and it is a theme that would be masterfully directed by such a man as Henry King.

Such is "Josslyn; The Story of an Incurable Dreamer," written by Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of the Chicago Daily News. Its exploitation possibilities, too, are vast. Every journalist in

the world will enthusiastically endorse it for its truth.

In the hands of a scenarist who would adhere to the sympathetic treatment of Smith's original work and create the necessary embellishments for a photoplay, "Josslyn" would be a great forward step in the destiny of the artistic and intellectual motion picture.

Then, again, perhaps such a book as Mary Mapes Dodge's well known "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," a melodrama of the Zuyder Zee and Holland,

would qualify for a Goldwyn film, if that producer is seeking diversity in the themes suggested.

Here the author has written a story that leads one to believe she has built its plot with an eye to future picture usage. However, "Hans Brinker" was written years before the photoplay heydays.

Or it may be that in lieu of these themes, Mr. Goldwyn may be seeking a simply told dramatic gem such as De Maupassant's "The Necklace" or "A Piece

(Continued on Page 8)



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More Money for Salesmen !

(Continued from Page 4)

of any of his profession. At no time does he compare in earnings to those of other industries. Why, may I ask? Must he not have more rigid qualifications? Must he not be a greater judge of conditions and human nature?

The film salesman today gets a straight salary. The salary is the same whether he sells one picture or fifty; whether he gets \$10.00 or \$50.00 for one. It even makes a reputable, high-powered salesman content to earn a certain amount of business each week. Why should he work harder and do more? He gets the same salary, does he not?

The only fair and equitable compensation for a film salesman would be that of a commission on sales. A commission is the only manner of getting him to work harder, get fairer prices, treat the exhibitors better, and, eventually, bring in more business to the exchange. Wouldn't the salesman rather earn more than what he now receives? You can get him to do it by making him boss of his earnings.

Sales managers should think this matter over. They want more customers and better prices. Well, here is the only way to get it.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND earnestly commends this argument to the Felix Feists, the James Graingers and the others in whose hands this adjustment ultimately rests.

Further than that, it commends it to the Joseph Schencks, the Carl Laemmles, the William Foxes and the Adolph Zukors, who may find in this argument a new means of reaching even greater goals in the marketing of product.

Incidentally, if the Laemmle Award desires to take cognizance of suggestions for the improvement of the industry at large, this sound reasoning from a man who is in touch with the manifold problems of selling pictures should endorse itself.

Give the salesman a chance.

Ruth Taylor Now In Universal Film

Ruth Taylor, blonde and erstwhile Sennett comedienne, has been added to the cast of "I'll Be There" with Reginald Denny at Universal.

Hively to Edit "Trail of '98"

George Hively has been assigned to edit "The Trail of '98" for M-G-M. He recently edited "Altars of Desire" and "The Taxi Dancer."

Goldwyn Has Wealth of Material to Choose From in Published Novels

(Continued from Page 7)

of String," or the whimsical buffoonery of Cervantes' "Don Quixote," (really an excellent medium for Chaplin or, let us say, Langdon, if the latter ever attempts something of this high satirical order).

Whatever it may be that Mr. Goldwyn pursues in the manner of film stories, it is an excellent departure to encourage the suggestion of the world's lit-

erary and dramatic achievements.

For in the treasury of literature and in the archives of the theater are many excellent works that have been totally disregarded in the scurry for other stories that are not worth the film wasted on them.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND commends Mr. Goldwyn on this noteworthy innovation.

Lucien Littlefield

One of the most capable character men in the motion picture industry, has recently finished the coveted role of Marks, the lawyer, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Littlefield's meticulous selection of wardrobes is well known in Hollywood.

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DEMOCRACY'S
DUCHESS

... an American Aristocrat

The lay element of the American citizenry has small time for the foibles of nobility.

Princes, counts, dukes and all the others don't amount to a hulk of corn in Wichita. While a certain fabulous glamor attaches to them the American yokel, in his heart, pities them and, instead, looks with admiration upon Zeb Jones, the local cement contractor who cleaned up on the Chicago Board of Trade last year.

—o—

But Florence Vidor can always play a duchess or a queen and get away with it. Marie of Rumania would, perhaps, not be as convincing in royal habiliment on the screen as is this actress.

Florence Vidor, in majestic carriage, august personality and courtly gesture, is the absolute personification of the American's idea of a woman of aristocratic lineage.

This, more than anything else, is a tribute to her versatility.

Personally, she is the complete democrat.

—o—

Florence Vidor's name always arouses ideas of royalty since the time we watched her at work with Adolphe Menjou in the making of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

The suave, gentle impressions of her portrayal, deftly blended with a hauteur of demeanor and royal mien, was a harmonious contrast to the exultant savior faire of Menjou's role.

The utter aristocracy of Florence Vidor's *Duchess* at times exuded an atmosphere of democratic friendliness... and always when the pursuitful Waiter hovered on the scene.

The American likes to see duchesses, princesses, queens and other noble ilk that are easy prey for the amorous stratagems of waiters, barbers and other complete democrats.

It arouses a sense of patriotic gratification... to think that any and all offspring of royalty will succumb to the first passionate glance of an ordinary species of Americanus.

—o—

For several years Florence Vidor had to endure the roles of heartbroken, deserted mammas.

One day somebody at



Fred W. Fox

Mr. Zukor's studio decided that Florence was a comedienne. Her first appearance in comedy-drama, in roles such as that of the deluctable *Duchess*, advanced her popularity 'way beyond all past measure.

—o—

There is a certain indescribable stateliness, tempered with a subtle sense of humor, that is the sole property of Florence Vidor. At times there has been a tendency upon the part of her directors to over-emphasize her dignified repose, with the result that she has been seen to disadvantage.

While not a flapper as years go, Florence Vidor has that coveted spark of eternal youth. It radiates from the most decorous roles that she portrays.

—o—

Radiant, sparkling eyes... girlish and rounded figure... delicate hands

... graceful posture... a patrician and an American aristocrat: Florence Vidor is the highest compliment that could be paid to nobility on the screen.

—o—

Florence Vidor's rise to eminence was not on the winds of chance. It was the result of ambition, struggle and achievement.

Coming from a small town in Texas with her erstwhile husband, King Vidor of "Big Parade" directorial fame, this charming actress had to go through the mill of relentless effort before success beamed upon her.

—o—

They are dispassionate years in the log of her professional career.

In the light of today's success it may be that memory has sanctified them with a gauze of romance.

At that time, though, Florence Vidor could discern little fascination in the struggle.

It was an inherent ambition and an undying hope that led her to the portals of fame and worldly wealth.

—o—

It is a far cry from the wind-swept plains of Texas to Hollywood.

It is an even further cry from the rather plebian station of an unknown and unsung American girl to the raiment of a queen.

—o—

But those are the fortunes of Hollywood.

If Hollywood has given Florence Vidor royal reward, yet also she has earned it by the majesty of her art.

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Gribbon, Pitts in Mel Brown Picture

Eddie Gribbon and Zasu Pitts have been signed for parts in "Buck Privates," directed by Mel Brown at Universal.

Universal Renews Craft's Contract

William J. Craft, director, who recently completed "Hot Heels" for Universal, will make another feature production under the same banner.

Santell to Make Spence's 'Gorilla'

Al Santell, now directing Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid," will next direct Ralph Spence's "The Gorilla" for Asher, Small and Rogers.

Christie Director Starts New Story

Having recently signed a new directorial contract with Christie, Arvid Gillstrom has started production on "French Fried" for that organization.

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Pathe Infuses News Value Into Features and Garners Re-Runs

Nobody in the film business can deny that Pathe Exchange has a nose for news.

It may be because of its many years of making newsreels, or, perhaps, because of its experience in turning out numerous melodramatic serials . . . anyway, Pathe combines news interest and melodrama in feature-length pictures and as a result has pictures that get many repeat runs.

Before the recent heavyweight championship fight at Philadelphia, Pathe made a serial with Gene Tunney, "The Fighting Marine," which was also doctored so it could be released as a regular feature film.

When Tunney won the battle, Pathe proceeded to clean up on its picture.

Pathe, through Associated Exhibitors, also has the Jack Dempsey film, "Manhattan Madness," so it's a cinch that when the two gladiators meet again, Pathe will make a fat profit, irrespective of who may emerge triumphant.

Some time ago Pathe secured distribution of "The Sky Raider," featuring the ill-fated Captain Nungesser, and when the Nungesser name began to fill the front pages of the daily papers, Pathe reissued "The Sky Raider" and it is now enjoying many extensive runs.

It is to be regretted that Pathe didn't have a staff of prophets in its fold so it could have made a feature with Captain Lindbergh before he hopped off for Paris. However, it isn't too late yet, if Lindbergh decides to get in on the trans-Pacific flight.

That reminds us . . . Monty Banks, Pathe's comedian, has saved the day for them. He has renamed his new feature "The Flying Fool." If you can't get Lindbergh, get his nickname; eh wot?

*"Ford in the Films" in the issue of
June 16th*

Hoot Finishes Another at "U"

Hoot Gibson has just completed his latest picture, "Painted Ponies," for Universal under the direction of Reeves Eason.

Florence Vidor to Hawaii on Vacation

Florence Vidor has gone to Hawaii on a vacation, accompanied by her tiny daughter, Suzanne. She will return in a month.

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Hollywood Lures Films From N. Y.

The past few years have forcibly demonstrated the superior advantages of Hollywood for film production.

In the early days of the movies, according to a fable that held sway for many years, Hollywood kept the movies only because of the sunshine and the undeveloped interior lighting that today renders an interior set as effective as an exterior location.

New York interests that were battling to bring the motion picture industry to Gotham were loud and long in their denunciation of Hollywood as a hick-town not aptly suited to the production of photoplays on a large scale. Many west coast producers, in fact, moved east on the strength of the Manhattan ballyhoo.

Suddenly, a few months ago, almost the entire coterie of New York producers decided that Hollywood was the logical place after all. Famous Players shut up the Long Island plant, Griffith

Raps Yank Films

(Continued from Page 2)

verge of doing so, then the balance of intellectualism lies in London rather than in Hollywood or America.

Principally a nation of stoics, it is to be wondered that the English people should be first to rebel at this trite American film fare. One would think that the supposedly bombastic American would have asserted himself long ere this. It is perhaps to the credit of the native ingenuity of the American exhibitor that he can make his audiences stomach his putrid dishes and make them like it.

returned west, and many others permanently abandoned the environs of New York for Hollywood. Today there are only a very few producers, most of them of inconsequential rating, left in New York.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND believes that Hollywood is the only place in the world to make motion pictures the right way. Our belief has been substantiated in

For each meritorious film that emerges from Hollywood there are at least fifty composed of the veriest clap-trap and sinister hokum. But this is what is wanted by the Great Unwashed, whose nobility is composed of soda-jerkers, hash-slingers and butter-and-egg men.

While there is slight hope that the American mobocracy will lift itself from its droll stupidity within the next seventy years, there is some slight consolation, at least, to think that there is balm in Gilead if there is none at home.

the recent shifts from east to west, involving many millions of dollars.

Today, more than ever, Hollywood is the film capital of the world.

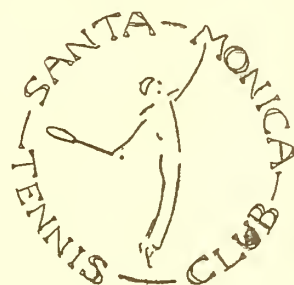
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The Quality Filmpaper & Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

Volume 1, Number 18.

Thursday, June 9, 1927

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A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

ASBESTOS HATS

Intellectual note from
Paramount publicity:

Edward Sutherland is the only
man who ever tried to buy an
asbestos hat.

—O—

WHITE MEN

Definition of an Aryan,
as set forth by the estima-
ble Hollywood News:

When Eugene Simon reached
the porch of his home at 7209
Hillside avenue last night, he
found two white men awaitng
him. They wanted to know if "Mr.
Smith" lived there.

Before he could answer he felt
two guns pressed to his chest and
hands rummaging through his
pockets, etc., etc.

—O—

"PLAIN VAGABONDS"

Shocking sentence in
Mr. Harry Burns' indefa-
tigable "Hollywood Film-
ograph":

"... plain vagabonds, tramps,
bootleggers and gamblers. ..."

What is a "plain vaga-
bond"? —O—

MR. LORD SPEAKS

Profound philosophy be-
spoken by Mr. Del Lord,
director of film comedies,
also in the pages of Mr.
Burns' notable journal:

"... comedy gives you an in-
sight into human nature. You can
pretty accurately guage a person's
mental trend by the things he will
laugh at ...

"They tell me you have an origi-
nal system of thinking up your

(Continued on Page 3)

Film Star Pacts on Wane; Producer Plot?



TOM MIX

Who is the "Two-Gun Croesus" of Fred Fox's
sketch. See page Five.

Old Standbys Out In Favor of 'Finds'

Lately there has been a
growing tendency among
Hollywood producers to
let out many of their most
prominent contract play-
ers and in lieu thereof
sign new people of little
or no renown.

There has been a veritable
shakeup along these lines,
for instance, at the Lasky
studio, where many of the
old standbys have relin-
quished their contracts or
been succeeded by a bevy of
new stellar material such as
Gary Cooper, Jack Luden,
James Hall, Sally Blane,
William Wellman, director,
and others.

A similar process of re-
alignment is evident at
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Uni-
versal, DeMille and other
studios.

Many players declare this
sudden energy in disposing
of the established featured
thespians is a plot on the
part of producers to hammer
down salaries, as the new
actors, who can be readily
signed at any figure the pro-
ducer may make, are exten-
sively exploited by the pro-
ducer, who uses the differ-
ence in the old and new

(Continued on Page 5)

"A Lesson from Lindbergh"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion

There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND herewith presents "Vagabond Verdicts," the first of the concise reviews of leading screen and stage productions that will be a regular feature of succeeding issues.

In compiling and presenting these reviews, whose authorship may at all times be identified by the initials of the reviewer attached thereto, our idea is to present constructive criticism of the very highest order.

The primary factors that will govern our opinions on silent and spoken drama will be the degree in which the producer has kept faith with the finest artistic precedents of the photoplay; and the

promises made to theater owner and public for entertainment of quality. The commercial value of the production will also be analyzed.

"Vagabond Verdicts" will present a personal opinion, but only those reviewers in whom HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND vests its confidence will pass upon these films and stage plays.

It is well to bear in mind at all times that there is no motion picture advertising or other subsidy controlling the critical policies of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. Only from a publication situated in such an advantageous position can competent criticism be expected.

AFTERMATH, a National A-G Production, Berlin, Germany.

It is somewhat futile, at this date, to criticize "Aftermath," for it has already been removed from the Forum Theater, Los Angeles, where it was presumably booked for an extensive run. "Aftermath" is not the type of picture to which the American public will take kindly.

There is too much repetition in the plot. The dramatic situations are not built up to any satisfactory finale.

Lacking the bizarre novelty of "Variety" and the romantic touches of "The Waltz Dream," two other German films that met with widespread acclaim in America, "Aftermath" is revealed as a hopelessly inadequate offering.

The settings are excellent, but some of the different camera shots reveal a tendency upon the part of the

director to repeat on the unusual photographic angles that have distinguished previous Teuton films. This is done to the point of becoming extremely boring.

The tangled amours of the girl in the case are highly amusing whereas it is intended that a spirit of sorrow and admiration should

F. W. F.

"7TH HEAVEN." A John Golden Production. Produced by Wm. Fox. Now playing at Carthay Circle Theater.

Austin Strong wrote an excellent story of France—specifically, Paris—called it "7th Heaven." The Wm. Fox Corporation has produced a film called "7th Heaven," and credited it to Austin Strong. But it is certain that the film owes little but the title, the character names and the background to

the play; any good reference work on the history of the first drive on Paris would have supplied almost as much!

The plot structure is quite clever, the theme is adequate, but the major elements of photodramatics in the picture, comedy and suspense are outstanding. A close study of the method of achieving the thrills with which the picture is filled, shows that an unusual proportion of their effect is from anticipation. Clever detail in "planting" suspense does the trick—the spectator is constantly expecting many things to happen which are postponed just the right length of time, or which do not happen at all. And when they do not happen, there is no disappointment, for the clever surprise twist changes the complexion of affairs, and fulfills expectation.

B. T.

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(Continued from Page 1)

gags." (Interviewer quizzing Mr. Lord).

"Why-er-yes, it is original; not to say peculiar . . . whenever I have to arrange a new comedy routine and think up novel situations, I go to bed early; say about seven or seven-thirty. In the quiet darkness, where there are no noises and not even the light to annoy me, or to break my mental trend, they come to me fast and furious; sometimes faster even than I can record them. But really valuable ideas remain indelibly stamped upon my memory. For an extra special precaution, I keep a pad and pencil close to the bed, and jot down those ideas I am liable to forget . . ."

Picture of Hollywood director going to bed at seven o'clock, where there are no noises, and waking up in the middle of the night to jot down ideas . . . such valuable ideas as are not indelibly stamped upon his memory.

There were three men in a boat and the oars leaked; how did they get to shore?

—O—

WHY, LUCIEN!

Brilliant ingenuity, as gossiped in First National press notice:

Lucien Prival, actor, has something new in the way of monocles, eyeglasses and their optical kindred.

For reading stories where the light is poor, he simply wears two monocles.

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"Let Me Protect You"

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Davenport Edits Exhibitor Paper

Delbert E. Davenport, erstwhile Hollywood publicist and editor, who at one time edited the "Defender" and "Camera" magazines of this city, now both suspended, has been named editor of "The Exhibitor," Philadelphia film journal, to succeed Fred Sully, who assumes other duties with the same publishing company.

Davenport quit Hollywood for the east about three years ago.

Cantor Returns To Ziegfeld Play

Eddie Cantor has quit the movies for a year.

Florenz Ziegfeld has a contract with him for that period of time, so Cantor will have to postpone making the two films slated.

"Kid Boots" and "Special Delivery" are his first two screen ventures for Paramount.

George Nicholls has been signed to edit the new series of Reed Howes pictures being made by Harry J. Brown.

Photo of TOM MIX

Saves Explorer's Life: Get Your Supply

If you are going on a trip to war-torn China, or . . .

If you are going to promenade up and down the Cannibal Islands on your vacation this year, or . . .

If you are thinking of smashing a few igloos up in Eskimo-land this summer, or, perhaps . . .

If you are going to grab a long razor and chase a few Bolsheviks around the Kremlin next Christmas, let us suggest . . . that you take a supply of Tom Mix photographs with you. They may save your neck.

The other day the newspapers carried the story of Francis Gow-Smith, intrepid explorer, who owes his skin, literally speaking, to Mr. Mix.

Mr. Gow-Smith was hunting something or other in the jungles of Brazil, 'tis said, when a gang of negro bandits pounced upon him and decided to make a Gow-Smith top sirloin in a hurry.

How did Mr. Gow-Smith save his skin?

(End of Reel 1; one minute, please.)

He gave the chief an autographed picture of Tom Mix.

His life was saved.

Hereafter all explorers will stock up well on photos of Tom Mix.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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A Lesson from Lindbergh

There is a great object lesson for the struggling young people of Hollywood in the epochal flight of Captain Charles Lindbergh.

It is the victory of courage and perseverance.

It is the victory of a dreamer.

Only a few days before this young aviator had winged his way from New York to Paris, one of the foremost aeronautical engineers of the world, in a statement given to the Gotham press, said of a trans-Atlantic flight, "It can't be done."

It was done.

When people heard of this boy who planned to span the desolate waters in one grueling flight, with scanty rations and in a small plane, they said, "It is the dream of a boy; the idea is absurd."

The dream came true.

It came true because Lindbergh had the spirit of high adventure, the courage of youth, the perseverance that is typical of the American. The same was also true of the ill-fated Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli; and, later, of Chamberlain and Levine. It is immortal in the case of Captain Lindbergh, because Lindbergh shattered theory and realized his dream.

There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of young people in Hollywood today who have the dreams of youth. Theirs is the dream of fame and of fortune. The same spirit of high adventure prompts them. They accept poverty, ignominy . . . sometimes tyranny and many times heartbreak that they may realize their dreams.

There is a theoretical bogey that faces each and every one of them. In the lexicon of Hollywood they constantly hear, "Say, kid, only one in ten thousand makes the grade in this game!"

Can they be daunted? Not at all!

What care they if only one in ten thousand "makes the grade." Perhaps they will be that one in ten thousand. Do the passing years, with their fleeting hopes, drown this hope? No . . . rather does time add to the flames of ambition. Then, once in a while, a comrade from the ranks hits the stride. There is envy . . . rekindled ambition . . . renewed hope in

that. There is no despair, for despair attends only those who lack the fire of undying youth.

If they were to leave these pleasant confines of Hollywood tomorrow to tramp up and down the world in quest of new opportunities far and apart from the motion picture, do you think they would be happy? Hardly so.

What more difficult thing in the world is theirs to say that "I went to Hollywood, where the world of opportunity was at my feet, and I came away with empty hands and a despairing heart."

It is the innocuous energy of Hollywood that gets them and holds them. From the greatest to the least they have these great dreams.

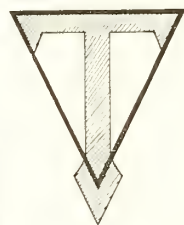
The Joe Schencks and the Louis Mayers who guide the industry itself; they dream, perhaps, of greater studios, greater pictures, greater theaters, thinking in financial terms of millions.

The "extra," who fares forth each day to the studio in quest of his \$7.50 and \$10.00; the "extra" dreams of the day when the august hand of the Schencks and the Mayers will be laid upon him and he will be magically transported to the highroad of opportunity and fame.

And it is upon him . . . he is sure . . . that this mantle of opportunity will be placed. So why tell him that 'only one in ten thousand will make the grade?'

Hollywood, too, has its Lindberghs . . . its conquerors of the world. For them there are no ineradicable theories nor waning hopes.

Surely, they are the music-makers and the dreamers of dreams.



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The Fountain of Youth

By BURL TUTTLE

Bliss to the bee, we are told, means improving each shining hour. But, be it noticed, on rainy days the bee stays in. And yet, despite these days off, the busy bee has come to be a symbol of industry.

A few hours of leisure need not be looked upon as an indulgence. The accepted picture of dad in the evening adjusting his glasses by the living-room lamp, paper in hand, is too often accompanied by mother with a lapful of old socks to darn.

"Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," is an old adage that is fast being relegated to the limbo of things gladly lost if not forgotten. Do not mistake us, industry in woman we hold to be as laudable as industry in man. So is rest. Industry should make for bliss as surely as any virtue we know; but a few hours off for mental relaxation with a good book or magazine to improve one's outlook on life; a good movie, if it means a real change from the usual duties of one's daily routine; these and many another helpful relaxation will make the duties less burdensome, and what may be equal value, it may make of one a more comfortable companion to live with.

The fourth chapter of "New Blood in Motion Pictures" has been postponed until next week, owing to the unforeseen detail involved in compiling the material.

Next week—"New Blood in Motion Pictures!"

YOU MAY BE IN IT!

Warners To Have Busy Film Month

June promises to be a busy month at the Warner Bros. studio.

Work will be under way on "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson and Cantor Rosenblatt; "The Bush Leaguer," "The Outpost" (not a real estate subdivision); "Ham and Eggs at the Front" (a martial restaurant story . . . it is not . . . partly due to Mons. Jimmy Starr of the Los Angeles Record); "Slightly Used" (not a resale automobile story); and "The Broadway Kid" (no relation to Richard Barthelmess).

"The Heart of Maryland" is also under way, with Dolores Costello.

Who's Going To Be "Flying Fool"

Last week we told you that Monty Banks had titled his next picture, "The Flying Fool."

Now Carl Laemmle announces that Universal has bought a story from Harry O. Hoyt, "The Flying Fool."

Just who's going to be the fool of flyers, anyway.

Where's this guy, Lindbergh?

Murray to Play in McGinty Film

"Down went McGinty To the bottom of the sea."

Charlie Murray will star in "Down Went McGinty," to be made by E. M. Asher for First National.

Some other actor will play Steve Brodie in the same film. Brodie is the man who did the first brodie.

Most of this opus will be made in New York, near Brooklyn Bridge.

Garret Fort, scenarist, has been signed to a long-term Warner Bros. contract.

Old Standbys Out In Favor of 'Finds'

(Continued from Page 1)

wages to build up the publicity.

However, it is not probable that the producers who are employing these substitution tactics too freely will profit. As a matter of fact, they will harm themselves, for the exhibitors still demand names on the canopy that will draw money to the box-office.

As yet, producer-owned chain theaters are not strong enough to disregard the popular favorites.



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William Fox Cleaning Up on Gilbert's "Monte Cristo"

Once upon a time William Fox had an actor by the name of John Gilbert. He made a picture with this actor entitled "Monte Cristo." He made some money with the picture.

Later this same John Gilbert joined Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and became a sensation when he put on a moustache and a Russian costume for "His Hour." That was his hour, alright, for Gilbert started right up toward the top.

Now after a few box-office plums such as "Big Parade" and "Merry Widow" making Gilbert a big drawing card, William Fox has hit upon a scheme to make money with this erstwhile protege of his.

He has released "Monte Cristo" and he is mopping up . . . and how!

"He ain't so dumb!"

What Value Has A New York "Studio Name" in Hollywood Film Realm?

Mr. Sam Hardy, actor, has arrived in Hollywood from New York.

There may be nothing particularly startling about that; but in New York, Mr. Hardy was on the high-road to becoming quite a film figure. As a matter of fact, in Robert Kane's recent picture, "Broadway Nights," Hardy played the lead opposite Lois Wilson, now also in Hollywood.

To the best of our knowledge, which we must admit is extremely limited in this case, Mr. Hardy has not been in Hollywood ere this.

However, it will be interesting to see what kind of a reception he will get out here in the wild west in the way of featured roles. Hollywood's conception of who is what back in Manhattan is sometimes discouraging to Gothamites who trek out this way.

Harry Zehner Gets Universal Promotion

Harry Zehner has been named assistant to Carl Laemmle at Universal, with executive powers. He has heretofore been the Universal chief's secretary and assistant to the studio manager.

Ernst Lammele Completes Film

"The Grip of the Yukon," a drama of the Far North, has been completed at Universal, under the direction of Ernst Lammele, starring Francis X. Bushman and Neil Hamilton, supported by June Marlowe.

Sign De Mond To "U" Title Pact

Albert De Mond has signed a three-year pact to write titles for Universal. He has been at that studio for the past year.

Rankin in New Columbia Opus

Arthur Rankin will next be seen in "The Blood Ship" for Columbia Pictures. Once again he dons a blonde wig, as in "The Volga Boatman."

CONRAD NAGEL

has just finished one of his most interesting roles opposite Marion Davies in "Quality Street."

Mr. Nagel is one of Hollywood's most fastidious dressers.

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(Continued from Page 4)

what I've got, you're welcome."

"Alright, we'll leave right away," was Selig's immediate reply.

A few hours later they were on the train headed for Oklahoma and the beginning of Tom Mix's film career. —o—

Mix made the educational picture and several one-reel westerns of the melodramatic variety. Many people, now prominent in Hollywood, were in that Oklahoma troupe.

Mix worked for a while at the Selig studio in Chicago and, later, came to Newhall, California, where he formed the nucleus of his own film producing company, still working for Selig, though. Later he came to the Selig studio on Mission Road, Los Angeles.

All this time the prominence of Mix was growing, slowly but surely. One day there was an argument between Mix and the Selig west coast manager. The bone of contention was trivial; but the principle was great. They wanted to feed Mix's horses grain when he was making a picture; and in between pictures, they thought hay would do. Mix didn't think so.

No present-day star walked out of a studio with more aplomb or grandeur than Mix departed from the Selig studio because they wanted to feed his horses hay instead of grain.

There was a sign outside the gate . . . "700 Wild Animals in Captivity." As he left, Mix raised his hand toward the sign and contemptuously said to the excited Selig nabob, "Better change that to '699' now . . . there's one wild cowboy leavin'."

But Tom Mix did not walk out of the Selig studio to oblivion.

—o—

He went to Universal. Yes, they would be glad to have Mix and his cowboys; but they couldn't use Tom's horses. Right then, the deal was off. "If you want me, take my horses, too." That was the spirit of Tom Mix.

He happened over to the Fox studios where his friends, Raoul Walsh and Dustin Farnum were working.

That was eleven years ago. Today Tom Mix is the backbone of the Fox studios. Tom Mix pictures virtually sell the Fox program. His pictures play in half of the theaters of the country.

—o—

We asked him if he had the urge to make something spectacular in the way of a western or regular feature film.

"No, not for me. I'm makin' pictures for the shootin' galleries. If an exhibitor buys my pictures for a dollar a crack today and tomorrow we raise the price, well, we'd just have to go across the street and sell 'em. I'm not interested in that. That's my market . . . the small towns and the back country. I don't shine in the big cities . . . but I cover a lot of territory where I do play.

"When I go out to make a picture, I always have certain locations to do certain things. I may do a cliff jump at Victorville; I couldn't visualize doing a cliff jump other than in Victorville, then. I may be stubborn that way, I dunno, but we seem to make pictures alright.

"At that, I think I've shot an Indian from behind every tree and bush in California, Arizona, Nevada and a few other places.

"Aw, this is a great life, though."

"Pictures have been good to me. I have a big home out at Beverly Hills, with an English butler who has a better vocabulary than I have; a swimming pool that I never swim in, and a tennis court with nice, white colonnades . . . and I've never had a tennis racket in my hand that I know of. I don't know what I'm doing livin' in a house like that.

"I get letters, a lot of 'em.

Some father or mother writes to me, 'Dear Mr. Mix, Johnny fell off of a billboard last week, tryin' to climb too high. Please write to him and tell him he shouldn't climb billboards. We think this will stop him,' or 'Dear Tom, our Charley should have his tonsils out and he won't. Please write and tell him you had your tonsils out, too, when you were nine years old. Maybe he will do it, then.'

"Well, I get letters from the kids all the time. It's great" . . . (there was a faint trace of moisture in the keen eyes) . . . "that's worth more than all the money in the world to me. Money has made me awful unhappy at times. But the kids . . . God love 'em . . . it's great to know that you have so many friends . . . sometimes I feel like a tin god . . . it's sort of a great responsibility . . . these kids are great" . . . (the cough had the trace of a sob) . . . "they like Tom Mix; but, to me, it's an ideal they worship; to conquer adversity and to be a man among men . . . that is the shining goal of boyhood . . . these kids are great . . ."

—o—

Tom Mix stirred in the chair as we rose to go.

There were many other things of which he had spoken. The whimsical philosophy of their telling clung to us. Tom Mix, who had garnered a vast fortune, probably the greatest of any single player in the films, who was a hard-ridin' straight-shootin' man among men.

A sort of sentimental man, you know.

A man who wrote letters to tell kids not to fall off billboards or have their tonsils taken out.

A man, who with two guns and a horse, has accumulated the fortune of a Croesus.

But speak to him of his wealth and he will tell you that the greatest fortune in the world is the adulation of youth.

It is from the heart and

'U' To Picture Viking Exploits

"The Vikings" is the title picked for the proposed Universal picture based on the exploits of Leif the Lucky, who was the first white man to set foot on American soil, about 1000 A. D. . . . Neither director nor players have been announced yet.

Adamson Gets New F. B. O. Scenario

Ewart Adamson will write the continuity on "The Century Championship" for F. B. O. studios.

Kid Makes Return In "U" Pictures

Buddy Messenger, one of the first child stars of the screen, is back at Universal City again. He will be seen in the new series of comedies with Arthur Lake.

Thomson To Start 'Jesse James' Opus

Fred Thomson will start work on "Jesse James" during the latter part of this month under direction of Lloyd Ingraham.

While Thomson will hereafter release his pictures through Paramount, he will continue to produce at the F. B. O. studios. Jesse E. James, son of the noted outlaw and a practicing attorney in Los Angeles, will aid in the filming.

Nora Lane, a newcomer, will play the feminine lead.

William Wyler, youthful director who has been making westerns at Universal, has just signed a five-year contract with Carl Laemmle.

it is faithful and undying. Such adulation as has been paid to Tom Mix by the youth of the world would easily turn another's head. But with him it has aroused a transcendental will to keep faith.

Tom Mix, the idol of boyhood. The two-gun Croesus of a million loving hearts.

Of such things is the immortal wealth of the world.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

TWO-GUN CROESUS

... a Wealth of Adulation

It was noonday.

People rushed and scampered to and fro in the Fox studios and the echo of nearby traffic rumbled unceasingly against the walls and shook the floor we stood upon.

This room was typical of Tom Mix. The primitive confusion of colors... the bright red splashes of a Navajo rug, the leathery gleam of boots, gun holsters and the phantasmagoria of Stetsons, radio, gaudy jackets, cartridge belts, letters and photos that adorned the walls and, over it all, the atmosphere of wide open country and stampeding cattle.

We sat in subdued contemplation, while the confusion of the studio poured into our ears. Outside a typewriter chattered on in its uniform clickety-clack, clickety-clack. The drone of voices was wafted to us on the warm summer breeze.

There was a footstep, quick and sure, and the slam of a door. Tom Mix entered the room.

Handshakes.

We sat down.

—O—

Tom Mix, a man of sturdy build, greying hair fringing the brow, keen, incisive eyes that have a direct and penetrating

gaze. A voice, rather low and with the semblance of a drawl.

This was the man who had lassoed, tumbled, flip-flopped, slam-banged and cavorted into the hearts of countless million youngsters throughout the world... youngsters throughout the world... youngsters from six to sixty, as the smart advertising man would put it.

Now, there was no strenuous nor hardy gesture. He idled in the richly adorned easy chair and spoke of things near and far... work that was near at hand; memories that are far... and yet sometimes so poignantly close.

Mix has led a life of strenuous adventure. He is no hot-house hero.

—O—

From the time, when as a lad of eight years, he traveled from his home in Texas to Pennsylvania where his father had a contract to handle the horses for big lumber mills, Tom Mix's footsteps have wandered into a kaleidoscopic maze of enthralling experiences that defy parallel even in the most lurid western picture.

There was the time when Mix, a youth of nineteen sat amongst the lumberjacks around a Pennsylvania campfire and heard that war with Spain was near at hand.

A long-bearded patriarch



Fred W. Fox

of the forests solemnly declared, "If I didn't have such a big family, I'd sure go."

The martial spirit was infectious and the adventuresome lad was stirred. He threw his axe far down the hillside in a fury of enthusiasm and started out to war.

He tells of walking twelve miles to a nearby navy yard, only to find the place closed for the night. Young Mix decided that if the navy didn't regard the war seriously enough to keep open all night so he could enlist... well, then, that was just too bad for the navy. He would go to Washington and see the adjutant general about this war business.

When he arrived at the national capital, he was, after much amused parlay among the subordinates, admitted to the adjutant's office. They regarded the boy's patriotism with glee but Tom Mix did go to war and with short wait, at that.

After the Cuba campaign,

he went to the Philippines, but was brought back to Washington as a witness in a military investigation of the island government.

Nostalgia had seized Mix, the soldier. He wanted to go back home to Texas; thus he did not return to the Philippines.

—O—

Years passed on. After serving as sheriff in Oklahoma, Mix went up to the northwest where he emerged with honors in a rodeo. When he went to the bank to cash his prize money, the president approached him with a telegram in his hand.

The Selig Polyscope Company of Chicago was looking for a man who could rope steers, do fancy riding and generally depict the life of a western ranch for an educational film. Mix shipped his horses back to Oklahoma and stopped off at Chicago enroute. Selig offered him money for the use of his horses and \$50 a week for himself. Mix eyed the film producer with suspicion; how could anybody pay a cowpuncher that much money?

Mix went across the street to the only man he knew in Chicago; a saloon proprietor. Yes, the proposition was all right; he was assured that Selig paid such money to people who worked in his pictures. In the meantime, Selig, believing he was about to lose Mix, came to the hotel with a lawyer and written contract for \$100.00 a week.

"Wal, I'm going back to Oklahoma. If you want to come down there and see

(Continued on Page 8)

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A PUBLICATION will rise or fall upon the respect it commands among its readers and the quality of the reaction it receives from them.

As yet only four months of age, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has received scores of laudatory comments by the spoken word, by letter and by telegram. Here are a few of the comments made by famous people who read HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. Their words indicate the high prestige which this distinctive journal enjoys.

H. L. MENCKEN,
Celebrated Editor of The American Mercury,
New York:
"I have been reading it with the greatest interest."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:
"At this rate, Fred Fox will attain national eminence within the next six months."

CECIL B. DeMILLE:
"Your article in the Vagabond has moved me greatly . . . the understanding that your article indicates leaves me quite at a loss to tell you how much I appreciate your very splendid tribute."

JACK DEMPSEY:
"Dear Fred: Stories like you have about me in the Vagabond are a great source of inspiration in my comeback . . . it was a great plug."

LOIS WEBER:
"Never has such unsolicited tribute been paid my directorial efforts. . . ."

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Since its inception about two years ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made enough successful pictures to claim leadership in the business.

Much credit to M-G-M's success must go to Howard Deitz, its advertising manager, who has formed a remarkable trade journal liason between the company and exhibitors.

Forsaking all of time-worn phraseology of the film business, where claims, counter-claims, boasts, etc., are made in tiring abundance, Deitz has given life and personality to M-G-M's messages to theater owners. He has been a great asset in creating goodwill among the corporation's customers by the forceful, intelligent advertising copy he has produced.

"Talk of the industry," "top of the industry," "more stars than there are in heaven," "the big parade of hits," "M-G-M: Making Greater Movies," "young blood" . . . this is all the Deitz vernacular; a deft, scintillating jargon that would put Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in exhibitor favor if its product was of the most mediocre. Combined with the consistently good prod-

How Would Ford Entry Affect Industry's Status?

Recently HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND told of the reported plans for an invasion of the film industry by Henry Ford, industrial giant.

In its issue of June 16th, one week from today, the different economic aspects of such a move on Ford's part will be discussed in detail in HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

If Ford comes into the movies will he cut wages; or will he boost them? What will he do to the "star system," prevalent theater admission prices, studio production, block bookings, and a thousand and one other pertinent problems?

Speculations on a few of these angles.

Don't forget June 16th . . . "Ford in the Films."

uct turned out by the Culver City studio, Deitz has created M-G-M as an institution, both on the screen and in the written word.

Howard Deitz must be considered as an integral part of the good-will of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer assets. His facile pen and refreshing messages make the work of his competitors fade into absurd insignificance.

Pictures are the basic asset of this business. Without clever showmanship they cannot realize their full commercial value. Deitz is a showman.



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—Wordsworth



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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

The
Quality Filmpaper & Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

Volume 1, Number 19.

Thursday, June 16, 1927

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

[Billy Joy, the publisher writes this week's "hiatus" and comments on people and pictures.

---Editor]

Hobart Henley, probably one of the industry's most consistent "box-office" directors, flatly refused to go on with Corinne Griffith's picture. S'too bad—.

Corinne deserves just the best sort of breaks, and in having Hobart, I believe we all would have a new slant on her and her ability.

—O—

We're all so glad and happy that success has not spoiled George K. Arthur.

—O—

Mr. King, head of the rumored Famous-Player-Lasky subsidiary, locally known as F. B. O., took Gil Pratt off of a picture entitled "Kosher Kitty Kelly" and replaced him with a Mr. Gillstrom.

To my recollection, Gillstrom has never directed a picture that "made" more than "Main-street."

We wonder at this "master stroke" of King. At any rate, we understand that after each preview they decide to throw out Gillstrom's stuff and replace it with

(Continued on Page 5)

Will Henry Ford Join Hearst in Film Deal?



BILLIE DOVE

She is "The Princess of Dreams" of Fred Fox's sketch. See page Nine

Rumors Auto Chief, Publisher in Paci

Just as HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND was going to press a big, fat rumor came flying down Hollywood Boulevard to the effect Henry Ford, auto magnate, would join William Randolph Hearst, publisher and film producer, if the former decided to enter the ranks of the photoplay makers.

The gossip that Ford was about to invade Hollywood has been growing steadily on the local rialto for the past three weeks. His entry has been variously reported for some years but of late the rumors have taken more definite form. In another part of this issue, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND discusses in detail some of the moves Ford might make if he decided to enter the movies.

Hearst's participation in film making has not been as active of recent years and the recent change of the Marion Davies films

(Continued on Page 5)

—S— "Soft Soap and Ostriches" —P—

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

What will happen if Henry Ford, colossus of American industry, enters the ranks of motion picture producers?

That is the topic of the hour in Hollywood, where well-defined rumors that the Detroit auto magnate is about to invade the silent drama, have been rumbling during the past few weeks.

It is several years now since the word was first broadcast that Ford was to enter the photoplay, but instead of dying after a period of time as so many of these Hollywood rumors do, the talk about Ford has been constantly increasing. It has been given added impetus since the rumor began spreading the last of April that the Ford film plans were taking concrete form.

On May 5th, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND published the following story:

Not only is the name of Henry Ford buzzing around on automobile row this week, but in Hollywood as well.

For several years now it has

been rumored that the billionaire auto magnate was contemplating an invasion of the motion picture industry, but each time the persistent rumors have been denied by Ford himself or men near him.

The latest report that has been picked out of the "inside dope" this week, as drifting in from eastern points, is that Ford, acting through an agent by the name of William Moudy is starting out on a big theater buying orgy and that Ford's son, Edsel, is due in Los Angeles some time the latter part of June or July relative to the construction of a studio here.

The Ford enterprises are now so vast and so tremendously wealthy that any invasion into the movies on the part of Ford will be something for Zukor, Loew and the others to consider very seriously. Besides his Ford and Lincoln auto interests, Fordson tractor plants, Ford also owns mines, forests, ships, railroads, and an endless array of widespread commercial undertakings that reap millions of dollars each month.

It has been reported at various times that Ford's plan was to produce films and exhibit them in his own national chain of theaters at about one-third the prevalent admission prices. Ford has already made millions of feet of educational pictures, being held in Los Angeles and Detroit, according to the gossip, but now he intends to go in for the popular species of photoplay.

The entry of Henry Ford would create an economic upheaval, it is believed, and his moves are being closely observed to determine whether he will ally himself with

FORD AND

any of the existing companies or create his own organization.

The salient theoretical points regarding the moves Ford would probably make if he enters Hollywood, have been elucidated by the local wiseacres thusly:

1—Ford would first entrench himself in the theater field, either by buying or building his own houses, or by forming alliances with existing independent theater owners or independent chains of theaters.

2—He would next organize his own exchange system, probably through Ford dealers throughout the world, to insure the efficient and prompt delivery of film as well as to negotiate sales.

3—He would build his own studios in Hollywood or its environs for the production of a complete pro-

gram of films, from news-reel to features. Until such time as he has had an opportunity to publicize and exploit his own features and players to the point where they have become box-office attractions, he would perhaps release the productions of independent players, directors, producers who have names. Ford might utilize his own publications, distributed through Ford dealers or the "Dearborn Independent," to popularize such new people as he intended elevating to prominence in his films. It is believed Ford would provide releasing outlets for present independent producers, making pictures with their own units and money, with cash advances upon delivery of negatives.

4—He would produce his own raw film stock at his Detroit factories, together with lighting equipment, laboratory facilities and other studio mechanical needs and, of course, all necessary

"Would that the little flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth



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LOS ANGELES

THE FILMS

rolling stock for studio, theater and exchange needs.

5—Ford would also probably organize an academy to train directors, production managers, players, scenarists, cameramen, exchangemen, theater managers, projectionists and others. Undoubtedly there would be a definite duty assigned to each person in the production of pictures. Directors would have to explain each and every waste shot made; "cutting the picture in the camera," as it were. The "hit-or-miss" system of making pictures would be eliminated in the Ford studios. There would be a definite scale of salaries, the compensation to be decided by the money the various films take in.

6—Pictures would be so organized in the Ford studios that a minimum of time would be spent in the "shooting," thus conserving

the energies of players and others now idling on the stages for days without doing an hour's work. Ford would also have a well-defined working week, eliminating Sunday and holiday. Players would not be worked until late night hours and expected to return to the studio early next morning to face the relentless scrutiny of the camera and expected to feel and look 100 per cent. We also doubt if they would be expected to work in two different pictures at the same time; or whether there would be "retakes."

7—Theater admission prices, now ranging from 65c to \$2.00 in first-run houses, would no doubt be hammered down to 50c and 25c in the Ford theaters. Exhibitor rentals would be correspondingly lowered.

8—Ford would eliminate the "blind booking" practice; completing all of

the pictures for the program before selling them, or giving definite announcement of all of the titles on the films. Newsreels and other timely features would be sold in a block, it is believed.

9—Ford would undoubtedly make many educational films to be distributed gratis to schools, churches and other civic institutions, recording, possibly, the work of his own exploration expeditions with the camera's eye for the instruction of students.

10—Ford would also become a potent factor in the mechanical as well as artistic development of motion pictures. Rumors credit Ford with conducting satisfactory experiments on the much-sought "stereoscopic cinema," and it is possible that all his theaters would be equipped to project such films. That he would expend much time, money and energy in technical research affecting the production and exhibition of films is probable.

These are points that are all hypothetical, of course, even as Ford's en-

try remains hypothetical until such time as he makes an announcement or definitely refutes the reports of several years' standing.

If Ford enters the industry, it is quite probable that the present film companies would merge or form some working alliance, for the entry of the auto king would no doubt be on a big scale and with an intense competitive atmosphere. With untold millions at his disposal, Ford would be in a position to meet the stiffest kind of market; but against him would be pitted the years of experience of the present giants of the films.

Who would emerge triumphant, only time could tell.

In the meantime Hollywood awaits further word about the Ford moves.

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VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Soft Soap and Ostriches

There are two kinds of soft soap. One is a compound of oils and fats. The Hollywood product is a compound of flattering adjectives and kowtows.

Also, there are two kinds of ostriches. One is a lanky bird that sticks its head in the sand when humans approach. The Hollywood ostrich usually sticks its head in the sand of conceit when humans approach.

Soft soap and ostriches have made newspaper critics unpopular. This is especially true in Hollywood where personal contact heightens the resentment of the ostriches—or should we say—the soft-soapers.

Here is a little story of Mr. Critic, Mr. Soft-Soap and Mr. Ostrich.

Mr. Critic is on a visit to the Yessem Studio. He walks around the different stages, taking peeks at the many people working before the lights. He is entranced and, assuming a mild demeanor and dignified posture, takes his stand on the side-lines of the "set" and watches the actors and actorines go through their paces.

Suddenly Mr. Ostrich emerges from behind a bank of lights, all dressed up and ready for work. He spies Mr. Critic on the edge of the set and merrily dashes over with good-will beaming all over his face. How does Mr. Critic like the scene? Yes, Mr. Ostrich thinks this will be his greatest picture! Won't Mr. Critic come to Mr. Ostrich's dressing room when this scene is finished and have a chat? Yes? Thank you, Mr. Ostrich will be right back!

Seated comfortably in Mr. Ostrich's giant easy chair in Mr. Ostrich's voluptuous and huge dressing room, Mr. Critic feels at ease with the world.

Mr. Critic has known Mr. Ostrich for some time, so he feels free to speak without subterfuge upon things that deal with Mr. Ostrich's professional career.

So the conversation begins and swells into an argumentative chorus, but tempered all the while with good-humored chaff and friendly spirit. Mr. Critic regards Mr. Ostrich as a real friend and an artist.

Suddenly, when the bantering is at its height and the arguments are waxing eloquent, Mr. Soft-Soap happens in. The resonant roar of the conversation has smote him outside the door and he crosses the threshold with fear and trembling. How DARE Mr. Critic speak to his boss, Mr. Ostrich, with such audacity! This must be stopped! . . . diplomatically, of course.

So, feigning an excuse of some order, Mr. Soft-Soap lures Mr. Critic from Mr. Ostrich's sanctum and heaves a mighty sigh of relief that is choked with sobs of rage.

—o—

Once outside the august door, Mr. Soft-Soap gives Mr. Critic to understand that within those majestic walls no voice should be raised against the almighty art of Mr. Ostrich.

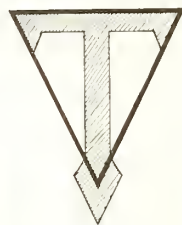
That is terrible! . . . to speak in such blatant fashion before Mr. Soft-Soap's boss. Picking out the flaws in Mr. Ostrich's work; criticizing; suggesting . . . those are things that dishearten Mr. Soft-Soap's boss and make Mr. Soft-Soap's daily soothing the more difficult.

So Mr. Soft-Soap begins to verbally pummel Mr. Critic and warn him against further undiplomatic infractions of Mr. Ostrich's dressing-room hospitality.

Naturally, these are things that kindle fires of resentment in Mr. Critic's breast. From today on, he cannot retain the same feeling of respect for Mr. Ostrich, or the people who surround him.

The greatest offense against Mr. Ostrich has been committed, not by Mr. Critic, but by Mr. Ostrich's own minion, Mr. Soft-Soap, who cannot discriminate be-

(Continued on Page 5)



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Several weeks ago (in the issue of March 3rd to be specific) HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND published an article entitled "Why Are the 'Fan' Journals So Stupid?" to which Mr. James R. Quirk, publisher of Photoplay Magazine, takes exception.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is glad to give cognizance to Mr. Quirk's protest and hastens to correct a wrong impression that may exist in some quarters. If this article led any readers of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to believe our charge of poor editorial contents and publishing policies an all-inclusive indictment of "fan" magazines then we certainly owe an apology to Mr. Quirk and his excellent publication, as well as to the publishers and editors of other fine magazines that may perchance come under the heading of "fan magazine."

At the time this article was written HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND had neither Mr. Quirk's "Photoplay Magazine," nor other popular cinema journals in mind and it is to be regretted that such a notion should have existed at all. Photoplay Magazine is received in the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND offices on Mr. Quirk's exchange list each month (or at least has been until this time) and we read it with much pleasure.

Mr. James Quirk has devoted years of effort to building up Photoplay Magazine and that his labors have met with success is demonstrated in that journal's position today. Mr. Quirk has been a sane commentator on motion picture affairs and has been a friendly liason between Hollywood and the public, as well as a welcome figure in our midst at divers times.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is happy to make a statement in this regard and to Mr. Quirk and any others who may have considered themselves in our indictment we extend our profoundest apologies and can only say, in the words of the delightful De Beck:

"We hope you don't feel hurt!"

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

Pratt's—so after a sufficient number of previews, Pratt may wake up some morning and find that it is his picture after all.

Gill Pratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
So between the both of them
They'll make their pictures clean.
Well—Politics is politics.

—0—

Janet Gaynor is in her seventh heaven — and rightfully so.

—0—

Now, Gloria, if you dig up that crystal ball you used in "The Love of Sunya" you can follow the Marquis while on his return visit to France.

Y'know — being the husband of Glorious Gloria would raise any man's attractions one hundred per cent.

—0—

"Let me protect you," said Eddie Shaefer as he threw his arms around a gorgeous blonde.

—0—

Patrons of Leach Cross' cafe who found an extra twenty-five cents on their check and did not know what it was for will get an idea from the fact that professional fighters get paid — somehow — somewhere — sometime — when they fight — only chumps like you and I fight for glory.

Are you going to the Legion Stadium tonight . . . or to Leach Cross'?

Soft Soap and Ostriches

(Continued from Page 1)

tween friendly criticism and vicious gossip.

Mr. Critic exits with a wry smile.

That, lads and lassies of Hollywood, is a true story.

It shows the evil of Press Agents Who Do Not Think and, moreover, Motion Picture Stars Who Are Deluded.

Our Mr. Ostriches are really created by our Mr. Soft-Soaps. For, if they met up with candid criticism once in a while, they'd be too ashamed to stick their heads in the sand.

Henry Walthall is away off at his mountain home — browsing, fishing and dreaming.

With the soul of a dreamer and artist, his moments of quiet reverie must be a source of great pleasure and happiness to him. And his fancies take him back to

days gone by when, barefooted and with dog beside him, he ditched school for the swimmin' hole. May all your reveries be pleasant — Little Colonel!

—0—

I know what you mean . . . but do you mean well?

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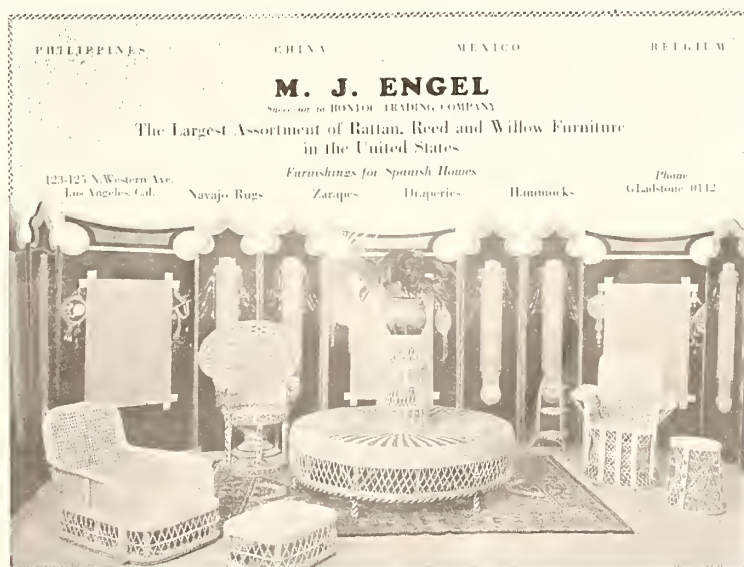
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OPEN EVENINGS



~ [*Fourth
Chapter*

MORE NEW BLOOD

The desire upon the part of film producers to introduce more New Blood in Motion Pictures has been forcefully evident since HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND published its most recent symposium on April 21st.

Paramount Famous-Lasky has decided to develop Gary Cooper, heretofore appearing in western pictures, as a regular leading man as the result of his work with Clara Bow in "Children of Divorce." Cooper's first role will be "Beau Sabreur," in the roadshow of that name to be produced by the Zukor company.

Taking the place left vacant by Cooper in the western films will be Jack Luden, also a newcomer to films. It is Lasky's hope, so we hear, to make a second Jack Holt of Luden.

Universal has started work on a series of "Drug-

store Cowboy" two-reel comedies with Arthur Lake in the lead. This young actor is regarded as one of the most natural of the many youngsters gracing the screen today and should create a great following with his new films.

Barbara Kent is a young lady on whom Universal also pins high hopes. She will play the lead opposite Reginald Denny in his next picture. Little Miss Kent has a demure personality that registers excellently on the screen and will undoubtedly "click."

Nancy Phillips and Sally Blane are two comely young ladies who have been signed to Paramount's roster of coming stars. They will work in various supporting roles for a time and it is expected that they will later be assigned leads.

Virginia Lee Corbin and Mary McAllister,

child stars of several years ago, are both progressing satisfactorily.

Miss Corbin has been signed by First National to play leads, while Mary McAllister is rapidly climbing to favor in parts for different companies.

Molly O'Day, who will be seen opposite Richard Barthelmess in First National's roadshow, "The Patent Leather Kid," is now playing opposite Milton Sills in "Hard-Boiled

Haggarty" at the Burbank studios.

Barbara Worth, titian-haired Universal actress, is another young lady who has been gradually coming to the fore. She has recently finished leads opposite Hoot Gibson and Reginald Denny and will make her mark ere long. Miss Worth is of the fragile, ethereal type and suggests emotional power. When she gets her first big part she'll undoubtedly show the world what she can do. Keep an eye on her!

The hit made by Janet

Audrey Ferris

New Blood in motion pictures has been augmented of late by a group of young players developed in the stock companies and "schools" of leading film companies.

As yet, though, the most notable progress has been made by young actors and actresses who have earned the right to better opportunities by virtue of their work as "extras" or "bit players," receiving their training in the studios under the usual conditions.

Audrey Ferris, who has just been signed to a five-year contract by Warner Bros., is undoubtedly destined to attain great heights in the silent drama. She is a diminutive brunette who has been playing in pictures for about a year, mostly in comedies for Universal and Educational. During that time, while she has never had parts of consequence, she has impressed people with the sincerity and inherent talent of her work and, now, through the management of Ivan Kahn, will have real opportunities to distinguish herself.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND vests great faith in Audrey Ferris and believes that the time is not far distant when she will be recognized as one of the outstanding thespic assets of the films.

Audrey Ferris is an example of the New Blood that is creating a new and more wide-spread interest in the silent drama.

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IN MOTION PICTURES

Fourth
Chapter]



Gaynor and Charles Farrell in Fox's "7th Heaven" is indicative of what New Blood can do in motion pictures when given a real chance. The triumph scored by this young duo is the talk of the industry today. Miss Gaynor will give her contemporary, Lois Moran, also at the Fox studio, something to shoot at now. We wrote about her before, too.

Farrell created quite an impression in James Cruze's

"Old Ironsides," but it was nothing compared to his work in "7th Heaven," a role more adapted to him.

Eve Sothorn, the dark-haired and voluptuous actress who plays the lead opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," will undoubtedly become one of our most popular vamps. Miss Sothorn played a very interesting role in Josef von Sternberg's production for Charles Chaplin, "The Sea Gull," which was never released, but which the editor had the pleasure of viewing in the projection room. Her

work in that film demonstrated her acting powers.

George Kotsonaros, famous Greek wrestler, has been taking a fling at the movies lately with marked success. His work in "When London Sleeps," for Warner Bros., and "The Tender Hour," the Billie Dove-First National film, proves Kotsonaros to be a capable actor as well as a vertebrae twister.

Ruth Taylor, that interesting little blonde who was formerly at the Sennett studios, has been free-lancing of late. Here is an actress that merits greater things.

Favorable reports have been drifting into the editor's office on Jack Ponder, who recently finished a role in "Belgrano," the South American picture made by Julian Ajuria at Tec-Art studios. Ponder is regarded

as good leading man material.

Interest has been steadily growing in Lou Duello, recently working with Bebe Daniels in "Senorita," who has yet to be given a real chance. Duello, of a distinct Latin type, is destined to make his mark in this business some day in a manner that will be sensational, to say the least.

Madeline Hurlock has been promoted to feature comedy stardom by Mack Sennett after consistently vamping Ben Turpin and other funsters in many score cinema-wows made at Mack's studio.

Eddie Quillan, nominated by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to play "Harold Teen" in the film of that name to be made by First National, has

(Continued on Page 10)

Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Being the son of a famous father has its drawbacks insofar as making a name in one's own right is concerned.

That is the status of Carl Laemmle, Jr., whose achievements have been more or less overlooked in the public eye because his father is one of the most noted men in the film industry and head of the company for which "Junior" produces "The Collegians," the two-reel pictures of college life.

As a matter of fact Carl Laemmle, Jr., need not depend on the reflected glory of his father one iota. Those who have had occasion to work with him, or come in contact with him, will vouch that he is a young man of real ability and a disciple of work.

Although only twenty years of age, "Junior" Laemmle had already begun his journey to fame and power in the silent drama. Conceiving the idea of a series of two-reel college life films, he presented the idea to his father, who told him to go ahead and make the pictures, entrusting all of the production details to his son's care. The subsequent success of Universal's "The Collegians" is due to the guiding hand of this boy.

Hollywood believes that the day is not far distant when "Junior" Laemmle will be entrusted with the management of all of his father's film interests. Certainly, he is now laying a strong foundation for his future labors.

MONTAGU LOVE

A most clever actor—and equally clever artist, who has created considerable favorable comment, especially in his current pictures

THE KING OF KINGS

THE TENDER HOUR
and

THE ROSE OF MONTEREY

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British Pick Own Over Yanks

In a poll of film favorites conducted by the London "Daily Mirror," American film stars were defeated by Betty Balfour, a British star.

While the name of Balfour is almost totally unknown in America, and known to a scant few in the film industry itself, London fans placed her above such stars as Lloyd, Pickford, Mix, Swanson, Gilbert and Talmadge.

Harold Lloyd was voted second place, with Pickford third and Fairbanks fourth.

Chaplin was fifth, followed in sixth place by Ivor Novello, a British actor who was seen in D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose" in this country.

Others, in their respective places, were Gloria Swanson, Tom Mix, Lillian Gish, Pola Negri, Pauline Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Reginald Denny, Constance Talmadge, John Barrymore, Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, Buster Keaton, Laura LaPlante, Colleen Moore, John Gilbert, Dolores Costello, Norma Shearer and so on.

This is regarded by British producers to indicate that loyal stars are preferred by the English people. However, where Betty Balfour was voted first in her own country, she undoubtedly would be far down the list in such nations as Germany, France and Russia where the preponderance of public acclaim is for the American stars.

Fields, Conklin In New Combine

W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin will team together for a series of Paramount feature comedies. Fields will come to Hollywood.

Pollock's 'Enemy' Next Gish Picture

Channing Pollock's play, "The Enemy," will be Lillian Gish's next film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It will be directed by Fred Niblo.

Barthelmess Opus Goes To Globe, N. Y.

"The Patent Leather Kid," the newest Richard Barthelmess film, has been booked into the Globe Theater, New York, for August 15th.

Ford & Hearst?

(Continued from Page 3)

at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer whereby they are now billed as "Marion Davies Productions" instead of "Cosmopolitan Productions" has led the wise-aces to venture that Hearst may be planning new film moves for Cosmopolitan.

London Novel For Sills Film

Jack London's "Burning Daylight" is Milton Sills' next for First National.

"Wandering Jew" Is Chaney Film

"The Wandering Jew" is Lon Chaney's next film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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Rogers To Start Rork Film Soon

Will Rogers will start work on "A Texas Steer," his film for Sam Rork-First National, the last of July.

Beaudine Guides Murray Fun Opus

William Beaudine directs Charlie Murray in that comedian's first stellar film for First National.

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THE PRINCESS OF DREAMS

..... *An Ideal of the Feminine*

All men are intrigued by girls like Billie Dove.

—o—

Certain types of femininity appeal to certain types of masculinity. Like may attract like; or opposites may fascinate. Yet a woman who may be divine in the eyes of one man may be repugnant to the next.

—o—

There is a seductive and ethereal charm to Billie Dove that embodies the highest ideals that a man can create around a woman.

This accounts, to a marked degree, for the great popularity of this actress among male patrons of the photoplay who are enchanted by this ideal of the feminine. Likewise does it explain the admiration of the girls and women, particularly of the collegiate element, who instinctively recognize in Billie Dove the highest expression of the feminine.

—o—

The vivacious, sparkling personality that animates Billie intensifies the rare delicacy of feature and beauty of form which is hers.

Dancing eyes that gleam like sapphires . . . ruby lips that spread in infectious smiles and reveal teeth, gleaming white . . . the melodious thrill of a voice that makes each word a song . . . graceful gestures . . . long, tapering fingers . . .

Billie Dove . . . man's ideal of the feminine.

Billie Dove . . . a criterion for womankind.

—o—

Billie Dove has been in pictures for several years. But it was when Lois Weber made "The Marriage Clause" that Hollywood knew Billie Dove was on the threshold of fame.

—o—

We recall "The Marriage Clause" as a romantic recollection. We were seated in a Beverly Hills theater. The screen suddenly flashed "Preview to Follow" and "The Marriage Clause" began. Utter boredom passed through many rapid transitions as the film unwound. We left the theater, enthusiastic and wondering. Billie Dove!!

—o—

Not long after that we met Billie Dove. We had not conversed five minutes before we knew that here was a great star at the portals of fame.

Our prophetic senses had not set a goal too high for Billie Dove.

The domestic surroundings exude the same atmosphere of aristocracy and beauty that is the charm of Billie Dove. A home of luxurious appointments and good taste. One feels at ease.

Our journeys there are always tempered with an ecstasy of naivete; knowing that the handshake



Fred W. Fox

is sincere and that no pseudo-sophistication prevails. The home is the spirit of Billie Dove.

—o—

First National signed Billie Dove for featured roles. Popular acclaim has elevated her to stardom in her third photoplay.

—o—

There may be stars of greater brilliance in the Hollywood firmament, where public renown is computed.

But there are none with greater futures nor more steadfast followings.

—o—

Some one has said, "The world is full of so many beautiful things, I think we should all be as happy as kings."

For the world is full of many beautiful things . . . ideals . . . and happiness . . . and people like Billie Dove. That makes life worth while.

It makes life worth while for people who see the reflected glory of her radiance through the magic of the motion picture.

It makes life worth while for all of us who know her . . . who clasp her hand . . . who see those dancing eyes that gleam like sapphires . . . the infectious smile of ruby lips and white, gleaming teeth and the melodious thrill of a voice that makes of each word a song . . . a song of songs.

Such is Billie Dove; the ideal of the feminine.



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"Discovering" Gilbert

Who "discovered" Gilbert Roland, the most "discovered" motion picture actor that was ever "discovered?"

That is the tumultuous question of the hour in Hollywood.

To date approximately 4,431 film companies, production managers, supervisors, directors, assistant directors, prop boys, casting directors, booking agents, actors, ingenues and trade journal editors have "discovered" this raven-haired young Spanish actor.

There must be an army of Gilbert Rolands, to believe them all. Otherwise Mr. Roland must possess some strange magic that enables him to appear in about fifteen places at the same time.

As a matter of fact, Gilbert was ferreted from the ranks of the unknown by Ivan Kahn, a free-lance casting agent of Hollywood, and anybody who wishes to get to the truth of the matter will be in informed by no one less than Mr. Roland himself.

After Kahn had spent much time and effort "selling" Roland to the producers, the young actor was signed to a long-term contract by Joseph Schenck's general manager, John W. Considine, Jr., who realized the ability of the lad. His first assignment under his Schenck pact was the lead with Norma Talmadge in "Camille," in which he scored an immediate hit.

Now, since Roland is on the highroad to fame, everybody is getting busy telling everybody else how they "discovered" Gilbert Roland.

Its' the same old boloney!

New Blood

(Continued from Page 7.)

gained many supporters since we last wrote about him. How anybody could pick a Harold Teen other than Eddie is beyond us. If young Quillan doesn't get the part, then the producer is the real loser.

Dorothy Sebastian, of the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer stock company, is being groomed for big featured roles by that company. Miss Sebastian, a beauty from Birmingham, has been seen in a few films and has captured the popular fancy. If she gets the right roles, she should develop into a candidate for stellar honors in her own right.

In succeeding issues HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will tell of more New Blood in Motion Pictures and, in addition to telling of new young players, will also devote its attention to rising directors, executives, scenarists and

Al Martin Writes FBO Comedy Titles

Al Martin has been signed to write titles for FBO. His first assignment will be "Helen Troy of New York." Al has been titling for Christie for the past year, as well as handling free-lance jobs.

Pick Napoleon For DeMille Film

Max Barwyn will play Napoleon in "The Fighting Eagle," to be directed by Donald Crisp for DeMille. This is his first big part.

Seastrom-Garbo On New MGM Opus

Victor Seastrom will direct Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman" as his next M-G-M assignment. It is adapted from "Starlight." Gladys Unger's play produced on the stage with Doris Keane. The locale is Paris.

other film workers whose work has commanded attention

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A

PUBLICATION will rise or fall upon the respect it commands among its readers and the quality of the reaction it receives from them.

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■ ■

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■ ■

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

Vast Ramifications of New DeMille-Pathe-P. D. C. Combine Point to Erstwhile Paramount Producer As the Giant Figure of Motion Picture Industry

The day has come when Cecil B. DeMille must be reckoned with in the compendium of the giant powers of the motion picture industry.

Since the release of "The King of Kings" the popular regard for this producer has been tremendously enhanced and the past few weeks, with the completion of the DeMille-Pathe-P. D. C.-Keith-Albee and Orpheum circuits-B. S. Moss and Proctor circuits and other theater interests, has pushed DeMille to the fore as a big figure in the silent drama, far beyond his by-gone status.

The merger with First National and the Stanley Company of America, which is not far in the offing, is also regarded as another strategic move on the part of DeMille to weld one giant organization out of many present more or less powerful units.

When DeMille left Famous Players-Lasky some two years ago wiseacres predicted his early collapse as an independent producer.

As a matter of fact, his first endeavors were beset with internal dissension and many big problems, principally the exhibition rebus.

However, instead of failing DeMille has emerged as a powerful menace to the supremacy of Zukor and other established leaders of the photoplay. It is all due to his inherent knack of organization . . . and the recognition of new blood in motion pictures.

DeMille has been willing to give new blood a chance and he has profited thereby.

"Variety," New York trade journal, speaking of DeMille's speech before the recent Pathe-P. D. C. convention here, declares "DeMille stated that new blood was what the organization would offer to the exhibitors; that the organization stood out and out for the independence of the artists; that it was not a factory grinding out film because it had to meet certain quota, but that art was always considered as the first ingredient for production."

On such a basis, it is evident that DeMille will succeed in a big way, for he has the vast ramifications of raw stock film factories, exchanges, theaters, studio and product at his command.

While DeMille has elected to make himself more or less of a secondary figure in the guidance of the new organization in favor of J. J. Murdock, Hollywood believes that the project as a whole will hinge on DeMille's counsel and maneuvers.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is pleased to see a man of Mr. DeMille's caliber meet with this great success, for he has always adhered to his ideals and has elected to follow those ideals over a hard road rather than sacrifice them for the easier ways of many of our other producers.

The program, as outlined at the convention, includes the following for the coming year, with the possibility of additions to be made later:

DeMille will produce for 1927-28 release forty feature pictures with the number of "specials" and "road show" attractions quadrupled over last year's.

There will be twenty-six regular attractions, ten "specials" to be made for long runs and "two-a-day" policies, and four "road shows," two by James Cruze, to be handled as has been "The King of Kings." At least one of the latter group will be directed by DeMille.

Pathe's 1927-28 production schedule calls for a total of 450 pictures, both short subjects and featured, including 104 Pathe News issues, 52 releases of the Pathe Review, 52 Topics of the Day, 52 "Aesop's Film Fables," six ten-episode serials, 26 Grantland Rice "Sportlights," 52 Mack Sennett and Hal Roach comedies, 12 Will Rogers one-reel features, and eight "Rarebits." Pathe will also release three Monty Banks feature comedies and 40 Western feature-length productions.

Owing to these greatly augmented production schedules the amount of money spent in production this year will be doubled over that of last season.



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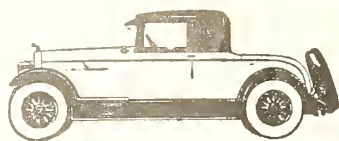
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If you have seen "The King of Kings" you have seen Nature duplicated by the art of George H. Westmore who furnished the entire cast with wigs and beards and did the hairdressing.

V H O L L Y W O O D

VAGABOND

The
Quality Filmpaper & Edited by FRED W. FOX
Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

Volume 1, Number 20.

Thursday, June 23, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

[Billy Joy, the publisher writes this week's "hiatus" and comments on people and pictures. ...Editor]

They say Al Santell has the "swell head"—well, what of it?

I'd excuse a lot of directors for getting the swell head if they would turn out a few opuses like "The Patent Leather Kid," starring Dick Barthlemess and that coming sensation—little Molly O'Day—give her a hand, boys and girls.

—O—

We are also glad and happy that success has not spoiled Monty Banks.

—O—

Certainly was a tough break for little Mervyn Leroy—but then with Louella Parsons going to the bat for him he's bound to click.

Besides, Marvyn has a host of friends, is a marvelous "mixer"—and don't let anyone tell you that he is not clever.

Being related to Jesse Lasky was a handicap that he is rapidly overcoming.

—O—

We're so glad and happy that success has not spoiled Cliff Robertson—same old Cliff—give him a hand, same old girls. I said a hand—not what you did.

Promoters Flock to Canada 'Film Rush'



LOUIS B. MAYER

Who is "The Valve of Young Blood" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page 8.

Talk Big Money In Movie Frenzy

Vancouver and Victoria, those otherwise sedate cities of British Columbia, are in the throes of excitement as wild as that which attended the California gold rush of '49. The movies are comin'! The movies are comin'!

Promoters from Hollywood and elsewhere have found western Canada a fertile spot to promote all kinds of wild and fanciful "second Hollywoods," and are busy talking in terms of millions of dollars.

One movie director, lately of Hollywood, has informed the Canadians that he "quit Hollywood, after being offered a salary of \$30,000 a week so he could come to Canada and make "clean pictures!" The pictures he made in Hollywood were nothing extraordinary and his salary was far from one-tenth of what he claims.

One, Mr. William Lee Sherill, formerly of Hollywood, is trying to promote a \$500,000 studio in Victoria and the staid "Daily Colonist" of that city has burst forth in screaming headlines

(Continued on Page 2)

"The Destiny of Chaplin"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Where is J. K. McDonald?

"Boy of Mine" was undoubtedly one of the most exquisite photoplays that ever fared forth from the studios of Hollywood. The whimsy, the naive simplicity and the sentiment of this picture is something that will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to see it.

Similarly, "Penrod and Sam" and "A Self-Made Failure" also distinguished themselves through their utter naturalness and popular appeal in a mad medley of artificial plots and saccharine picturizations that held sway at the time they were released.

It seemed that at last Hollywood had found a producer who possessed the knack of making consistently fine entertainment. Yet today he is not here.

Where is J. K. McDonald? That is a question that Hollywood may well ask and seek to answer.

It is safe to say that McDonald, a comparative novice in the making of pictures, contributed more worthwhile material during his brief producing career than any other single producer or director of many years.

Yet something apparently happened to discourage McDonald and turn his attention to projects far removed from the films. This was one of the worst blows ever struck at Hollywood and few realized it.

Here was a man who had originality, vision, imagination and the ability to organize. His unusual creative qualities were something that Hollywood needed. Today they are needed more than ever.

Where is J. K. McDonald?

Won't somebody find him and bring him back to us?

Rosson Starts Film July 15th

After having handled the direction of "Fine Manners," "Blondes and Brunette" and the prologue of Richard Dix's picture, "Quarterback," Richard Rosson is expected to start his next picture on or about July 15th for Paramount.

'White Shadows' New M-G-M Film

"White Shadows," adapted from Frederick O'Brien's novel, "White Shadows of the South Seas," will be filmed by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

Hall Plans For Mountain Trip

James Hall is now at work with Bebe Daniels. Upon completion of this picture he will hie to his mountain lodge for a vacation. Charles Bailey, Jr., will accompany him.

Mayo Is Given Long Term Pact

Archie Mayo, director, has been signed to a long-term contract by Warner Bros.

Comic Strips In Favor With M-G-M

Comic strips, in screen-play form, will be one of the offerings of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this season.

"Tillie the Toiler," starring Marion Davies, has met with such an enthusiastic response from the public that other Hearst pen-and-ink characters are to be recreated on the silversheet, too.

"Bringing Up Father," which has for many years been a burlesque stage feature, will be produced on a lavish scale and "Dumb Dora" will be produced as a Marion Davies vehicle.

Work Under Way On Pathe Serial

Allene Ray and Walter Miller have begun work on Pathe's serial, "The Man Without a Face" at the Fine Arts studio, Spencer Bennet is directing. It will be a twenty-reeler, adapted from the story by A. M. and C. N. Williamson. Work will be through August 18th.

Canada Frenzy

(Continued from Page 1)

with the news that Victoria is planning to put \$250,000 into the project.

It might be wise for the Canadians to check up with the Hays association before becoming so liberal with their millions.

Give New Name To 'Heidelberg'

Purchase of "The Student Prince," the operetta founded on the play "Old Heidelberg," has been consummated by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

As a result the title of the Ernst Lubitsch-Ramon Novarro film of the latter title will be renamed "The Student Prince" and all of the music of Sigmund Romberg which formed the basis of the operetta will be used as a thematic score for the photoplay.

This puts at rest rumors that rival producers would attempt to equal M-G-M's "Old Heidelberg" by buying "The Student Prince." With the newly acquired musical score it is believed the screen version of "The Student Prince" will surpass "The Merry Widow."

Gardner James In Chadwick Picture

Gardner James, erstwhile Inspiration Pictures star will soon start work on "Eager Lips," to be directed by Wilfred Noy for Chadwick Pictures.

James has been offered several long-term contracts with big companies but will probably free-lance for two or three pictures.

"The Thirteenth Juror" is the new title for Universal's "Counsel for the Defense."

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Development of California Riviera Given Impetus by Tennis Club

The cultural and social development of the California Riviera, that world-famous beauty spot situated on the Southern California coast between the Palos Verdes hills on the south and the Malibu country on the north, has been given added impetus by the announcement of the Santa Monica Tennis Club.

The membership of this distinctive club will be selective and is to be restricted to only the very highest type of people. A clubhouse of the Spanish type, reminiscent of an Andalusian hacienda, has been designed by Mark Daniels, famed landscape architect, and will be situated in Santa Monica Canyon, the heart of the California Riviera.

There will be a huge lounge, men's grill, lockers and showers; women's lounge, dressing-room, lockers and showers; card rooms, dining-room, ballroom and bedrooms. The terraces will be bricked and the patios will adjoin the dining room, so meals may be served there.

Facilities will be provided for dinners, dances, luncheons and other social affairs. The social aspects will be stressed as much as the tennis phases. Fifteen tennis courts, made of En Tout Cas, the material of which the famous courts at Wimbledon, England, and other noted tennis courts are built, will provide members of the Santa Monica Tennis Club with the finest tennis facilities in the west. Thirteen hundred tons of cinders are

being shipped from the east and 200 tons of top-dressing are being imported from England.

People of the motion picture industry have virtually been "clubbed" to death during the past two years by the numerous clubs of all descriptions that have sprung up overnight.

However, Santa Monica Tennis Club is not of the promotion species and the rigid qualifications that have been set down for prospective members will insure only the very finest people on the roster.

Among those who have already enrolled are William G. McAdoo, Jr., A. N. Kemp, Senator Phipps, Mark Daniels and other noted personalities.

Santa Monica Tennis Club is organized under California laws. There will be one thousand members, and one thousand shares of stock, selling at \$350 per share with dues of \$3 per month, payable annually in advance. Thus, the members will own their club in its entirety.

To those who desire an exclusive social retreat amidst the glorious surroundings of the California Riviera, this noteworthy project will be a welcome opportunity.

W. A. Slayback, who is receiving the memberships of motion picture and other Hollywood people, subject to acceptance by the membership committee, reports great enthusiasm among our local gentry for the Santa Monica Tennis Club.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX
BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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The Destiny of Chaplin

The marital sorrows of Charles Chaplin have aroused in the public a recondite perturbation that this king of clowns may be lost to them forever.

Likewise it has aroused in Hollywood a wonder whether it is about to lose from its midst he whom it regards as its outstanding craftsman. There has been rumor that Chaplin will go to England or southern France to make his pictures.

In the early stages of the Chaplin domestic tiff the notion was prevalent that Chaplin would be barred from the screen; that the unpleasant allegations and insinuations that were being aired in the public press would bring pressure to bear upon the powers of the photoplay to safeguard the sanctity of the ever-hostile reformist element by the banishment of the derbied mime.

Latterly, there has been somewhat of a return to reason upon the part of many who at first bellowed loudly for the exile of Chaplin from Hollywood's portals. Each succeeding day lessens the possibility, in the public mind, of this colossus of humor being lost to them forever.

However, there is still trepidation in Hollywood that Chaplin, whose welcome being has moved among us these many years, is about to desert these confines for some far country.

Irrespective of what may be said, the loss of Chaplin to Hollywood would be absolutely without substitute. Chaplin is of and by the motion picture. He is its first distinguished interpreter and has brought to the motion picture the serious regard of the intellectuals everywhere. Chaplin transcends all of his alleged contemporaries because of that versatility of his that can only be adequately classified as genius.

To lose Charles Chaplin would be to lose one of the prime factors of Hollywood's eminence.

The destiny of Chaplin should not be decided by the virulence of notoriety.

If the status of many of the world's greatest creators was determined by the ignominy and scorn that had been poured upon them at intervals during their careers then the preponderance of the world's art and literature would be lost.

Rather let the future of Charles Chaplin be ad-

judged in the public mind by what he has accomplished as an artist and what he can still accomplish. At times the populace of this great country cannot differentiate between personal tribulations and professional achievements.

As for our professional and hypocritical goody-goodies, they have neither the sense to differentiate nor the capacity to adjudge. Therefore, why tolerate their silly ukases on subjects in which they have no business to meddle?

It is of manifold importance for Hollywood to maintain a composed judgment on such affairs of its own people as may be let out for public mauling. To indulge in vitriolic comment at the expense of such valuable individuals as Chaplin is not in good taste, to say the least.

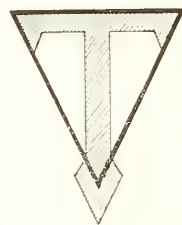
Let there be sanity in judgment here if not elsewhere.

There has been a marked propensity upon the part of the nation's press to exploit and prostitute the eminence of Hollywood and its people for notorious and selfish gain. That is, perhaps, their own business.

At the same time we cannot forego this opportunity to put ourselves on record as being violently and unalterably opposed to the lack of good sense and ethical procedure that will capitalize the mishaps that are common to humanity and exaggerate them in the name of public interest in Hollywood.

There are only a very few and scattered instances where Charles Chaplin has been treated with

(Continued on Page 11)



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VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion



[There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.]



A MILLION BID, a Warner Bros. film directed by Michael Curtiz, starring Dolores Costello with Malcolm MacGregor, Betty Blythe, Warner Oland and others.

The title has nothing to do with the prices the exhibitors are offering for this one.

If our memory does not fail us, "A Million Bid" was first filmed by Stuart Blackton for Vitagraph some years ago. It was a good picture for that day. The modern version, however, is somewhat more elaborate and introduces, among other things, a good, 1927 Warner shipwreck.

Dolores appears very attractive in this film but is given small opportunity for acting. Malcolm MacGregor is just Malcolm MacGregor, because there isn't much else to do. Betty Blythe bills, coos and cavorts about but does not register very effectively as the mother. The sinister and, later, apathetic role dished out to Warner Oland is, as "Variety" would

say, "nothing to write home about."

Mr. Michael Curtiz has gone to great pains, it seems, to introduce a lot of "psychological" camera flip-flops patterned after the German nuances of "Caligari," "Last Laugh," "Variety," et al. Here it doesn't mean much.

"A Million Bid" is just another movie.

F. W. F.

TOPSY AND EVA, a United Artists picture, featuring the Duncan Sisters. Directed by Del Lord.

Hail Rosetta Duncan—because you're a great little actress both on the stage and on the screen.

Hail Vivian Duncan—because you photograph like two million dollars and look like four million on the stage.

(Continued on Page 8)

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There are Critics---and Critics

By BILLY JOY

A very prominent local motion picture star, after having read the criticisms following the showing of her picture at a down-town theatre, became hysterical and cried for two hours—she was a female star, of course.

A very prominent local motion picture star, after having read the criticisms following the showing of his picture at a down-town theatre, fired his chauffeur, threw an expensive vase—vawse—take your choice—at a mirror—breaking both and, locking his home, left for his mountain lodge.

Both very foolish children.

The fact that the reviewers allowed personal venom to enter into their criticisms was, to say the least, unsportsmanlike. Even so, if either one of these stars would realize that no one or two reviewers ever made or ever unmade a star—or ever will for that!

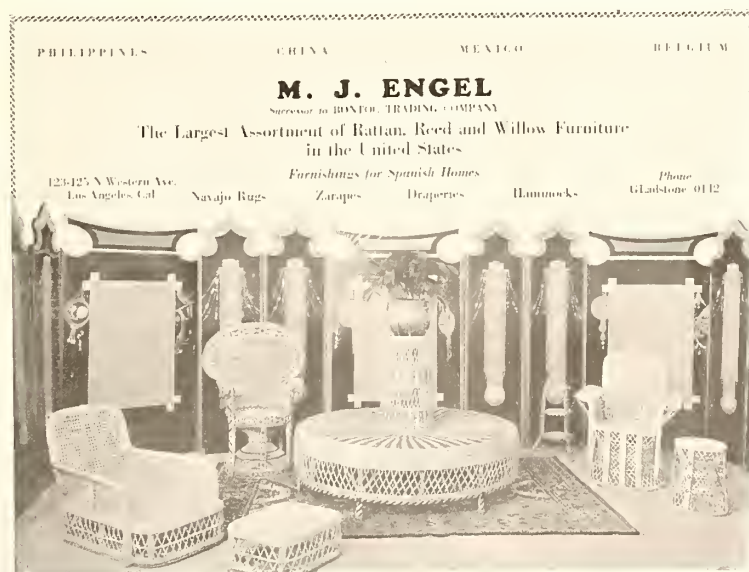
A review of a picture is only one man's or woman's opinion—and the success or failure of the picture, star or cast does not rest within their individual powers to prognosticate.

Some reviewers have a much-inflated opinion of what their opinions constitute and their arrogance at times fairly borders on puerility.

And so—my poor little star that twinkles—fear not these psuedo-Bogey Men or Witches—they live in a little self-inflated and pompous world that is all their own—most of them are terribly circumscribed—and your wealth, your adulations and your ability to twinkle, while they sputter and putter about, pricks them on to measures—not fair—not honest.

What a blessing to you are the reviewers—and we have many of them, who are tolerant and honest.

On the other hand, there are some stars whose egotism prevent them from allowing a constructive criticism to be of any help to them—and for those we hold but little brief.





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A Film Genius Who Is Overlooked

* * * * *

Black Photoplay Actor Deserves Applause

There is an actor in the movies who is one of our very few geniuses. He can be rated with Chaplin as a thespian.

However, the public and industry has overlooked this remarkable young player, perhaps because he is black; then again, perhaps because he walks on four feet.

He never says anything for publication. He is a bachelor (to the best of our knowledge) and leads a life of gay abandon. He never worries about rent, food, automobiles or the thousand and one other trifles that beleaguer the rest of us.

We speak of Felix the Cat.

Felix may not be a matinee idol, nor a sheik with the ladies, but, oh mama! he's sure some meow on his own back fence.

Felix is, perhaps, the most natural actor in the silent drama. As a comedian, he must be rated far above Langdon, Lloyd and other clowns.

He never quarrels with his producer. If he should, Pat Sullivan would merely pour Felix back into the inkpot.

The next time you chance across this dusky young thespian, study him closely. You can learn a lot about screen technique from him.

Felix is the First Actor of the silent drama . . . because he is always silent.

Cody, Pringle Team Once More

The team of Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle is popular, says Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Therefore they will follow "His Brother From Brazil" with "Adam and Evil," both directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

Clement Joins As M-G-M Scenarist

Colin Clement, author of "Plays for Pagans," "The Siege," "The Three Lepers of Suk-El-Garab" and other dramas, has joined the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scenario staff.

Conrad Novel Is MGM Picture

Joseph Conrad's novel, "Romance," is being filmed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Ramon Novarro, Marceline Day and others.

B. P. Schulberg, production manager for Paramount, has gone to Japan on a four day visit with wife and daughter. He'll be back July 12th.

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"Would that the little flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth



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HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES

UFA Makes Hit With New Film

According to all the box-office dope, UFA's "Wrath of the Gods," now playing in Europe, is a big clean-up.

This picture, directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck, is said to be a sensation, surpassing "Variety," "The Waltz Dream" and other UFA pictures.

Unusual camera shots, but with a definite meaning, together with grotesque settings and a high standard of acting, have brought a shower of praise from continental critics and there is no doubt but what "Wrath of the Gods" will return a handsome profit to its producers.

Famed Scribe Now In Movies

Beatrice Fairfax's original story, "Lovelorn," will be directed by John McCarthy for Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.

Jane LaVerne, four years of age, has been signed to a five-year contract by Universal. She will be starred.

"Big Parade" Rolls Up \$6,000,000 Gross

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Now at Top of Money

"The Big Parade," the war film directed by King Vidor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is the biggest money maker of any motion picture ever produced.

In a story printed in a recent issue of "Variety," New York theatrical journal, "The Big Parade" is credited with rolling up a gross of \$6,000,000 and a net profit of \$2,000,000.

Second place is held by "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze's production for Famous Players, with approximately \$1,700,000 to its credit; third place to D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East," with \$1,350,000, and fourth place to C. B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments," which has netted about \$900,000 on its roadshowings.

No mention is made of Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," which is understood to have been the biggest money-maker to date. It is a moot question whether "The Big Parade" has passed the early Griffith opus, but, at any rate, the record is claimed for the Vidor picture.

"The Big Parade" has yet to make its runs in the regular picture houses and in foreign territories. The \$6,000,000 gross and \$2,000,000 represents money taken in on roadshows. This is certainly a record in itself.

En-Tout Cas

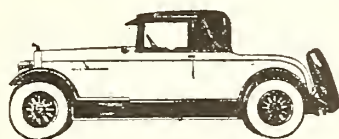
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This Dark Deed Sounds Like H. W.!

What dark plot is this?
Mr. Zukor's press agents
send us the following:

The master press agent of Hollywood, where publicity is publicity, has been brought to light.

The motion picture company which will film Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" has been searching for an actress to play Lorelei, the gold-digging heroine of the famous satire.

Mal St. Clair, the director who will film the picture, sent two hundred form post cards to all his fellow directors of Hollywood, asking them for their first, second and third choices of a girl to play the part.

The other day the Paramount studio received three hundred cards, each suggesting Rita Carew to play Lorelei. This in spite of the fact that nearly all of the two hundred cards originally sent out have been returned.

The press agent suspected was recently seen coming out of a print shop. And today he has writer's cramp.

Upon receiving this hint of a deep-dyed deed in the offing, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND mustered its sleuths and set their master minds a-deducting.

Finally, the finger of suspicion pointed at Mons. publicist for Edwin Carewe.

If this heinous plot is the work of Harry, then certainly he has earned the part for Rita . . . what with printer's bills (!) and writer's cramps (!!).

Laura La Plante has signed a new contract with Universal for a long period of time.

Verdicts

(Continued from Page 5)

Hail Joe Schenck—because, when every producer in the business "dunked" the Duncans, you had the courage to sign them and give them a chance to show how worthwhile they are.

I was a cinch for the Duncans. Having been "borned" in the South and raised on a plantation, I was a "made-to-order" audience for those two children. And how I revered—how I recalled my kiddie days, with the Mississippi flowing nearby—with darkies strummin' and hummin'—and with gorgeous southern sunsets, strangely silhouetting stately magnolias against those skies—My! My!—what a sweet, pleasing evening the Duncans afforded me.

I enjoyed the picture, but do not feel that this particular vehicle allowed the Duncans one-tenth of the opportunities to display their extraordinary talents.

Del Lord's direction was practically flawless and Clarence Hennecke's "gagging" helped in getting the weak story over.

Rosetta and Vivian certainly rushed into the motion picture colony with a bang.

B. J.

"Let Me Protect You"

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Hollywood Issues Commands in New Titles; Either Smile or Swim!

The title for Bebe Daniels' next Paramount picture is "Swim, Girl, Swim," while the title of a forthcoming First National opus is "Smile, Brother, Smile."

The title for exhibitors is "Cash In, Kid, Cash In" . . . maybe.

Edward Sutherland

The young director of the following successes:

"Behind the Front"

"We're In the Navy Now"

and

"Love's Greatest Mistake"

is now at work on

"Fireman Save My Child"

Mr. Sutherland is probably one of Hollywood's best dressed young men.

He is a satisfied patron of

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And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE VALVE OF
YOUNG BLOOD

... New Energy, New Perspectives

Organization may be likened to the human heart. The motion picture industry is an intricate organization. There is the heart itself . . . the studio. There are the veins that distribute . . . the film exchanges. The blood nourishes the body . . . the theaters.

—o—

There are many individual hearts that compose the one great heart that is the motion picture industry. Of these many individual hearts, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is among the greatest.

Just as the human heart has valves that control the flow of blood, so the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heart . . . the studio at Culver City . . . has a valve that controls and energizes the blood . . . the pictures . . . that flows through the network of veins . . . the exchanges . . . and nourishes the great body of theaters that depends upon Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for nourishment.

This valve is Louis B. Mayer . . . the Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

—o—

There was not the atmosphere of confusion or work done under high pressure, so common to the offices of many film executives, in the sanctum of Louis B. Mayer.

A few papers on the desk, an array of telephone, dictaphone, humidior, water carafe, glass-top desk, roll-top

desk behind it, souvenirs and mementoes of various descriptions, a few portraits of world-famous people adorning the walls, rich draperies swaying in the breeze, diffused lights, stained glass on the windows . . . neat, unobtrusive orderliness.

This was the workshop of a worker.

—o—

Mr. Mayer, a man of rather short, stocky build, arose and greeted us with brief pleasantries. Black hair, fringed with grey; piercing eyes; a determined jaw . . . the quiet yet immaculate apparel of a successful business man.

Louis B. Mayer radiates a feeling of big tasks undertaken and big results attained. There is the impression of a man able to cope with the problems of great enterprises . . . efficiently and quickly.

One knows, after a first glance at Louis B. Mayer, that here is a man who can take a problem under advisement, consider it for a few moments, and arrive at a definite decision. Mr. Mayer is the type of man who speaks in terms of "Yes" and "No." With him there is no faltering or bewilderment. He knows his work. He has confidence. His decisions are undoubtedly the result of many years' cumulative experience shaped to the problems of the moment.



Fred W. Fox

Here was the valve of Young Blood.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has pledged itself to adhere to the tenets of young blood; to tear away from dogmas; to infuse new energy, new perspectives, new interest into its product. Louis B. Mayer is the man who, ultimately, must keep faith with the promise.

The success of the company is the success of Mayer. That success is vast.

—o—

"We, the producers, very rarely get credit for anything that is accomplished in this business. But let something go wrong and the blame is all ours."

"The credit of a great picture invariably is bestowed upon the director, the players or others concerned in the actual production. They are entitled to it, certainly. At the same time, perhaps the producer, too, is entitled to a small share of credit. It is he who must make the decisions and rise or fall on the merits of the picture when it is to be sold."

"When we achieve we pass unnoticed. When we err there are a thousand critics lurking in the bushes who will pounce upon us."

—o—

There was a faint trace of irony in the voice. Louis B.

Mayer is a sentimentalist but he manages to cloak it under a very matter-of-fact exterior. With him, too, there is great pride in work well done; the eagerness to cull popular opinion of achievements or errors; the desire to accomplish and progress. It is not altogether fair that such men should be asked to shoulder all the blame and none of the credit.

—o—

"We have founded a new movement here in Hollywood. It is the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. It has been organized with an ideal in mind. It has been lauded; and it has also been criticized. This movement may be successful . . . then again, it may be a failure. It is founded on the ideal of fostering harmony within the industry. We have great faith in the industry . . . not merely the producers, but the actors, the directors, the players, the scenarists, the cameramen, the 'extras' . . . everybody."

"It is an organization for mutual benefit; not for individualistic aggrandizement or ulterior political schemes. The personnel shows its high caliber."

"The Academy will give everybody in pictures an opportunity to discuss different problems affecting the various branches of the industry not with selfish interests at heart, but for the benefit of all concerned. It will be an open forum, where complaints, suggestions and discussions may be launched and heeded. Toward the end committees composed of representatives of each and every phase of the industry have been organized. If the producer is at fault, he must explain himself; if the actor or the director, the cameraman or the scenarist, is at fault, they, too, must explain themselves to their own craftsmen."

"This is the only sane way to settle internal disputes; to 'air' them and not walk around with a 'chip on the shoulder.'"

—o—

There was a pause of a few moments as Mr. Mayer

(Continued on Page 11)

Lindbergh Feat Will Give Impetus to Aviation Films

The epochal flight of Colonel Lindbergh, together with the many other daring aviation feats, both performed and planned, will give great impetus to the making of films based on aviation.

Paramount's "Wings" will undoubtedly benefit greatly by the present popular interest in aeronautics and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's film, "War Birds," will also receive enhanced attention.

Other pictures dealing with air exploits are also planned for early production.

—o—

Did Shakespeare Play Baseball?

Did Bill Shakespeare ever play baseball?

Bid the Bard of Avon ever sally out to a back lot and sock the pellet over castle walls?

Was he the Bambino of Merrie England?

These are the moot questions raised by Mr. Sam Jacobson, Universal press agent, who claims that Lucien Littlefield, actor of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been delving into Shakespeare volumes and emerged with the following, which smacks of baseball lingo:

"A hit, a very palpable hit."—Hamlet, 5-I.
"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."—Macbeth, 1-I.
"—Which flies the higher pitch."—King Henry VI, 1-I.
"Play out the play."—King Henry IV, 2-IV.
"Do not saw the air too much."—Hamlet, 3-11.
"O, let him pass!"—King Lear, 55-III.
"Let the world slide."—Taming of the Shrew, 1-I.
"One, two, and the third in your bosom."—Romeo and Juliet, 2-IV.
"Out, I say!"—Macbeth, 4-I.
"When they are out they will spit."—As You Like It, 4-I.
"Flat burglary as ever was committed."—Much Ado About Nothing, 4-II.

Well, anyway, it sounds strange, eh?

Halperin Will Film in Canada

Three weeks ago HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND suggested Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Power and Glory" as motion picture material. Much of the action of this novel of Cavalier LaSalle is laid in Quebec.

Word has just reached Hollywood from New York that Victor Halperin has gone to Quebec to make a

picture laid in the same era as the Parker tale. The storming of Quebec by the British will be one of the highlights.

Moral: Follow HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and get the hot tips!

Gets Part In New Dix Film

George Irving has been signed for a part in Richard Dix's next, "Shanghaied," at Paramount.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The Destiny of Chaplin

(Continued from Page 4)

any degree of tolerance and even in those instances the most caustic sarcasm has been lurking behind the evidently assuaging remarks of these editorial piccolo-players.

We do not regard Charles Chaplin as a martyr in any sense of the word. He has merely been subjected to the unhappiness that is meted out to many a man whose domestic differences wind up in the courts.

The real martyr, if Chaplin is lost to America, is Hollywood. Yet we are moved by a profound hope that the destiny of Charles Chaplin will be realized in Hollywood, the incubator of his ambitions and the crucible of his labors.

There are enough Hollywood notches in that double-barreled shotgun, Intolerance, to prompt all of us of this great industry to rise and combat the sinister influences of the warped minds that parade as the great moral adjudicators of America.

This is one time when Hollywood is not going to suffer because of the notions of bigots.

The destiny of Charles Chaplin lies in Hollywood. This is where we want him; where we need him; and where he must return in the name of a great industry.

vagabondia

(Continued from Page 9)

was called to the long-distance phone in the adjacent room and also consulted on various studio matters.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is a company of young blood, new energy, new perspectives," he said, resuming his chair. "Each day witnesses progress in motion pictures. We must have people who keep abreast of the times. Our pictures must be abreast of the times, for the public is always keeping step.

"What was novelty two years ago is dogma today. Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer must always be the company of novelty; never of dogma; that is our creed.

"When we make motion pictures we are making entertainment for the people. They appreciate fine entertainment and we never find that we have 'to play down to our audiences.' That is a theoretical fallacy of the business that has been shattered by Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.

"Always our idea is to interpret youth . . . for youth is life. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the company of young blood. We

Brown Spectacle Promises To Set New Film Marks

"The Trail of '98," from Robert Service's novel, is coming forth as one of the giant productions of the screen.

While Director Clarence Brown has been filming for several months, the picture is as yet only half finished. To date twelve thousand extra players have been used and forty-five principal players will be seen in this spectacle.

This production will eclipse all of Brown's previous films such as "The Eagle," "The Goose Woman," "Flesh and the Devil" and other pictures

are not tied to moth-eaten recipes." —o—

The success of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the success of young blood.

To regulate the zeal, to temper the energy and to guide the labors of young blood is a job that requires cool judgment and sympathy.

It requires men with vision.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the shining mark of the industry today because it has young blood in its body . . . and because Louis B. Mayer is the valve of that young blood.

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is a good time to give thought to the furs you will need for next winter's wearing. As proof of this statement, look over our offerings and observe the greatly reduced prices now in effect. A substantial saving can be effected by buying now; and to this is added the advantage of an early selection from a showing of advance styles.



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Published by BILLY JOY [20c]

Volume 1, Number 21.

Thursday, June 30, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

The Duncan Sisters sho' got more
than their share from Del Lord.

—O—

Of all the low-down, mean, despicable and villainous characterizations on the screen, Gibson Gowland's "Simon Legree" in "Topsy and Eva" was all that—and more. He seemed to wallow in its vengeance, but at no time overacted what could have been a very easily overacted part.

—O—

A much more pleasant atmosphere now exists at the outer office of M-G-M Studios. Someone probably put some cyanide into the tea of the fresh youngsters who used to hold sway. "Whaddey-want and ifsowhy" was their idea of what their bosses wanted them to say.

—O—

Like Will Rogers, I only know what I read from the stuff the publicity boys send into the office, gratis—and I note that our charming Ben Lyon is to do the leading role in Harold Teen. If that be the truth, we might expect to see:

Clara Bow as Camille
Louise Dresser as Peter Pan.
Jetta Goudal as Dorothy Vernon.

(Continued on Page 6)

IS POLA'S HUBBY A FAKE PRINCE?



BETTY COMPSON

Who is "The Beautiful Lady Raffles" of
Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Seven.

Article Stirs Wrath of Serge

Is Prince Serge Mdivani, newlywed husband of Pola Negri, film star, a bogus prince?

This is the topic of the hour in Hollywood today, since the spouse of the exotic actress announced he would seek redress in the courts for statements made in a national motion picture magazine questioning the right of Prince Serge Mdivani to use his princely title.

The editor, whose remarks have aroused the Mdivani wrath, declared that a "noted Slavonic genealogist" had been employed to trace the Mdivani lineage and that no evidence had been uncovered in Russian archives that substantiated the princely title.

Hollywood has been surfeited with bogus princes, fake dukes and other false nobility that has preyed upon the American flair for anything that smacks of royalty or nobility.

In an endeavor to deter-

(Continued on Page 3)

"From Hobnails to Limousines"

-TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Vagabond to Publish Twice-a-Month As Plans Mature for Bigger Magazine

The unforeseen rapidity of growth that has characterized HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has impelled the immediate adoption of new plans for its greater growth.

At the time HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND made its debut over five months ago, it was the intention of its publisher to maintain it as a weekly publication of eight pages for over a period of one year, then to increase its physical size as the growth warranted.

However, the success of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has been more sudden and pronounced than was originally calculated. Not only did its editorial policies meet with widespread acclaim from distinguished people everywhere and gain the moral support of everybody interested in the welfare of the motion picture art at large, but its advertising revenue trebled the quota almost overnight.

After lengthy deliberation and consultation with the most expert counsel obtainable, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has decided to expand its field of activity to embrace the field of national and international circulation. Toward this end, the publisher has decided to incorporate the Vagabond Publishing Company as a general publishing corporation and to soon thereafter publish HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as a monthly publication, with many added pages, colored cover, art, articles and stories by renowned writers from every source and the many other features essential to a successful national magazine.

A great new source of capital has been made available to the proposed corporation. Men of financial power and integrity who have figured in the organization and management of the corporations of national renown will be identified with the destiny of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and the other projects that will form the nucleus of the new corporation. They regard HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as one of the most distinctive journals of many years and have declared an ambition to be linked with its growth and the realization of its great plans.

The new corporation will be headed by Billy Joy, who will maintain control and continue to actively guide its work, aided and abetted by the experience, counsel and effort of these new co-workers.

Contracts will be entered into with Fred W. Fox, editor of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, to retain his services exclusively for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and the editorial enterprises of the new corporation for a long period of time.

In the interim, while the process of organization and incorporation is under way, it has been decided to begin gradual changes in the editorial policies of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, rather than make a sudden change from a weekly newspaper to a monthly magazine.

Toward the end, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is inaugurating a twice-a-month policy beginning with

this issue. Our next edition will be published on July 14th, two weeks hence, and HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will appear every other Thursday thereafter. The present twelve-page edition will be maintained, but all news matter will be eliminated. Editorial space will be devoted solely to critical comment, articles pertinent to the motion picture as an industry and art, and, of course, "Vagabondia: Hollywood Journeys with Fred Fox." The consensus of opinion of our readers is that the critical comment which distinguishes HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is more interesting than the news matter, which is carried by almost every journal in the industry today, as well as the daily press.

We believe all of our readers will concur with the wisdom of this move. Adjustments will be made on present subscriptions and the administration of the journal, both editorial and business, will immediately begin to make necessary changes to conform with the plans for expansion. Developments of the new organization and plans in detail will be revealed in succeeding issues, so readers may be minutely posted on what HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is doing.

Remember . . . HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND . . . every other Thursday . . . next issue . . . July 14th.



Dedicated to those who would remain slender and to those who desire to regain their sylph-like figure.

A SYMMETRIZER also helps start your day off with vim and vigor and a freshness which you will enjoy.



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Fake Prince?

(Continued from Page 1)

mine to its own satisfaction that Mdivani is or is not entitled to the title "prince," HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND employed Neal F.

Hollywood Vagabond had long been interested in the claims of foreigners to titles. It is a most vital subject these days. When the case of Prince Serge Mdivani came to our notice we sought authoritative information. By mere chance we learned that a genealogist by the name of Neal F. Mears was in town and having been a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society of Boston, and the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society of New York City, the Connecticut Society, the Buffalo Historical Society and other like organizations, his credentials were unimpeachable. On his coat lapel were two emblems about which he said nothing. One was a red and white rosette, as yet unidentified, and the other was a Rotary Club button. He had not said he was a member of the Rotary Club but we know that only one man in a city or club could be a member as representative of his particular business and that this man must be the leader in his line. In other words, here was an honor that money could not buy. So unknown to Mr. Mears we called the Rotary Club of Los Angeles and the following conversation ensued:

"Do you know Mr. Neal Mears, a genealogist?"

"Yes."

"Is he a member of your club?"

"No."

"Where is he a member?"

"Chicago Rotary Club."

"Do you have a genealogist in your club?"

"No."

"Do you know if there are many genealogists in Rotary Clubs?"

"There are not; Mr. Mears is the only one in the world in Rotary."

When we learned that there are Rotary Clubs in some thirty countries of the world and that Mr. Mears is the only genealogist in the world to be elected to Rotary International, Hollywood Vagabond sought no further but engaged him immediately.

Mears, noted genealogist, whose report is given in full on Page 10.

Documentary evidence has

been brought forth from the archives of the country of Georgia that proves that the Mdivanis are of princely lineage.

Among the proof submitted by Mdivani himself to substantiate his claim to the title were photographs and photographic copies of documents that were obtained from the publicity department of the Paramount studio by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

These documents read as follows:

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF GEORGIA

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL of the town of Tiflis.

of the Railways of the West of the Republic and

of the Tkivbouli sector of the coal industry.

No. 7835.

January 20th, 1921.

Town of Tiflis.

TRANSLATION

CERTIFICATE

As a result of the request of General Z. A. Mdivani with relation to the confirmation of the genealogical tree of the Mdivani family, presented by him together with the birth certificates connected with the same and copies of documents from the Archives of the Museum of the Society for the Expansion of Education among the Georgians, etc. . . . the Chancellery of the Governor General confirms by the present that, conformably with the documents mentioned above and with the information it has collected, the genealogical tree presented by General Z. A. Mdivani is absolutely exact, and that the father of Z. A. Mdivani—Aslan, son of George—is really the grandson of Khaikhosro Mdivani, to whose father—Solomon, son of Levan—the Tsar Irakly assigned the name of MDIVANI and conferred the title of Prince in 1752, for his distinguished services in the battle of Erivan.

The Governor General—B. Tchikvichvili.

The Director of the Chancellery B. M. . .

(SEAL) (Signature illegible.)

The Secretary—C. H. . . (signature illegible.)

Vu a la Legation de Georgie en France, Paris, le 13 Novembre 1925, No. 2089 (A. S.) Bon pour traduction conforme a l'original presente par M. le General Mdivani et a lui rendu immediatement.

(Official Seal) Le Chancelier, Legation de Charge du Service Georgie en Consulaire, France. V. Babet.

—O—

TRANSLATION

ANCIENT GEORGIA

Collection of the Georgian Society

of History and Ethnography
Volume I. Tiflis 1909. IIIrd

Part. Pages 44-45.

\$ 110

SOLOMON MDIVANI, SON of LEVAN

Solomon was of Lesgaine extraction and received the title of Prince and the name from the TSAR IRAKLY II, for services rendered, for this same Solomon had been wounded in a battle near Erivan, in the presence of the Tsar. He had an acute intellect and was eloquent and conversant with literature and the conduct of affairs. Eventually, when the kingdom was restored in Georgia, he entered the service of the TSAR of Imerethia, SOLOMON, whom he served to the utmost of his forces and followed into Turkey where he died of disease.

Vu a la Legation de Georgie en France, Paris, le 13 Novembre 1925, No. 2090 (A. S.) bon pour traduction conforme a l'original presente par M. le General Mdivani et a lui rendu immediatement.

(Official Seal) Le Chancelier, Legation de Charge du Service Georgie en Consulaire, France. V. Babet.



Hollywood folks who have found this shop express their appreciation in no uncertain terms.

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Frank M. Flynn
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The QUALITY Film-paper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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From Hobnails to Limousines

The story is typical of Hollywood.

In those days of several years ago they seemed so free of the artful sophistication, common to the poseur, that has since seized them and made of them tragic comedy.

Unknown, impoverished, buffeted by the stern realities of life as it is lived in Hollywood, their ambitions were to write their names in glowing letters across the heavens of fame.

Today that has all vanished. They have been gathered unto the nouveau riche, that dull species which results from the sudden success of this industry.

Where once they surrounded themselves with glamour, today they merely bore us to death. In gaining their goals they have lost all of the zeal and effort that made the quest thereof a shining adventure.

Fame, for them, must surely be an empty thing.

—o—

It was the weavers of legend, perhaps, who led us that these people plodded many weary miles from studio to studio in quest of their daily pittances.

Finally, one by one, the gates led their tired feet to the gates of opportunity. An elapse of a few days and then the world would hear of some new personality that had risen from the depths of Hollywood to the heights of glory.

With this recognition came reward; the material wealth of the world.

They threw away their hobnails and the weary feet walked no more. There were shining limousines instead.

—o—

We would have wagered that they would be among the very last of Hollywood's clans-

men to succumb to the artificiality and pseudo-aristocracy that reigns in the town.

Yet self-esteem has nabbed them and they have finally awakened to the fact they are above their former caste. They admit it. It is already making great impressions upon their demeanors and also upon their work. It is unfortunate, this circumstance, for it means the loss of creative factors. Conceit overrides confidence. Where the latter was once their great quality the former becomes the bane of their careers and the barrier against their true friends.

When they throw away their hobnails they throw away all of their intrinsic talents, for the hobnails are the symbols of naturalness, which actuates all great achievement.

The limousine, symbol of artificiality, is the token of their new anonymity.

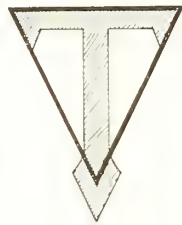
—o—

We see them at rare times.

They move among people who are alien to their natural inclinations. They endure, pretend to enjoy this obeisance to frills and flap-doodles because they believe it enhances their professional reputations.

When they see us they are somewhat

(Continued on Page 5)



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VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion

There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.

SENORITA, a Paramount picture starring Bebe Daniels. Directed by Clarence Badger.

"Senorita" is one of the world's greatest examples of how a good title writer can save a film flop. The only redeeming feature of this picture was the witty and terse captions by Robert Hopkins who made something of nothing.

Bebe does a combination of Eltinge and Fairbanks; dressing up like a boy and swinging from chandeliers and other good, old United States fixtures down in the Pampas country. But even Bebe couldn't hold this thing up. James Hall didn't shine at all. Josef Swickard did well in his part, as did William Powell, but the others were nothing to get excited about.

The direction was smooth but the story was repetitive to the point of smothering all of the laughs.

Let's hope Bebe gets bet-

ter stuff than this in time to come. Otherwise the future isn't so rosy for her.

F. W. F.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER, a Paramount Picture starring Jack Holt. Directed by John Waters.

There didn't seem to be much mystery to this. The same old plot: "give me the papers or I'll tear up the baby."

Holt once again does the strong, silent, misunderstood man of the wide open spaces; a gun-totin', horse-rassin', climbin', leapin' h-ee-rr-oo-! One often wonders, when looking at one of these things, what would happen if the hero didn't get there in the nick of time.

Betty Jewel looks nice but doesn't do much. David Torrence is a cigar-chewin' Rolls-Royce-ridin' daddy who is out for a land grab and Tom Kennedy is a big-hearted villyun, quick on the draw and flat on the comedy.

The rest of the cast does a lot of whoopin', snarlin', accusin', shootin' and hell-raisin' in general.

For a real novelty, Holt and the gal go into a clinch at the finish and Kennedy looks on and chuckles.

This ought to make the Germans jealous.

F. W. F.

Make Change In Universal Title

The cast includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Francis X. Bushman, Walter Pidgeon, Martha Mattox, George Seigmann and others.

Anita Loos Due Here Very Soon

John Emerson and Anita Loos will sail from England on the S. S. Homeric and are due to arrive in New York July 20.

Miss Loos will then leave for Hollywood and is expected to arrive here August 1st to look over candidates for the lead in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Long Term Pact For Fred Kohler

Fred Kohler, character actor has been signed to a long-term contract by Paramount Famous-Lasky.

Kohler, six feet and 200 pounds, has been seen recently in "Old Ironsides," "The Rough Riders" and other films.

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hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

Wallace Beery as The Head-waiter

and Harry Langdon as Monsieur Beaucaire.

Nope—sorry—you're not the type.

—o—

Someone was heard to remark that he liked to be seen reading Hollywood Vagabond as it was considered quite eclat. Wonder if this party was getting their pastries mixed.

—o—

The used-to-was General Manager or officer-of-the-day of Universal, Julius Bernheim seems to be getting more out of life than he used to. That "care-of-the-world look" has left him, especially on Saturday afternoons when he can be seen tripping the light fantastic at the Ambassador.

—o—

Hollywood does seem a bit more natural with Tommy Meighan and glorious Gloria back in town.

—o—

Ray West has written a song and called it "Hollywood Vagabond." Strange as it may seem, there isn't a "bum" note in it.

F. B. O. is now bill-boarded on twenty-four sheets as Full Box Offices.

Full of what?

—o—

Bring your bathing suits boys and girls—we're going out to Louis B. Mayer's little pool.

—o—

Tom Mix says that his "vawlet" can speak better English than he can—but Tom should worry. Now if his valet could write a bigger check—well, that would be news.

—o—

Boys, I believe you're passing up a good bet for the part of Loreli when you overlook Corliss Palmer.

—o—

And all I gotta say is that if Mickey Neilan makes "An American Tragedy," they'd better use asbestos film.

—o—

If director's heads swell when they make good pictures, just think how lucky they are that these same heads don't shrink when bad ones are made. There'd be a lot of hats dangling on walls.

—o—

Don't pro-long the prologue, Mr. Grauman.



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—Wordsworth



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THE BEAUTIFUL LADY RAFFLES

..... Why Crooks Go Back Home

Hollywood may have character actors and actresses equal to Betty Compson, but there are none superior.

Here is a player who could hold popularity in the films merely because of her beauty, yet she elects to play parts that often hide her charm and make her a grotesque figure.

Of one thing we are certain . . . there is no actress in the films who can play crook and underworld roles with the facility and realism of Betty Compson.

With the exception of "The Miracle Man," which brought her to fame along with Thomas Meighan and Lon Chaney, we believe Betty's most interesting portrayals have been in films such as "The Woman With Four Faces."

Betty Compson, the lady raffles of the movies, is one reason why crooks go back home.

Who would want to flaunt the law, when such a clever detective is on his trail? The odds are against him.

In later months, Betty has been appearing in a different type of pictures, the society-drama variety. Yet we are assured that she will soon make her reappearance in the same type of roles that made her famous.

Almost any actress can

get by in conventional leading roles such as are the stamp of the movie society-drama. Yet we have only one Betty Compson, so why lose her in such stuff?

"The Ladybird" is the name of one of her new films. That is what Betty's fans want — melodrama!

—o—

There has been some comment on the industrial status of this actress. At one time she was a star for Paramount and in her first few roles following "The Miracle Man" she hit a new stride toward fame.

As sometimes happens with the best of our studios, Betty was given some parts that were not at all adapted to her. One of the best things she did in the latter period of her Paramount affiliation was the lead in "The Pony Express," directed by her husband, James Cruze.

Since seeing her work under Cruze's direction, we have nursed a secret hope that some day she might appear in one of her splendid melodramatic roles under his direction.

Betty is now a free-lance in Hollywood. She works for any company that has a good story and a real worthwhile role to offer her. Needless to say, her compensation is computed among the highest figures of the business. As a star in these pictures



Fred W. Fox

for several different companies, where she has been able to choose her own vehicles, Betty Compson has developed into one of the really big box-office attractions of the business.

Instead of making spectacular appearances in the "show-case" theaters of the metropolitan cities, she has built up a following among the small town fans.

That is where the enduring reputations are built.

—o—

Personally, Betty has always been one of our prime favorites.

Skipping over the list of pictures that we have seen, insofar as the retentiveness of our memory allows us, we find that there are a scant few Betty Compson pictures we have failed to see.

Even the opuses of society-drama. We came away from them with the hope that she would soon return to the characterizations that have created her as a distinctive figure in motion pictures.

And at the Cruze mansion at Flintridge, we have always found Betty Compson a hostess of rare charm and intellect.

If the ability to enact characterizations is gauged by one's own character then it is not hard to understand how Betty Compson renders such engrossing performances . . . for real character and win-

Some Titles For Tiffany

Tiffany Pictures has just announced the titles for twenty films for the coming year. Among them are some very interesting titles, indeed.

For instance, there will be a picture entitled "Their Hour." Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer some time ago made "His Hour," with John Gilbert.

Then, again, there will be "A Woman of the World," which, of course, has nothing to do with Pola Negri's recent picture of that name for Paramount.

"The Scarlet Dove" is related neither to Norma Talmadge's forthcoming "The Dove" nor any other "scarlet" titles on hand.

Vera Reynolds is now making a picture at the De Mille studio, under direction of Frank Urson, bearing the title, "Beautiful But Dumb." One of Tiffany's titles, too, is "Beautiful But Dumb."

"Clothes Make the Woman," which is one of Tiffany's titles, has nothing to do with the Leon Errol-First National film, "Clothes Make the Pirate."

Neither has "Bachelor Apartments" anything to do with Fox's Madge Bellamy film, "Summer Bachelors."

"Night Life" is simply "Night Life," not "Night Life of New York," which was made by Paramount with Dorothy Gish.

Ho, hum!

Thomson Picked for Negri Lead

Kenneth Thomson, who was seen opposite Jetty Goudal in "White Gold," will be leading man to Pola Negri in "Sun Kissed." Jean Hersholt is in the cast, too.

ning personality are hers in abundance.

At the same time it is a tribute to her artistry that such a delightful and gentle girl can transform herself into the hard-boiled characters of the underworld.

But Betty is an actress. She is also our pal.

From Hobnails to Limousines

(Continued from Page 4)

ashamed. They know that their disguises are so penetrable to us, that their new-found success is so frail and futile.

Sometimes they studiously avoid us. That is the confirming gesture. Disgust for their manufactured shadows is growing.

—O—

It may be their lot to attain greater heights of fame, for the success they enjoy today is a secondary thing. It resolves upon the decisions and activities of others to whom they are subordinate.

In those days ahead, when fame may smile upon them or when, perchance, disappointment and heartache may lurk in wait for them, it is certain that there will be one question that will occupy their thoughts at times:

Is it well to throw away hobnails for limousines if in so doing one throws away the great and good qualities and the charm of the human contact that they now consider the price of their achievements?

—O—

They will recognize themselves when they read this. Yet it is not a condition that is peculiar to any individual.

It is a social estrangement that is common to Hollywood, where fame is sudden.

And where fame is also fleet and the years march by quickly.

Cameraman Here From Italy Films

Angelo Giovanelli, a nephew of Princess Giovannelli of Via Maria, Rome, has just arrived in Hollywood. He is rated as one of Europe's best cinematographers and has been filming pictures there for the past 12 years, among them "Quo Vadis," "Theodora," "Kings in Exile," "The Ventriloquist" and "The Mystery of the Front House." Giovanelli also aided the American company that went to Italy to film "Ben Hur."

In Italy, Giovanelli reports, a cameraman must also cut his own pictures. This has helped him to develop his knack for dramatic construction of pictures.

One of his most difficult assignments was "The Ventriloquist," which required shooting in double and triplicate exposure.

Giovanelli plans to remain in Hollywood.

Harvey Gates, scenarist, has been signed to a long-term contract by Warner Bros.

Helen Foster in New "U" Serial

Helen Foster plays the lead opposite Jack Dougherty in "Haunted Island," the new Universal serial

Martin Signs to Title Bray Films

Al Martin has been signed to title a series of 26 Bray novelty films to be made in Hollywood during the coming year.

CLARENCE BADGER

One of Paramount's most consistent box-office directors. A few of his recent outstanding pictures are:

- "IT"
- "SENORITA"
- "A KISS IN A TAXI"
- "THE CAMPUS FLIRT"
- "MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"
- and now in production
- "SWIM, GIRL, SWIM"

Clarence Badger, a conservative man, is likewise a conservative dresser.

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10% Wage Slash Rouses Actors to Revolt; Producers Wasteful?

The proposed wage slash of 10% on all film salaries over \$50.00 per week is about to precipitate a pitched battle between producers and players, if reports bantered around during the past few days are correct.

Many stars have declared, in no uncertain terms, that they will not accept any cut in their salaries and would seek release from their contracts if such measures were put into effect by present employers.

In a statement published in the Paramount Studio News, a weekly house organ issued by the Paramount studio here, Jesse L. Lasky invokes the co-operation of all employees in the following statement:

A serious situation has arisen in this industry and we must fact the facts.

The facts are that the net income from pictures is not sufficient because costs have mounted too high. We have been spending too much for what we have been getting. And we can go on in this way no longer.

Our industry, yours and mine, has reached the period of stabilization—the age of discretion.

We are facing the situation with sound reason. What we propose to do in this studio is for the protection of the future of our business, which means the protection of the future of every one of you. As our first step in meeting this grave situation we are asking every employee of the company receiving more than \$50.00 a week voluntarily to accept a salary reduction of 10 per cent. A committee of the executives of the studio has been appointed, and with myself as chairman, has been studying the payrolls. Many employees getting large salaries will be requested to take a proportionately larger percentage of reduction. The company will appeal

to those under contract just as to those who are not.

In addition to this, every possible means of economy, without sacrificing quality, will be put into effect, and the management is prepared to consider all suggestions for the economic and practical solution of our problems.

It is only proper that you should know that already, in our home office, all of the departments have met the issue courageously and vigorously.

Starting with the president of the organization, all the other executives of the company, as well as myself, through all the departments of distribution, of the foreign field, of Publix theaters, the situation has been faced and all have reduced or are reducing their salaries.

This department of ours, the production department, has been left to the very last, because we all have realized that it is the life blood of our organization.

We have been studying every possible means of solving the problem.

Three courses were open.

The first was to make the reduction in salaries described above so that we might continue with the most ambitious program this company ever has undertaken.

Our hope is to carry through this readjustment with humanity, intelligence and justice for the ultimate good of all.

Other companies, too, after the recent producers' meeting in New York, have decided to cut down on salaries, even those of contract players.

However, a great squawk has arisen from the bigger stars whose income is figured in four and five figures per week, and there is small likelihood that the producers will attempt to cut down on the big stars, for fear of losing them altogether.

Also, with the threatened move on the part of other stars of several of the producing-distributing organizations to bolt their present contracts, it is not likely that the 10 per cent slash will be pushed very far. Only the smaller wage earners will get it in the neck, according to the present aspects and what the companies save on those folks can be wasted in one afternoon by an inefficient director.

It is not the high salaries paid to some of the bigger stars that is causing the present "serious situation" in the film industry.

It is the gross incompetence, extravagant tomfoolery, loose production methods and lack of common business sense that is running production costs up so high. The average picture has more money chalked against its production cost before the di-

Ragland Heads New Exchanges

John C. Ragland, for the past five years sales manager of Harold Lloyd pictures, has joined Columbia Pictures Corporation in a similar post.

A new network of exchanges covering the Pacific coast has just been completed by the company and will give Columbia direct contact with the exhibitor between studio and theater.

Offices are now functioning in Los Angeles, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle and Butte, Montana.

Famous Scribes on New Contracts

Louise Long, Ethel Doherty and Percy Heath, scenarists, have been signed to long-term contracts by Paramount.

Luther Reed on New Film Contract

Luther Reed, director, has been given a new contract by Paramount.

Director and players get to work than is warranted. Certainly, this cannot be attributed to exorbitant actor wages!

It must be laid at the door of the producer, the supervisor and the thousand-and-one other executives who throw money around like grass seed.

Now, as a consequence of their poor judgment, it is proposed that the players whack off 10 per cent of salaries that are certainly determined by their box-office prestige, else they would not be getting them.

Report of Neal F. Mears, Genealogist, on Title of Prince Serge Mdivani

There have been recent insinuations that Prince Serge Mdivani, husband of Pola Negri, and his brother, Prince David Mdivani, husband of Mae Murray, are not princes, but the brunt of the accusation is directed against the former. These insinuations seem to be based on ignorance or misunderstanding of the title of prince. So far as can be learned no claim has been made that he is a member of royalty; the title does not even infer it. We might as well insist that all doctors are doctors of medicine simply because that was a common notion in the past and yet we now have doctors of chiropractic, doctors of law, doctors of science, doctors of divinity, and many others.

Prince, or "princeps senatus," meaning first senator on the Roman censor's list, was first used with the idea of sovereignty by Augustus and this gradually spread to other countries. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the title in France ranked below that of Duke except in the case of sons of the royal house. In Germany, Austria and other countries of the Holy Roman Empire the title was first held by the "optimates," and then all feudatories holding directly of the Crown ranked as "Princes," from dukes to simple counts, and even archbishops, bishops and abbots. In Italy the heads of great families sometimes bear the title of prince. In Russia the Predicate of "Serene Highness" is sometimes conferred with the title of prince by imperial warrant, and while the title of "knyaz" is rendered as "prince" that of "veliky knyaz" is "grand duke." Furthermore, a Russian prince may be only the cadet of a family not included in the Almanach de Gotha.

There are what may be considered as three kinds or classes of princes; princes of the blood or sons of the sovereign; illegitimate sons of the sovereign who have been recognized; and princes by warrant. Morganatic sons, though legitimate, seem to be neglected.

Princes by warrant are just as much princes as are those of royalty. The crown as the fountain of honor is capable of conferring upon a subject not only any existing title, but may even invent one for the purpose. The earliest letters patent creating a peerage which are known are those issued by Philip IV, of France, in favor of Robert II, Count of Artois, about 1238 A. D. Since that time many rulers have granted titles to their subjects. Ofttimes this was done on the field of battle. When these titles are of the nobility they are passed down to one or more of the descendants in a generation. It is even known where rulers of some countries have created rulers of others. A notable example is that of Napoleon creating a King of Westphalia.

Prince Serge Mdivani is, by inheritance, just as much a prince as is the Prince of Wales. The question of royalty does not enter. The Prince of Wales is a member of the nobility but is not a peer. That is to say, many of the non-royal subjects rank higher than he. They are peers, and, as such, entitled to a seat in Parliament, in the House of Lords. Sometimes the other members, besides the crown prince, of the royal family are referred to as "commoners" but this is more a technicality than a fact.

There is a distinction between titles of sovereignty, either supreme or inferior, and titles of nobility. One must really consider the various grades leading to these heights of social eminence. They are commoners, yeoman, gentlemen, nobles, peers, and members of the royal family. The titles of the greater nobility are prince, duke, marquis, earl or count, viscount, and baron, and most of them exist in all European empires

and kingdoms. In the British Kingdom there are no princes outside the royal family. In Russia there are no dukes except the imperial grand-dukes and neither marquises or viscounts. In Germany there are no viscounts. It is evident, therefore, that the title prince is highly respectable but is not and has not been solely reserved for members of royalty.

The statement is made that the name Mdivani does not figure in the list of princely families in Russian Genealogy. There is no real reason why it should. The country of Georgia, the home of the Mdivani family, is one of the oldest known in history. According to tradition the Georgian race is descended from Thargamos, or Togarmah, grandson or great-grandson of Japheth, son of Noah, and the race is included in the general classification of Thargamosides. After Karthlos, second son of Thargamos, the country was called Karthli. Mtskethos, son of Karthlos, founded the city of Mtsketha, the modern Mtskheta, and made it the capital of his kingdom. This country was conquered by one of the generals of Alexander the Great. It became intimate with Russia in 1492 and called on her several times for protection. Finally, it became autonomous under Russia in 1783 and was annexed to Russia in 1801. Since Georgia was a separate country there is no reason why her records should be in any other country. Nor should the genealogy of her subjects be included with those of another country, particularly before annexation.

Prince Mdivani has a document which says that the title of prince was granted to his family in 1752 by the Russian Tsar. This cites from the Georgian records and archives. Any comment that it should be recorded in Russian records is not pertinent. It is a Georgian matter. If we can question an attested document of this sort, signed and sealed by officials then no certified deed, court record, or other document is of any value. A certification is not a personal matter but pledges the faith of the office and state which issues it.

On the other hand, every document in existence is not necessarily on the official records. The burning of Washington, D. C., during the war of 1812 destroyed many valuable records and yet documents are accepted even if not in government archives. The destruction of the Four Courts, in Ireland, a few years ago seriously damaged many records and the call was issued that holders of any copies of the records return them for re-recording.

The statement is made that the "Mdivani family at Tiflis * * * are of the common gentry." Aside from being ungrammatical the statement is ungenealogical. As said above, commoners and gentry are as far apart as the poles and "common gentry" would indeed be a curiosity. It is obvious that any man who commanded a regiment was of high standing. So any Mdivani who had this distinction was a man to be envied. His social title is not a matter for military records and there is no reason why a list of the Russian General Staff would show it. One might find a parallel in the case of Lafayette on General George Washington's staff. Was he always called "Marquis" in the military records?

Even now the Mdivani family is prominent in Georgia. In 1921 M. Mdivani was appointed chairman of the Soviet Government.

Altogether there seems to be no real argument against the use of the title of Prince by the Mdivani brothers; on the contrary, all evidence and custom shows that they are clearly entitled to it.

Hollywood, California, June 27th, 1927

(Signed) NEAL F. MEARS.

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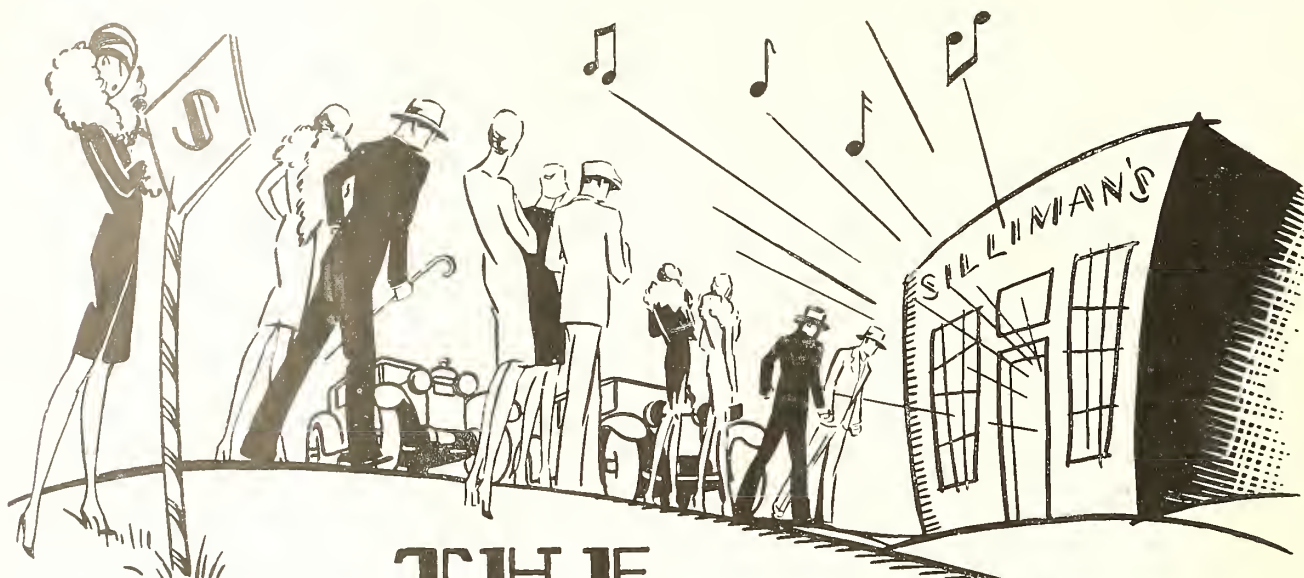


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Volume 1, Number 22

Thursday, July 14, 1927

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A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

Have you noticed what an inspiration the northwest corner of Vine and Hollywood is?

Now heard along the boulevard: "Well, when Jesse Lasky told me I'd have to take the cut, I told him if he performed any rabbinical operation on my salary he'd just have to figure on some one else for my parts — and boy, believe me, that made him hesitate—in fact I wouldn't be surprised if my refusal was the ruination of his well laid plans. That night when Cecil B. 'phoned me, I was too darn tired to talk, so I let my valet tell him I was in conference—bright and clever—that's me all over.

The Town Bugle contest now being held for the most popular casting director is still in progress. As no votes have been received nominating Cliff Robertson we wish to state that he most certainly IS in the race.

"Let me protect you, Jack," said Eddie Shafer as he stepped between the Manassa Mauler and Sharkey * * * ? ? ? *****

If it takes six months to make a bottle of ginger-ale, how long should it take to make one ill. Well, anyway, that's what they say on the bill-boards.

Alice Lake says that these yel-
(Continued on Page 6)

Uncle Sam Spanks Zukor and Aides



EMIL JANNINGS

Photoplay character study of "The Man with the UFA Eyes" of Fred Fox's sketch. See page 7

Govt. Ukase in Paramount Case

Uncle Sam has taken Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky across his knee and spanked them, figuratively speaking.

In other words, the Federal Trade Commission, after a six-year quiz into activities in the film industry, has laid down the law to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and has cited three distinct "don'ts" for the guidance of this film company.

Describing Adolph Zukor as the "dominating personage" of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and, by virtue of that fact, the dominating figure in the film industry because of the vast ramifi-

(Continued on Page 2)

"HOLLYWOOD! What Crimes Are"
Committed in Thy Name!

-TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Uncle Sam Spanks Zukor and Aides

(Continued from Page 1)

cations of Paramount and its subsidiaries, the Federal Trade Commission, concluding its probe, expressly prohibits Zukor, Lasky and Paramount from:

(1) Continuing a conspiracy among themselves or with others to lessen competition and in restraint of trade, etc.

(2) From employing "block-booking" tactics in the sale of its product, etc.

(3) Acquiring or threatening to acquire theaters for the purposes of intimidation or coercion against exhibitors.

Meanwhile counsel for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation have declared their intention to carry the fight to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Complaints filed by the commission against several other film companies have been dismissed, but, it is believed that the restraining order placed upon Paramount's practice of block-booking will, directly or indirectly, have an effect upon the same methods as now employed by other big producing-distributing organizations. Marcus Loew has been quoted as willing to abandon the block-booking practice on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for any other distribution methods that may meet with the approval of exhibitors.

For years there have been insinuations upon the part of certain exhibitors that intimidating tactics were being employed by several of the big film companies and the Federal probe was the result of the complaints. At one time it seemed that the

'NEW BLOOD' IN NEXT ISSUE

The fifth chapter of that engrossing HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND symposium, "More New Blood in Motion Pictures," will be published in the next issue, dated July 28th, two weeks from today.

As stated in the last chapter, published on June 16th, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will now turn its attention to promising new directors, scenarists, cameramen, executives and other human factors in photoplay production, as well as to discuss the progress made by players previously mentioned and new candidates for honors or demerits.

"More New Blood in Motion Pictures" has aroused a wide-spread interest everywhere, not only among executives in the Hollywood studios, but also among leading exhibitors and the public, who have great influence in making or marring the futures of these people. HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has received letters from such distant points as London, Berlin, Sydney and Buenos Aires, asking for detailed information on some of the people discussed.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND'S idea in publishing this series is to encourage the work of obscure newcomers and others whose achievements seem to be overlooked in the fanfare of publicity for the more prominent people in the industry.

Likewise, it is designed to shatter the daydreams of young people whose self-esteem is perhaps not consistent with their attainments, or rather lack of them.

Remember, the Fifth Chapter, "New Blood in Motion Pictures," in the next issue, July 28th, two weeks from today.

YOU MAY BE IN IT!

quiz was to be dropped because of insufficient evidence, but shortly thereafter it came to life again with amazing rapidity.

The Federal order to Zukor and his aides is somewhat reminiscent of the probe conducted several years ago by the government into the affairs of the Rockefeller Standard Oil interests, which resulted in the breaking up of the one big company into individual enterprises confined to states or certain territories.

If the fight is carried to the Supreme Court and the defendants lose, it is believed that Paramount may circumvent the Fed-

eral order by organizing a more intricate system of subsidiary corporations. At the same time, the order on the block-booking practice will meet with the approval of the majority of exhibitors who have rebelled against the system almost since its inception.

The findings of the Federal commission relative to Paramount reads as follows:

"The respondents Adolph Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, have conspired and confederated together and from time to time with other persons unduly to hinder competition in the production, distribution and exhibition of motion picture films in interstate and foreign commerce and to control, dominate, monopolize or attempt to monopolize the motion picture industry."

New Plan To Whack Costs

Such a terrible yell arose in Hollywood when the producers decided to chop 10 per cent off salaries that the idea was dropped like a piece of hot iron.

For the time being, anyway.

Jesse Lasky has bethought himself of a new idea, though. Its name is "Emergency Cabinet"—and it's supposed to act as a first aid kit in the battle against that dread disease, High Cost, at the Paramount studios.

Thirty representatives of the various departments compose this "emergency cabinet," and they have "pledged themselves to institute policies and methods by August 1st which would solve the problem of excessive costs."

This cabinet meets in conclave once a week, so you see they haven't very many times to meet between now and August 1st. In those meetings they're supposed to solve all the high cost ills of the Paramount studios and make the bosses, stockholders, et al, feel hotshots.

Meanwhile Mr. Lasky says:

We realize stabilization and reduction of production costs are absolutely necessary, but we believe we can put our house in order most effectively by eliminating waste, extravagance and inefficiency, and at the same time keep organization morale in the highest key by leaving salaries untouched unless we fail in our end to sufficiently cut production costs in other ways. Then, if the cut is necessary, we will all take it.

"We are fully cognizant of our own limitations and of our partial responsibility for the present situation, which we frankly regard as critical.

As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina "Thass all; theh' ain't no moh."

An Open Letter to the "London Bioscope"

... and to the British Film Producers

Gentlemen:

There is on the desk before us a copy of your special edition, "British Films Today," described as "a survey of the resources of the British film producing industry." It is a meritorious work and it is the first of its kind we have encountered, that covers British motion pictures to an adequate degree.

There are certain points relative to the British film industry that are raised in your editorial, "Britain's Great Opportunity," with which we take issue.

You state that "the foundation of the British film business is the British cinema," and at the same time you declare that the British film industry "sooner or later . . . bound to take as worthy a place as that occupied by other British industries in the international industrial world."

If British films are to take their place in the international industrial world they must shape their product with that goal in mind.

The fault with British films to date, as we see it has been that they have been fashioned solely for local consumption.

There have been instances where individual producers have endeavored to induct touches into their films that they believed would catch the fancy of foreign audiences and become salable in the markets of the world.

So far, no great degree of success has attended those efforts and, we believe you will agree that there must be a radical rearrangement of British production if the producers of London hope to profit in their efforts to internationalize.

Our comments on this matter are, of course, confined to speculation insofar as actual knowledge of methods employed in making British films are concerned. Our views are based upon a comparison of the methods employed by American producers, who dominate the markets of the

world, and the results of the exhibition of British films in America.

The most pretentious British films have been based upon themes that are interesting only to British audiences. Events of importance in British life, British history, British customs, those are the ingredients of most British pictures.

Where an American producer makes a picture that is built around American modes of life or American interests, that film is usually re-edited for the foreign market. The bulk of American production, however, is confined to themes that have an international flavor.

Your observations on American motion pictures are very gracious, indeed. You say that "we do not forget that the present proud supremacy of the American film has been won by sheer merit; nor do we wish to imply that anything but equal merit, at least, can succeed in rivalling America's position. America is a competitor of generous spirit and wide vision. She realizes, as she has often stated through the mouths of her leading film men, that it is neither possible nor desirable to corner the world's film entertainment. It would be as impossible and undesirable for Britain to do so for any other nation. Anxiety to obtain for Britain her fitting place on the screen of the world should, therefore, lead no one to write or think of the British film movement as antagonistic to American films. We believe that America is entirely sincere in her professed desire to see British films prosper; and we earnestly hope that the British film industry will continue to regard America . . . as, in the main, it has done in the past . . . as a friendly co-operator in developing, for the mutual good of all nations, the greatest art-industry that the world has ever known."

We believe that the future of the industry lies in the

(Continued on Page 10)



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The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

Edited by FRED W. FOX

BURL TUTTLE, Contributing Editor

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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HOLLYWOOD: What Crimes Are Committed in Thy Name!

Almost since the genesis of the motion picture industry it has been the practice of ambitious editors to link the names of photoplay favorites with Hollywood mishaps.

Overnight, it seems, murderers, thieves, bootleggers and connivers of many descriptions are endowed with the mantle of cinema stardom by the daily press, while, as a matter of fact, their connection with the industry itself is usually very remote.

This habit has been deplored by all forces that work for the good-will of the industry at large and, at various conclaves, representatives of the national press have pledged themselves to avoid this utter exaggeration, but seemingly to small avail.

As we have stated at various times ere this, the keen relish of Hollywood habitants for publicity has brought about many unpleasant paragraphs in the newspapers at later times when unfortunate happenings transpire. It seems to be the penalty that a word of praise eked from the editor today will be receipted by a dash of notoriety tomorrow.

The journalists' reasoning, perchance, is that a name that has circulation value in publicity has infinitely greater reader appeal when linked with unsavory and sensational events.

Vast and unending are the crimes that are committed in the name of Hollywood.

For example, during a period of six days not so long ago, the word "Hollywood" or "film star" figured as many times in the scare-heads of one of Los Angeles' largest daily newspapers.

In each instance the event recorded was a murder, a bootlegging raid, a murder trial and several other catastrophes of human frailty that were linked to the motion picture industry.

In fact, in one night's edition, three main column heads were devoted to picturing the misfortunes and alleged wickedness of "motion picture stars," whose names were totally unknown to the industry.

Events that would otherwise occupy only an insignificant corner of one of the back pages are "played up" on the main news pages of the press when it is deemed possible to link the films with the occurrences.

If that is journalistic enterprise, then the editors are certainly lax in covering the domestic tribulations

and deeds of violence that can be laid at the feet of people in other walks of life.

However, the people of the motion picture industry are aware of this deliberate discrimination and slowly, through the process of organization and the formation of societies endowed with political power, are manifesting their displeasure at this unwarranted harassing.

Through the medium of this new-found influence, the motion picture people are at last becoming aware of the fact they are entitled to certain inalienable rights as editorial subjects and are speedily demonstrating their desires in no uncertain terms.

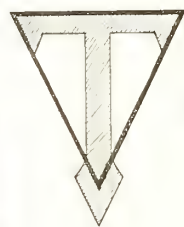
Similarly the new Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences could become a most potent factor toward the realization of the ends of justice.

For years the public has been plagued with the indictments and needless defenses of Hollywood. While lurid fiction, supposedly descriptive of life as it is lived in Hollywood, has been circulated in almost every city, town and hamlet of the nation, trashy propaganda, ill-advised lecturing and sentimental whitewashing has also put the industry in bad taste with the thinking element of the populace.

It is the general conception, in the metropolitan centers of the country today, that Hollywood is another community, similar in outward aspects to the average town of its size. The public is, perhaps, inclined to regard the tales of wild night life in Hollywood as romantic myths designed to color the sensational aspects of the photoplay in general.

With the possible exception of seven to ten specific instances over a period of fifteen years, there has

(Continued on Page 8)



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VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion

[There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.]

TILLIE THE TOILER, starring Marion Davies. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by Hobart Henley.

"Tillie the Toiler" has been roundly slapped by many critics. In the neighborhood theater where we saw it, though, this picture went across like a house afire.

The fans, especially the stenographers and soda-jerkers, will like Marion in this opus. She gives to her portrayal of Tillie a touch of whimsy and spontaneity that has been lacking in most of her previous roles. Photographically, Marion is a rare treat in this picture.

George Fawcett, as Simpkins, the boss, tried to emulate Russ Westover's cartoon character in appearance rather than in spirit. Fawcett's make-up was perfect but he grimaced entirely too much.

Matt Moore as Mac had the spirit of the role but alas, lacked the dolorous appearance of the comic-strip slave. Matt appeared as a handsome Mac, in spite of his attempts at appearing boobish. He did the best possible under the circumstances.

Claire McDowell, as Tillie's mother, was a total alien, insofar as Russ Westover's pen impression of the mother is concerned. She did not fill the part at all.

Harry Crocker, as Penny Fish, gave a most delightful portrayal and, more than anyone else in the case, paralleled the comic-section character in appearance.

There was just a short flash of Gertrude Short as Bubbles, but her part was well handled.

The picture was padded with two other characters enacted by Bert Roach and a little boy, who are unfam-

iliar to perusers of the cartoons.

The main theme of the film was weak and the final phases of the picture indulged in shedding tears and sorrow altogether not in the spirit of "Tillie the Toiler" as it is known to newspaper readers.

It is difficult to handle the screen adaptation of comic strips, for the audience usually has a preconceived notion of the principal characters and is critical to the extreme. As a photoplay entirely divorced from the cartoon, "Tillie the Toiler" is a fairly entertaining work and should return a healthy profit.

However, the consensus of opinion is that the screen interpretation did not do justice to the Russ Westover ideas and that perhaps a little more time should have been devoted to its production and the selection of the cast.

F. W. F.

KNOCKOUT REILLY, a Paramount picture starring Richard Dix. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.

"Knockout Reilly" is a good box-office picture and it is also a realistic depiction of the fight game.

The direction is excellent and the smallest details have been handled with minute care. The sequences in the fight are plausible because of the relative physical proportions of the hero and the heavy. It is not the usual movie of a small man lambasting a giant into oblivion.

Jack Renault, erstwhile sparring partner for Jack Dempsey and a heavyweight of no mean renown, plays the heavy and acquires himself with distinction. Renault is more than a pugilist; he is an actor, undeveloped in finished technique as yet of course, who could easily win plaudits as a movie heavy and garner the mazumas too.

Dix gives his usual interesting performance and should satisfy his many followers. This boy has plenty of personality and is rapidly becoming one of the films' biggest attractions.

Mary Brian is the leading lady and shows that she has gained much in technique since the days of "Peter Pan." Harry Gribbon and the rest of the cast fill the bill.

F. W. F.

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hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

low cabs are just "flying omelets" to her.

Well, all I gotta say is that a lotta actors better look to their laurels when this boy Raoul Walsh gets to doing his stuff before the camera in Gloria's picture, "Sadie Thompson."

If he does only half as well acting as he did directing he'll wish he were twins.

Have you seen Mike Boylan's new Ford?

At any rate I hope you haven't missed Marion's shack at the beach.

Daring. Dashing. Debonair—that's what they say about a certain auto—but they're all wrong—that's Johnnie Walker.

Monty Banks parts his hair in the middle—about his pals he's not so particular.

If he ever fails at making pictures, Samuel Goldwyn might hire out to the nouveau-riche as a preliminary matrimonial arranger, and do rather well, I should imagine.

Hollywood's Damon and Pythias
—Menjou and D'Arrast.

Said Harry Miller as he fell into the arms of his ever faithful Otis: "Look out, the Laemmles are coming."

One thing about Leach Cross' cafe—you pay only for the food—Leach charges nothing for the laughs.

Just the same I still think that Vic McLaglen has given one of the best blankety-blank blankety-blank performances of the year.

What price glory, eh, Vic?

And a half page ad for Lucky Strikes announces:

"While directing 'The Big Parade' I had to shout my directions to hundreds of film players—

... I smoked Lucky Strikes, which seemed to ease and rest my throat. IT IS WONDERFUL to find a cigarette that relaxes your nerves and at the same time insures you against throat irritation—a condition from which film directors are bound to suffer.

(Signed) "KING VIDOR."

Well! Well!

On 'Wielding The Megaphone'

There is a figure of speech generously employed by photoplay editors and other commentators on the silent drama when referring to a director at work.

They say the gent is "wielding the megaphone."

That is very true in most cases.

To "wield a megaphone" requires considerable arm-work and little headwork, if at all.

Manipulators of horse-operas and other perennial species of silent drama are the most steadfast addicts of megaphone "wielding."

A lavish display of arms, feet, golf pants and other accoutrements of the directorial menage usually accompanies the "wielding" of a megaphone. Also, loud and prolonged bellows to the poor brutes under the make-up.

If the same energy that is spent on this "wielding" was deployed to the cerebral center and utilized to promulgate quiet thinking, we

Alberta Plays Second Fiddle

On various occasions we have remarked upon the sudden rise and recent decline of little Alberta Vaughn as a movie star.

Now there comes to our desk an announcement from the First National press agent, which declares:

Ray Rockett announces that Alberta Vaughn has been cast for the role of Molly in support of Richard Barthelmess in "The Drop Kick," the college football story, etc., etc.

This imbues us with the feeling that perhaps Alberta Vaughn has chosen the route to feature stardom as leading lady to our bigger stars rather than as a candidate from two-reel comedy stellar prominence.

Until, on reading further, we discover:

—with Virginia Lee Corbin in the leading feminine role, etc., etc.

should all be much happier—player, director, critic and audience.

Wielding the brain is preferable to wielding the megaphone.

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—Wordsworth

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A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE MAN WITH THE UFA EYES Jannings the Giant

German motion pictures such as "Variety" and "The Last Laugh" have prompted a new phrase for Hollywood lexicon.

Thespians of local origin are heard to speak of "that UFA expression."

They are referring to the slow tempo, the depictions of dolor and melancholy and the animated, beaming smiles of comedy that distinguish the broad sweeps of the Teutonic interpretations.

Jannings has been catalogued by them as "the man with the UFA eyes," for he, of all the German players, has been most successful in introducing this new cinematic motif.

UFA, if perchance the layman reading this may not know, is the initialized name of the most prominent German film producing company, in whose productions Jannings first rose to fame.

Directors in Hollywood are heard to admonish players about to enact a sad scene before the camera to "do a UFA with your eyes."

But only Jannings can do that. It is really not a "UFA expression," rather the artistry of Jannings alone. —o—

Most famous film stars lose their glamour when one meets them in the flesh. Personalities that the screen reflects as innately sweet are discovered to be extremely arrogant and hard-boiled. Jannings surpasses, in real life, all of the conceptions

aroused by his work on the screen.

Our visit with him will remain as one of the most memorable chapters in the annals of our Hollywood journeys. To converse with Jannings is a real treat. He does not confine himself to monosyllable mutterings as do so many of our film celebrities.

—o—

We sat in his dressing room at the Lasky studio.

Outside the "lot" was alive with noon-time activity. Famous stars mingled with carpenters and executives. They seemed so disconcertingly human; here were no gods on pedestals. Only hungry actors padding toward the cafe.

Jannings would be back soon; he had just gone out on the lot. So we sat and conversed with the interpreter, whose fluent command of German sibilances and American slang were to make our interview possible. Jannings is mastering the English language rapidly but for rapidity of speech German is still his forte. What German we know is not adapted to swift usage.

—o—

Jannings entered.

A giant of a man; over six feet in height and sturdy of physique.

A broad and happy smile accompanied the handshake. He started to speak in English, but resorted to German, and the interpreter spoke, in turn, to us.

—o—

Jannings likes America.



Fred W. Fox

He says he is very happy here. Everybody is so cordial and willing to help, both on and off the set. He praised the co-ordination of the American studio and expressed his pleasure when we told him of the great impression "The Way of All Flesh," which we had seen the evening before, had made upon us.

—o—

"Everybody thought I would be 'lost' in the American studios. I am happy to hear you like this first Hollywood picture of mine. I hope the American public will like it, too, and the people back home.

"You have asked me how I handle a character to eliminate as many titles as possible. In 'The Way of All Flesh' there are only a very few titles. We work to convey thought by the use of pantomime instead of titles. The character must first be human; then it is easy to inject the little touches that will make the use of titles infrequent.

"A character like August Schilling must be a composite. My idea is to make each and every person in the audience say, 'That is MY father,' or 'That is somebody I know,' not merely, 'It is SOMEBODY'S father,' or 'That is a character SOMEBODY else may know.'

That is the way to get effective reaction, I believe.

"I do not like the weird camera angles of many German pictures. I like pictures that are true to life; not pictures that certain cliques of people may understand. It is alright to use cinematographic effects when there is a plausible reason to employ them, but not for the sake of determining how many angles a single scene may be photographed from.

"I like America very much. I will stay here for a year and then will visit my people in Germany. I shall probably come back here to make this my home.

"The character I am playing now" (Jannings was attired in the rough sweater of a typical London slum bully) "is remote from such a one as August Schilling. It is a great story. When we have finished this, we will make a story of Russia.

"I do not think I will be 'lost' in the studios of America. I believe we will make even better pictures here than I have had before. The resources are so great, everything is so vast and efficient; there is understanding and friendliness.

"I am very happy."

—o—

We left Jannings as the studio was going to work again.

Famous stars came padding by again, mingling among carpenters and executives. There was not much dissimilarity in their expressions. Jannings was animation; that's what these people lacked.

—o—

Visions of the August Schillings, the "Last Laughs" and the "Varieties" were aroused again. And the eyes, with their merry twinkle or their vast sorrows . . . the eyes of Jannings . . . "The Man With the UFA Eyes."

When one has met Emil Jannings one has been in the presence of a great artist. When we walked out of the studio a feeling of edification possessed us.

—o—

This was Jannings . . . Jannings the giant . . . a giant among men and a giant among actors.

HOLLYWOOD: What Crimes Are Committed in Thy Name!

(Continued from Page 4)

been nothing of a scandalous nature emanating from Hollywood that involved people who were really known to the theater-going public. Unknowns, who by virtue of their residence or even more distant connection with Hollywood at some vague time have been ballyhooed as famous stars and "sold" to the public as such in their connections with murders or other acts of violence, have usually been recognized for their true selves by the majority of the populace.

Today the reader who glimpses the word "Hollywood," "film star" or other cinematic designation on the face of the daily newspaper is inclined to be bored and immediately knows that he is being bilked by the editor.

The real crimes that are committed in the name of Hollywood are those that are perpetrated by these journalists who are totally devoid of ethics and a sense of discrimination.

As they refuse to give any consideration whatever to the cause of Hollywood and the motion picture industry, it is high time that our people employed every political power within their reach to remove them from office and to exact justice from the sources where it can be obtained . . . speedily and effectively.

That source is to be found in the offices of the publishers who are inclined to rate theater advertising as an intrinsic part of the revenue of the influential metropolitan newspapers.

If the motion picture people are to be subjected to indignities and assaults, let them likewise employ boycott to attain their just ends.

Davenport Back In Hollywood

Delbert E. Davenport, editor and publicist, has returned to Hollywood after an absence of three years and has opened publicity offices in the Markham building.

He was at one time editor of the Photoplay Journal of Philadelphia and later general press representative in that city for the Shuberts. Coming to the west coast, he was engaged as special publicist for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, later founding his own publicity bureau in this city.

He was also later editor of the "Camera!" magazine, a predecessor to Fred Fox, and founded the Hollywood "Filmograph" when it was a daily newspaper.

In the east, Davenport has been connected with the publicity offices of the Fox Film Corporation and has also engaged in other noteworthy

editorial and publicity projects.

The present dearth of able free-lance publicists in the Hollywood territory is minimized to a great extent by the return of Davenport.

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Is Mr. Lasky Wrong Again?

Speaking before the recent Paramount convention at New York, Jesse L. Lasky, production nabob of the organization, declared:

"We (and when I say 'we' I mean the entire motion picture industry) have been making pictures, for instance, for various high-priced and unreasonable stars, also directors whose names and reputations were a mirage rather than a reality. No longer will we be dazzled by the false brightness of names that we created. No matter who the star is, no matter how famous the director, we now can tell him to deliver—and deliver our way—or get out."

While there may be an antagonistic note to this pronunciamento, at the same time one wonders whether the words haven't been uttered for publicity purposes rather than in dead earnest.

Big names, box-office reputations, personalities, call it what you will, that is what has made Paramount a motion picture factor and it will be absolutely impossible for Mr. Lasky and his co-workers to disregard the fact, no matter what they may have to say in conclave. If the company lost its array of stars, directors and others tomorrow the good-will of the name Paramount might carry on to a certain extent, but not as a leader in the industry. The human equation will make or break the film business. Mr. Lasky knows this, too.

As to "high-priced and unreasonable stars and directors whose names and reputations have been a mirage rather than a reality" they have been made mirages by producers such as Mr. Lasky. It has probably come to the point where the producers have begun to believe what their own press agents write about their own players and have been suddenly jolted out of their day-dreams by mounting production costs having nothing to do with players' salaries.

It will be a sad-looking mess of players that will be thumbed down by the idea as expressed by Mr. Lasky

Dan Cupid Nabs Film Publicist

Mr. Joseph C. Blair, who indites fancy odes about film folk for the papers, has met his Waterloo.

Joe is about to acquire a better half in the person of diminutive Agnes Mansfield daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mansfield of Hollywood. The wedding will take place on Sunday, July 24th and it is expected that a horde of editors will seek revenge at that time by employing all of the ancient tactics essential to adequately plaguing a new bridegroom.

After all, Dan Cupid is the world's greatest press agent and Joe will pay due honors to the big bow-and-arrow man for a few weeks during which time the Blairs will honeymoon in the Pacific northwest.

In the meantime Joe is working so energetically that he has to stop now and anon to pour a pailful of water on his smoking typewriter.

Much luck, kid! and here's hoping we sock you with a bundle of rice!

that they will "have to deliver—and deliver our way—or get out."

If that is the policy actuating the present Paramount production program, then the mediocre caliber of Paramount pictures that we have seen lately may be accounted for. When individual expression is smothered under executive time-clocks and a thousand rules for this and that, then it is high time to abandon efforts to make fine photodrama and begin turning out sardines again. Of course, the art of sardine-packing needs no artists. It all depends upon what Mr. Lasky is seeking for Paramount exhibitors.

The confession set forth in Mr. Lasky's statement that producers have been "dazzled by the false names of names that we created" is an indictment, in itself, of the mental processes of the men who have created these same names.

Excitement Keen In Hollywood Over Dempsey-Sharkey Battle

Excitement is running at fever pitch in Hollywood today.

For, one week from tonight, Jack Dempsey will climb through the ropes at the Yankee Stadium, New York, to battle Jack Sharkey in what is predicted will be one of the most colorful fights in pugilistic history.

Dempsey is the favorite in the betting in Hollywood, as he is in most sections of the country. Jack, who is regarded more or less as a local product by virtue of his residence in Hollywood and his many friends in the film industry, is being backed to the limit by movie cash.

The consensus of opinion as it has been determined in a quiz conducted by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND in the studios and other gathering places of the film people, is that Dempsey will score a knockout victory over Sharkey within six rounds. Many claim that the fight will be over inside of two rounds with Dempsey the victor.

While Dempsey has not engaged in a ring battle since he lost the championship to Tunney at Philadelphia almost a year ago, he has been training in the Ventura mountains here for several months and is now winding up intensive training at Saratoga Lake, N. Y., for the Sharkey bout. Dempsey has not been very active in the ring for three years and many ascribed the loss of the Tunney titular meet to that fact. However, when Jack left California for the east several weeks ago he was in great shape and has since been polishing up his ring form in the hills of New York.

The rise of Sharkey has been sudden. Accredited with great powers of speech, Sharkey has become one of the most interesting figures in the squared ring today, not only for his reputed fistie prowess, but also because of his outspoken confidence in his might. However, the lad may sing a different song after his encounter with the Manassa mauler. That he will is the wager being made in Hollywood, with few to take the Sharkey end of the bets.

Dempsey is probably the

biggest drawing card in the fight game and, by far, the most popular. He has constantly pushed Tunney out of the headlines and has gained a tremendous new following since he lost his crown.

The bets are being made that when Dempsey again meets Tunney, as Hollywood is positive he will, he will batter the ex-marine to oblivion with his renewed might.

With Dempsey again on the championship throne, he would immediately become the greatest figure in fight history and a tremendous box-office attraction in the ring, on the stage or in the films.

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Come and Browse Around

An Open Letter to the "London Bioscope"

(Continued from Page 3)

welding of an international organization, not necessarily dominated by any one nation, where each and every country that is sincere in its desire to advance the cause of the photoplay in the destiny of the world, will contribute its energy and its talent to promulgate the welfare of all concerned.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND concurs with the "London Bioscope" in its declaration that the British film industry is on the threshold of new and greater developments, such as have not yet been realized by the studios overseas.

At the same time, in demonstration of its faith and desire to cement cordial relations between American and British producers, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND believes that such criticism as it offers here will be accepted by the "London Bioscope" and the British producers in the friendly spirit which prompts its writing.

America has always been quick to recognize and reward talent discovered in foreign studios. Negri, Lu-
found, in Hollywood, a great destiny awaiting them. The power of the American photoplay has been augmented by their innate ability and the result has been a motion picture that has been successful because of its efficient American production and its interpretation of new ideas.

Yet the work of these Germans has first commanded attention in America through the work they have done in the studios of Berlin. These German pictures have been patterned to command international appeal. They have been acceptable to the American exhibitor and have been shown with success at the box-office.

Hollywood, too, has drawn heavily upon the British ranks for new talent both directors and players. Their success in the American studios, we believe, has been more pronounced than that which resulted from their work in London.

There are today any number of other players and directors in the British studios who would meet with instantaneous success in America.

For instance, there is a young English actress by the name of Estelle Brody and a young leading man by the name of Pat Aherne whom we venture to say, would meet with immediate favor with American audiences if they were presented in British films that appealed to the American taste. There are many others, too, but we cite these two as specific examples.

In an endeavor to promulgate American interest in these capable young British players and directors, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is now communicating with the leading producers of London for information about their players, directors and pictures.

Distributing alliances can be speedily effected between American and British producers and distributors if the British producers will only inject an international appeal into their product.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND welcomes letters from British producers, distributors and others of the British film industry who are endeavoring to shape their product with the international market in mind.

Through the interchange of ideas, the discussion of mutual problems and, perhaps, the advice of leading

American producers on British problems, we believe that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and the "London Bioscope" may prove valuable factors in forming a clearer understanding and perhaps in establishing the British

film industry as, not merely a British enterprise, but an international institution.

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Sincerely yours,
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V A G A B O N D

The
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Published by BILLY JOY **[20c]**

Volume 1, Number 23

Thursday, July 28, 1927

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hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

What—Bobby Agnew not married yet? I'll see Samuel Goldwyn about it this instant.

Charley Wellman, probably the most popular of all radio impressarios, thinks Hollywood Vagabond a great little periodical—and he wishes us well, and—we wish Charley well—Wellman.

Just to correct an erroneous impression.

It was not Virginia Lee Corbin's ability as an actress that caused her to be taken out of the Barthelmess' opus Miss Corbin was too tall—and it took the "astute" producers many weeks of shooting, and "beaucoup jack" before they realized this fact.

Well at any rate—one is either too tall—too short—too fat—too skinny—or too dumb.

They say that there is a "red apple" director out at First National studios. Wonder who he can be?

"Laff That Off" is a rather clever evening's entertainment—with the exception of being a little too much of Mr. Duffy and his over-emphasized droll.

Whereas:

"If I Was Rich," clicks 100% and I only know from what I hear the audiences say—and they say it's great

(Continued on Page 10)

L. A. "Shut-Out" as Big Merger Nears



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

She is "The Goddess of Flappers" of Fred Fox's Sketch. See Page 11.

Wesco Ties Up Local Theaters

The recent alliance between West Coast Theaters, Inc. and Publix Theaters, where the former is to operate the latter's houses in Los Angeles, places West Coast in a strategic position in the local territory. With the possible exception of three or four first-run houses, whose affiliations may yet be switched, West Coast has virtually "sewed up" Los Angeles.

In Minnesota, Northwest Theaters (Finkelstein & Rubin) have come to an agreement with the Saxe Theater Enterprises of Wisconsin, we are informed, with the probability that at a later date the new combine will join the eastward-spreading West Coast chain. On the Atlantic seaboard, the Stanley Company and its

(Continued on Page 10)

"Tough Guys Wear Derbies!"

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR—

Realty Plot In New Hollywood?

Anybody who has been reading the daily papers lately must have come to the conclusion that Hollywood, that ancient and honorable rendezvous of the galloping tintype, is to be moved, bag and baggage, to the San Fernando valley.

Ambitious real estate agents have announced a new studio center for that territory, upon which many millions of dollars are to be lavishly expended . . . so say the advertisements.

Which leads us to ask . . . what happened to Westwood, the new Hollywood?

What happened to the country back of Culver City, announced as the new stamping ground for the cinema?

What's going to happen to San Fernando valley?

What's going to happen to Hollywood, which is thus to be ruthlessly torn . . . it is said . . . from its present foundations?

Is the new studio center merely a real estate agents' plot to reap harvests from the speculating investors? Or is Hollywood about to abandon its present confines and move in its entirety over the hill to the vicinity of the Universal and First National studios.

When it was first announced that First National was to move to Burbank many wiseacres frowned upon the idea and said that locating a studio there was not commercially feasible. However, First National seems to have prospered and to be very happy in its new home.

One of the prime factors in the new studio center is Mack Sennett, who, abetted by local capitalists, has announced plans for a new and pretentious plant on that site.

At the time First National moved to Burbank, many officials of the company who were posted in advance on the proposed move, gobbled up vast acreage adjacent to the new site and have profited enormously since in the real estate boom at Burbank.

'Cartoon' Movies Lacking Realism

The subject of making photoplays based on comic-strip characters has been previously discussed by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. It is our contention that the majority of these productions do not fulfill their latent possibilities.

One of the grievous errors, as has been frequently pointed out, is that the producers try to fit certain stories to their contract players, who are sometimes totally unsuited to the characters they are called upon to play. In this regard, the "cartoon" photoplay is an offender.

In reviewing "Tillie the Toiler," for instance, we declared that the Marion Davies picture, on its own merits, was a most satisfactory work. As an adaptation of Russ Westover's comic-strip, however, there was considerable room for improvement.

In our estimation, Alberta Vaughn would have been a more realistic Tillie than Marion was, even though we enjoyed Miss Davies' portrayal. This may be attributed, perhaps, to the fact that at one time we endeavored to secure the rights to Westover's work for a series of two-reelers, with Alberta and have subsequently been unable to visualize anybody else in the role. We would like to get the opinions of some of our readers on this subject; whether, to their notion, Alberta would have been a more faithful interpretation of the comic-strip lady than Marion was.

First National recently announced that Robert Kane would produce a film version of Carl Ed's cartoon, "Harold Teen," with Ben Lyon in the role of the drug-store sheik. It happens that Mr. Lyon is under contract to either Mr. Kane or First National and must be utilized. Therefore, "Harold Teen" for Ben Lyon, when most of the people in Hollywood are of the opinion that Eddie Quillan, the youthful comedian who recently terminated his contract with Mack

(Continued on Page 10)

WELCOME HOME !

It was early morning. Fog hugged the rooftops and the sun cast a sickly yellow haze on the streets. A small group of people clustered near the tracks outside the railway terminal. The minutes seemed like hours.

Soon there was the clanging of a bell and the train shuffled under the bridge, the long row of cars rumbling to a stop with a creaking of wheels. Doors opened. People tumbled forth.

Mr. D. W. Griffith, one of the most famous personalities among the world's most famous personalities, alighted. The small group of people clustered around him. Mr. Griffith had come home after eight years.

The group seemed so small in the vastness of the railway terminal. Yet it was early morning and perhaps many who should have been there were only yet arousing from slumber . . . however, Mr. Griffith had come home after eight years. A man who had given the years of his life to incessant toil that a creative art might be greater. Welcome home!

—o—

It was a different day . . . and a different terminal. The late afternoon sun cast its dying heat on a swaying, milling mob of people that filled the streets for blocks. They were squeezed together on the pavements, on the sidewalks, against the station doors, against pillars, posts and walls, 'way on into the furthest confines of the station house itself.

Across the street they leaned out of the windows of cheap hotels, they were perched on the housetops, they clung to lamp-posts, jostled in doorways and formed a solid mass for a distance of two or three blocks.

A half-hour passed. The crowd swelled with each minute. People jabbed, shook, trampled and swore at each other. A score of policemen bellowed, pushed and warned the mob.

Suddenly the crowd vibrated. A murmur passed among the thousands. The rumble of a railroad train was heard through the doors of the terminal. A few minutes passed. A brass band was vomited up from the depths of the tramway, with a blare of trumpets and the roll of drums. A mighty roar, a crescendo of cheers, whistles, screams, shrieks and yells shook the terminal, the doors, the pillars, posts, walls, the streets, the housetops and the windows of the cheap hotels. Pandemonium broke loose.

Then he appeared. Jack Dempsey had come home.

This was the idol who had struck the responsive chord in the human breast. Dempsey, the man who came back! He, too, had devoted his years that a popular sport might gain prestige. Jack Dempsey, the million-dollar fighter, was home.

—o—

Griffith and Dempsey, both welcome home. Both merited the salvos of applause.

But the artist of the photoplay waned before the artist of pugilism. A small group for Griffith. A vast mob for Dempsey.

Trade Journals Trail Vagabond

The motion picture trade journals have suddenly decided that Henry Ford, auto magnate, may or may not be thinking of invading the movies.

Several months after HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND had published the first report of Ford's contemplated entry into film production and several weeks after this paper's detailed theoretical analysis of what Ford might do if he began making movies, two New York film trade journals have joined the parade.

In the "Moving Picture World" of July 16th, under the heading, "Henry Ford, the Movie 'Man on Horseback,' May Yet Prove Powerful Factor in Industry," an article discussing Ford was written by Merritt Crawford in which some of the same points were discussed that were previously printed in the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND of June 16th, under the heading, "Ford in the Films." HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND merely had the jump on the "World" by a month.

Previously the Hollywood correspondent of the "World" had hinted at the possibility of Ford's invasion. However, in the issue of May 5th, with the front-page head, "Big Henry Ford Film Plans Seen in Movies," HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND had already hinted at the same thing.

In addition to discussing Ford in its analytical article in the June 16th issue, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND also printed a Page 1 headline story, "Will Henry Ford Join Hearst in Film Deal?" To date the "World" and other trade journals do not say anything about this report. In another month they may show up, however.

Mr. Jack Alicoate, publisher of the "Film Daily" of New York, says in a recent issue:

FORD AND MOTION PICTURES

Yes, we've heard that Henry Ford is to enter motion pictures. That he is to build a studio costing millions. That he will start a picture at the front door at 8 a. m. and finish it on the truck

Flaherty Raps Stellar Casts

Robert J. Flaherty, producer of "Nanook of the North," "Moana of the South Seas," and other films of adventure and travel, does not believe in star casts as necessary to the picturization of real screen drama.

Flaherty, who has come to Hollywood to direct the screen version of Frederick O'Brien's novel, "White Shadows of the South Seas," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, tried to get the spirit of great drama from mass movement rather than from one or more famous individuals.

Before leaving New York he made a two-reel story of New York, its actions, its busy streets, the dynamic, pulsating tremendousness of Manhattan, in which he is said to have achieved real novelty and drama.

In filming the O'Brien book, Flaherty will endeavor to stress the drama of masses, rather than the drama of individuals. Well-known players will undoubtedly be employed to act the principal roles of the screen version, yet the soul of the film will emanate from its entirety rather than from the work of any individuals.

platform at 4:30 in the afternoon. That they will be sold to exhibitors in gross lots and that replacements can be had at all Woolworth stores. As much as we hate to disagree with the hundred and seventy-six who have given us this story in confidence, our guess is that Henry Ford has no thoughts of entering the motion picture industry.

However, it may be that Mr. Alicoate will find opportunity to discuss the same subject again, without such a sudden dismissal.

While Ford's status in regard to making movies may be very vague at this time one thing is certain, and that is:

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE HOT TIPS BEFORE THEY ARE COLD, READ HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND! Don't wait a month or more for up-to-the-minute discussion of these vital problems, be they the vaguest rumors or the surest facts.

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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

HAL M. AYRES, Advertising Director A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Tough Guys Wear Derbies!

Of the saturnalia of idiosyncrasies that rules the photoplay, none is more odd than the credo that tough guys must wear that certain type of hat designated as a derby.

Detectives, cops, politicians, massive villains and others of the cinema's glowering ilk can be instantly spotted parading under a huge derby, usually balanced on one ear, and a long and vicious stogie sticking out of one corner of the mouth. As the menace, plural or singular, parades by with derby and stogie, a thick cloud of smoke follows in its wake, the voluptuous effusion of the fiercely puffing heavy.

If a movie leading man, with the possible exception of an over-Irish Irishman in an Irish-Jew comedy, should don a derby he would immediately be tossed out of the hearts of fandom. For only tough guys wear derbies.

On the stage, in the dear dead days beyond recall, the villain would slink about attired in cutaway, silk lid, striped trousers, spats and the other habiliments of a big city guy preying on the innocent country gal. However, it appears that this rigamarole was too outlandish for the movie makers. Perhaps they feared that the public would mistake the villain as the best man at the wedding if they rigged him up that way. But, oh! the derby hat . . . that was different.

For years cartoonists, in the heat of political campaigns, have pictured the wicked opposition in the guise of a bushy-eyebrowed, giant-fisted, heavy-jowled villain puffing on a balloon cigar, grasping wads of graft money . . . all collected under a huge derby. This was supposed to be the truest depiction of wickedness at the command of the caricaturist and so the guy with the derby was always remembered as the tough guy. As a result, the movies decided to cater to this public conception of evil and all villains were thenceforth draped in derbies and cigars.

It is so easy for a derbied villain to glower and say: "Gimme dose papehs before I tear up de kid!" If he tried to say the same thing with a Panama hat on his dome, the heroine would probably die laughing. But with the derby, ah! . . . that was for tough guys. The formula for a movie, as it has resolved itself,

is to select an impossible story with all sorts and manners of hairbreadth escapes including three score leaps over the Grand Canyon, a horseback chase around Pike's Peak, an automobile ride on the roofs of New York and a few other casual thrills.

The cast is headed by the blonde gal with droopy eyes. Her father has willed all of Fifth Avenue to her; and her grief at his passing is heightened by fear of the villain, who has a black, curly moustache of giant size, puffs on a cigar all the time and, of course, wears a derby. However, the hero will solve it all.

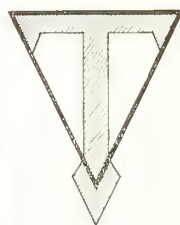
If anybody ever made a picture with the hero balancing a derby on his kopf, it would mean ostracism in Hollywood. Only tough guys wear derbies.

—o—

That the tendency to array villains in this fashion is on the increase instead of the wane was forcefully demonstrated to us at a preview the other evening. It happened to be a Poverty Row film.

As the plot unwound we found the young hero meetin' up with the heavy several times. The heavy was a sinister looking gent, with thick eyebrows and a thicker head. The cigar he smoked looked like a working model for a Zeppelin and poured out enough soot to hide the entire navy. He had a way of looking at the hero that indicated, just as plain as day, that he would like to break out in a title and say, "Heh! heh! you poor shrimp, get out of my way before I wrap you up like a pretzel." However, they didn't write that

(Continued on Page 8)



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VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion

There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH, a Paramount picture starring Emil Jannings. Directed by Victor Fleming.

Among all of Jannings' great characterizations, his portrayal of August Schilling in "The Way of All Flesh" will hold an immortal place.

"The Last Laugh" and "Variety" were probably the two most popular Jannings films emanating from the studios of Berlin. In his first American picture, however, Jannings easily surpasses both of these and establishes a new high mark for characterization that is ably augmented by American direction and American camera-craft.

The setting is, possibly, Milwaukee of about thirty years ago. Jannings, cashier in a local German bank, is the proud head of a big family. Intimate touches and little details in Jannings' acting bring out, to a nicety the spirit of the day. We

follow him through the pathway of opportunity, and, then, into temptation. Phyllis Haver, excellently enacting the role of a Chicago gold-digger, lures the naive Schilling into the bright lights.

There is sorrow and heart-ache at the finish, with the picture swelling into some tremendously big moments, particularly, August Schilling in the gallery of the theater, at the church, at the tombstone, and, finally, at the window of the Schilling home.

When one has passed from "The Way of All Flesh," one leaves it with the sense that a great work has been achieved and that there is always hope for the motion picture when it can produce such monumental works. All credit is due Jannings, to Director Victor Fleming and the Paramount organization. This picture compensates for many bad ones.

F. W. F.

THE UNKNOWN, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture starring Lon Chaney. Directed by Tod Browning.

"The Unknown" is another treat for Lon Chaney fans. Once again, as in "The Unholy Three" and "The Blackbird," sacrifice is the big punch of the story.

Adapted from the story, "Alonzo the Armless," this picture would undoubtedly have been more specific in name under its original title than as "The Unknown," as there is very little unknown to "The Unknown," unless it be whether or not Lon has arms.

Joan Crawford and Norman Kerry supply the youthful love interest against the background of Chaney's jealousy and later plottings. John George appears in an interesting role, too.

An atmosphere of suspense pervades the picture as a whole, particularly at the point where Chaney comes to the surgeon's rooms at midnight. Pantomime is

employed to a goodly degree and tends to heighten the dramatic effects. Weird lighting, varying tempo and excellent titles all add to the thespic and directorial value of "The Unknown."

This picture should prove a big box-office attraction and one of Chaney's most popular pictures to date.

F. W. F.

DEMPESEY-TUNNEY, etc., pugilistic chapters in film form, shown at Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

For real drama, the Dempsey-Tunney fight films, which have been showing in Los Angeles at the Olympic Auditorium, together with cinematic excerpts from other famous pugilistic battles, have few parallels.

The career of the Manassa Mauler is traced from the day he smashed Carpentier of France up to the finish of the Dempsey-Tunney battle at Philadelphia last September, when Tunney was awarded the title on decision. In all of these Dempsey is revealed as a fighter of great prowess and a mighty punch. Many who have seen the Tunney pictures have commented on the fact that Jack was constantly forcing the ex-marine to the ropes and into corners, at one time hitting Tunney so hard on the jaw as to make him sag and clutch the ropes.

The Tunney scrap, however, lacked the glamour of the Dempsey-Carpentier and the Dempsey-Firpo battles. In the latter two, Dempsey entered the ring with his arrogant swank and rushed from the corner to flatten his opponent at will. The highlight was, or course, Firpo rushing Dempsey through the ropes and Dempsey's comeback to floor the Wild Bull of the PaPmpas.

Another film on the bill was entitled "Great Moments from Great Battles" and showed Firpo, Bill Brennan, Pancho Villa, Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler and other famous glove-heavers in action.

Don't pass up these pictures if you're interested in the fight racket and, particularly, Jack the Giant-Killer

F. W. F.

SINGED, a William Fox production starring Blanche Sweet. Directed by John Griffith Wray.

Well, at the end she starts to throw acid on his hand-

(Continued on Page 10)

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~ [Fifth
Chapter

MORE NEW BLOOD

Not only is New Blood necessary to the ranks of film players, but equally essential to the directorial, writing and executive branches of this industry.

In its last issue, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND announced that it would now "turn its attention to promising new directors, scenarists, cameramen, executives and other human factors in photoplay production." Naturally, this subject cannot be covered in one edition and at the same time, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will continue to analyze the progress or lack of progress made by the different actors and actresses it has mentioned.

As we have previously declared, the purpose of our New Blood symposiums is "to encourage the work of obscure newcomers and others whose achievements seem to be overlooked in the fanflare of publicity for the more prominent people in the industry."

In its first chapter, published on February 17th, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND said, "another very promising young lady is Helen Foster, who has played leads in Educational comedies. Just what is going to be done with her remains to be seen, but she certainly has the ability."

Word now comes forth that this young actress has been signed to a five-year contract with Universal.

Audrey Ferris, young actress who was mentioned in the most recent chapter as having signed a five-year contract with Warner Bros., has finished her role as leading lady in George Jessel's "Ginsberg the Great," and her work has been so satisfactory that she has been assigned to the lead with Jessel in his next film.

Barbara Kent, of whom

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND said, "has a demure personality that registers excellently on the screen," has taken the place of Virginia Lee Corbin as leading lady to Richard Barthelmess in "The Drop Kick."

Martha Sleeper, young actress under contract to Hal Roach, is also coming along in most pleasing style. Some day Miss Sleeper will be one of our big feminine drawing cards, for she has youth, beauty and personality, the components of screen success.

John Waters, for several years an assistant director at the Lasky studio was elevated to a directorial chair some time ago has turned out some mighty fine western films. If Waters keeps up his present pace he should develop into one of our foremost directors.

Victor Fleming, who has been directing for some years, has always made a fair type of picture. However there has been a new interest in his work since the

showing of Jannings' "The Way of All Flesh." Fleming is slated to make another picture with Jannings immediately and if he hits the mark as effectively as he did with "Flesh" he will have to be reckoned among the leaders.

Irvin Willat, who turned out many Westerns for Lasky, will direct Universal's production, "The Big Gun," which is slated as a special production. Willat has the opportunity here to get into the "Big Parade" class and if he clicks, he too, will have earned a higher post for himself.

David Butler, film actor, has decided to take to the megaphone instead. He is now working on his first picture for Fox and his progress is being carefully scrutinized by the whole industry. While Butler never did reach any great heights as an actor there are many who believe he will prove himself a top-notch director.

Al Rogell is one of the younger directors who has

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Jerry Mayer

Jerry Mayer faces the same handicap in gaining recognition for his work as does Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Recently appointed a production supervisor at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Mr. Mayer has already demonstrated that he is equal to the tasks assigned him. Yet many within the industry will begrudge him credit because he happens to be the brother of Louis B. Mayer, chief of the M-G-M organization.

Previous to joining the Culver City studios, Jerry Mayer produced two or three independent pictures that proved that he had the knack of making good, entertaining pictures at a reasonable cost. These productions were shaped to get money at the box-office and were not built on long-hair theories.

Junior Laemmle has shown his mettle in making "The Collegians" at Universal, but most of the credit is laid upon his father, who is president of that company. By dint of earnest effort and ability, Jerry Mayer has already proved to M-G-M executives that he can make pictures at an economical cost. But does he get credit?

Jerry Mayer can stand on his own and his brother will vouch for that, too!

IN MOTION PICTURES *Fifth Chapter*] ~

never really come in for his share of the credit. Rogell is probably one of the best directors of westerns that we have. He made most of Fred Thomson's first pictures and launched Ken Maynard forth as a big-time western star. Al is a boy who shoots 'em without fancy frills. He builds 'em for the money . . . and they take it in.

Lupe Velez is an exotic young actress who has made a sudden bid for fame in the movies. She was signed by Hal Roach only a few weeks ago and soon thereafter was selected as one of the leading ladies in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Gaucho." Her work in that film has been so pleasing that her contract has been purchased from Roach by the Fairbanks organization and she will hereafter be seen in United Artists films.

Latest reports from exhibitors indicate that the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team of "7th Heaven"

has made a big hit with the public. As a result Miss Haynor has been elevated to stardom by that company. What Farrell's reward will be is yet to be determined.

Johnny Burke, vaudeville comedian, has been working on a feature comedy for Mack Sennett without much attendant ballyhoo. Considerable interest has been manifested in him. Is he about to follow in the footsteps of Langdon and possibly arise as Harry's rival?

The directorial ambitions of Young Mr. Mervyn LeRoy seem to have suffered somewhat by the recent Colleen Moore-First National rumpus, which has just been patched up. Maybe Mr. LeRoy will now be able to retrieve that lost opportunity.

Dorothy Sebastian has a bright future awaiting her, according to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to whom she is under contract. Miss Sebastian is a dark-eyed

beauty from Birmingham, who has played several interesting rolls but to date has not achieved any notable successes.

Pauline Garon, diminutive blonde, has returned to the screen after an absence of over a year. She is making a series of four pictures for Chadwaick, in which she stars. Her debut in pictures was made in C. B. DeMille's "Adam's Rib," three or four years ago and after that she enjoyed an era of great popularity. As the interpreter of the flapper however, she was supplanted by the titian-haired Clara Bow, who is now at the peak of her popularity.

John P. McCarthy, who sought an opportunity to direct for the big film companies, has turned out one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Sally O'Neill's "Becky" and is now making another for the same organization. McCarthy made a notable production some years ago entitled "Out of the Dust," one of the most

distinctive westerns we have ever seen.

Marion Blackton, daughter of J. Stuart Blackton, is now writing script for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Here is a young lady who will develop into one of the foremost scenarists in the industry for she is possessed of a keen intellect, knows comedy and drama and is an ardent worker. Marion wrote most of her father's scripts during the past few years and gained a solid foundation for her work at M.-G.-M.

There are other scenarists, too, who are making their marks. There are other young players, directors and executives who are striving for a place in the sun. They will all be discussed in future chapters of More New Blood in Motion Pictures.

Chapter No. 6 will be published in the issue of August 25th, two issues hence. YOU MAY BE IN IT! Watch and wait for it!

Joseph H. Steele

What is the future of a motion picture publicist? Must a press agent in the movies always be a press agent?

Those are some of the questions that are raised when one considers the progress made by several members of the exploitation craft who have graduated into big-money jobs as scenarists, title writers, producers and other berths. Scribbling odes about players for their skittles and beer a few years ago, they now draw down fat salaries as executives.

While there is no infamy attached to being a press agent, yet HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND believes that there are more lucrative opportunities awaiting these men as they gain in experience. After all, to exploit a picture probably does not bring the same sense of responsibility and satisfaction as in being an integral part of production.

We have long had our eyes on Joseph H. Steele, whose affiliations as a press agent in Hollywood have been varied and satisfactory over a period of several years. Mr. Steele, who is now publicist for Richard Barthelmess at the First National studios, is gifted with imagination, true writing ability and, last but not least, intelligence. Mr. Steele, we believe, should be a scenarist and not a publicist.

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Tough Guys Wear Derbies!

(Continued from Page 4)

title. It probably would have killed the suspense. Last, but certainly not least, was the derby. It resembled the dome of the Washington capitol to a certain degree.

It was a heinous looking affair and a fit accomplice for swindle, arson, murder or what have you?

Needless to say, the hero didn't wear a derby. But he had some strong, silent friends around him; big men with big derbies. They, too, puffed miniature Zeppelins but there was a glint of honesty in their eyes. When it came to fists and broken bones . . . well, they were tough guys, too, and they'd show the villain!

The great dramatic moment of the picture suffocated us with its sheer artistry. The villain had confronted the hero. They glowered at each other. The bad man, it seemed, was on the verge of smacking the handsome youth to terra firma when, suddenly, a shadow hovered beyond them. A moment had hardly passed before another visage rose between them and scorched the villain with a withering glare. It was one of the honest guys.

Villain turned away from hero and bent all of his optic ferocity upon the intruder. Derby touched derby; cigars quivered; eyeballs clicked and flamed; lips snarled and chests heaved like volcanoes. "Heh, heh, you would—would you?" "Yah, wadda you gonna do about id?" "Shut up, before I smack yeh, guy!" "Outside, egg, outside before I tear yeh apart!" The movies were moving. This was monumental drama . . . of that newest interpreter of the arts, the cinema. That scene would have been a total loss if there had not been two derbies to crown the scenery.

What piffle it would have been if the villains tried

to talk in that horrid language with two silk hats on their craniums!

The derbies saved the day.

If you see a movie villain without a derby, don't be too hard on him. He will probably reform later on in the picture. But if he is flaunting a derby, well, just watch out! He's a bad egg and can't be cracked.

You know, only tough guys wear derbies.

GERTRUDE OLMSTED

This popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured actress has found Shafer's an excellent place to purchase sportswear.

Miss Olmsted has recently been seen with Lon Chaney in "Mr. Wu" and is now playing a role in Jackie Coogan's next picture, "Buttons."

(P. S.—Maybe many of those beautiful ties that Bob Leonard wears are purchased by Miss Olmsted here!)

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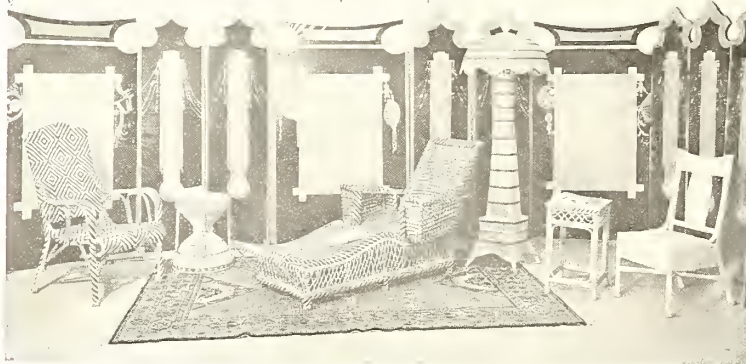
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Comedians and Versatility

The average movie clown does not seem to possess one iota of versatility. Most films comedies are made of the same pattern and are extremely dull and vulgar. Flip-flops down staircases, pies squashed in the face, antics in tin-lizzies, violent whams! biffs! and zowies! constitute the recipe for ninety percent of the cheap burlesque emanating from Hollywood.

As in most other instances, Poverty Row is the gross offender in this respect. The steady flow of films made by the smaller studios usually feature some zaney of more or less renown. Time-worn "gags" are re-hashed and adapted to revamped situations. Audiences in the small towns shriek and howl time and again at the same old buffooneries. One is led to wonder whether originality and versatility has any value in the havens of the funny-face thespians.

However, lack of versatility also stamps the work of some of our most famous comedians. Usually it has been because an actor has scored a popular hit in some particular characterization that leads him to endeavor a "repeat." Success attending the second effort, the mime is inalienably addicted to the same type of picture and character forever after.

Douglas MacLean, one of our most popular comics, brought forth rounds of applause and gobs of money when he made a comedy based on mistaken identity. Thenceforth MacLean became identified with situations based on the same circumstances. There were at least three of his productions based on mistaken identity which were almost parallel, with the exception of different locales and characters. All were big box-office hits but did nothing to advance MacLean with audiences who seek versatility in their funsters.

Larry Semon's comedies were much the same. Semon's skip-and-stop and grotesque habiliments were shuffled through situations that varied little.

Harold Lloyd has immortalized the awkward youth and has so closely identified himself with that character that any endeavor on his part to create a new personality would undoubtedly be greeted coldly by the public. Lloyd is probably the single exception to the value of versatility in our clowns. Versatility in his case would undoubtedly prove detrimental.

While Chaplin has gained favor with his derby-and-cane character, he has led his screen self into the paths of versatility. Charlie is probably the most original of all of our actors and, certainly, more versatile. Chaplin can never be classified among the horde of one-track film comedians.

Langdon is trying to express his innate versatility but, to date, has not fared very well, although the monetary returns of his productions have been most satisfactory. Langdon may very easily get himself into a rut, in the fashion of many of his contemporaries. Adolescent youth has been his forte and his

picturizations of the age of calf-love are far more whimsical and appealing than those of Harold Lloyd. At the same time, Langdon should not restrict himself to this one character. If he would essay a character such as "Don Quixote" of Cervantes' book of that name or some other role directly opposite to his recent portrayals, he would create a new interest in his work.

Lloyd Hamilton, though constantly appearing in the same grotesque garb and employing the same gestures, has demonstrated a truly versatile talent. Hamilton is a good tumbler, injects pathos into his work, and has a dolorous tempo that is satire of the highest order. However, Hamilton has never been adequately appreciated, except possibly in J. K. McDonald's "A Self-Made Failure," wherein Hamilton's characterization reached real heights.

Monty Banks started out with a bang and has been climbing into good box-office money, but there is nothing as yet so distinctive to his work that can place him in the category of a Chaplin contemporary. Unless Banks maintains popular interest by constantly changing his characters and attempts something that veers from the breezy, hail-fellow-well-met of his present films, there is no logical reason why he should hold his present place for long.

The motion picture is sadly in need of a comedian who possesses enough genuine versatility to build interest in himself with each succeeding picture. Gags have been done to death and now, it seems, comic characters are about to be squeezed dry. What price versatility?

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Wesco Ties Up Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 1)

affiliations represent a West Coast alliance and it is believed that these chains will ultimately be merged into one vast national enterprise, with theaters from coast to coast and from the gulf to Canada.

The growth of West Coast has been rapid and amazing. It entered its heydays under the management of Adolph Ramish, the Gore brothers and Sol Lesser. Ramish and Lesser retired from active participation in West Coast affairs two or three years ago. At first, a local enterprise, West Coast spread up the Pacific seaboard, acquiring houses in abundance. During the past year its holdings have expanded into enormous proportions, and West Coast has acquired all of the aspects of a great commercial institution. Plans that were previously shaped to local or territorial needs are now being adapted for national use.

There has been considerable speculation in Hollywood whether the West Coast grip on Los Angeles would result in the "closed door" policy for independent producers and distributors but to date there has been no discussion of the matter that has assumed controversial proportions.

However, it is now evident that West Coast is the kingpin in the Los Angeles theater field to the point where first-run opposition has almost been squelched. While the corporation has been reported as disposing of some of its neighborhood theaters, it is maintaining all of its houses in the most strategic locations and has announced plans for further expansion.

West Coast Theaters is now under the guidance of Harold B. Franklin, formerly affiliated with Paramount in New York, who is recognized as one of the most able executives in the theater end of the motion picture business. Franklin's recent alliance with West Coast has given added impetus to that company's ambitious program in the national territory.

verdicts

(Continued from Page 5)

some brow . . . (well, we fooled you, it wasn't acid, it was only water) . . . and he draws his gun and shoots at the bottle but . . . (well, he hit her and . . .) well, everything turns out alright.

The moral is: if you make money in oil and a nice looking blonde like Blanche Sweet is the reason for making that money, because she has secretly financed your venture, don't throw her over for some young society belle.

Mr. William Fox, through the offices of Director John Griffith Wray, has made a movie here that will probably prompt 'em to say "swell stuff" in the sticks but Mr. Mencken may emit some sarcasms if he sees it.

Blanche Sweet proves herself the same good trouser and handles a rather overfed role with aplomb. Warner Baxter is supposed to be a shiftless, quarrelsome guy with a sorta bad streak in him, but she reforms him. Baxter seems out of place here. Mary McAllister does well in a rather brief role and the rest of the cast are fair.

"Singed" is a movie from the movie industry. It is a far cry from "The Way of All Flesh," or "Mata Hari." It represents the giant sandwich appetite of the American audiences, so don't look for chocolate cake here.

F. W. F.

hiatus

(Continued from Page 1)

Let's see—what was the name of that chap who flew to Paris?

That's what he gets for not having Jimmy DeTarr as his publicity man.

—O—

I have, for the first time, heard one of my favorites, Ruth Roland, sing over the radio—incidentally I forgot to turn off the switch and believe me or not, Ruth sang me to sleep.

Now what have you got to say about that, Ben?

Another crack like that and Ben will probably rock me to sleep.

—O—

While speaking of publicity—one of the best publicity men in the country, when asked the best way to publicize a motion picture actor or actress, replied: "Make a good picture—and keep as far away from publicity men as possible."

This advice, however, applies only to motion picture people.

—O—

My reservation for ring-side seats is in for the Dempsey-Tunney go—let's go.

—O—

Tom Ricketts, that venerable and capable character actor is a living example of what the conscientious and reputable motion picture actor should be.

—O—

"Let me protect you," said the accommodating Eddie Shafer, as he stepped between Dempsey and Mr. Kearns.

BILLY JOY.

'Cartoon' Movies Lacking Realism

(Continued from Page 2)

Sennett, is really Harold Teen in the flesh.

First National has also announced its intention to film George McManus' widely known comic-strip, "Bringing Up Father," with Charlie Murray, who is under contract to First National, in the role of Jiggs. McManus has pictured Jiggs as a rather short and corpulent individual, the direct opposite of Mr. Murray. If physical resemblance was to determine who was to play Jiggs, the choice could be none other than Charlie McHugh, an actor of more or less prominence in Hollywood. Mr. McHugh has often been compared to the McManus Irishman.

"Mickey McGuire," another favorite cartoon character, is being brought to the screen with a youngster who really resembles the pen-and-ink urchin.

"Buster Brown," on the screen was the Buster Brown of the funny-paper, too.

As a general rule, however, there seems to be a tendency to tailor those cartoon characters to fit contract people, whereas it might be a judicious move to cast players who possess some of the physical attributes of the cartoonist's creations.


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Fred W. Fox

It has been several years now since Constance Talmadge made her motion picture debut as the wild mountain girl of Griffith's "Intolerance."

She no longer plays wild women. She has since gained fame as the glorifier of that certain species of femininity that men are prone to call "dumb-bells."

Constance Talmadge is the goddess of flappers and, even today in the hoipolloi of movie jazz-babies, is the aristocrat of them all.

Twinkling eyes, saucy smile, pert toss of the head . . . there is something to her personality that does not get into the work of many of our other film ingenues.

—o—

"Her Sister From Paris," "Her Night of Ro-

mance," "Dulcy," "Learning to Love" and the many other light, frothy Talmadge comedies, have always had great vogue.

Both the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, have always held a steadfast place in the hearts of college girls.

Norma, to them, is the mature woman . . . a dramatic actress.

Constance is the frivolous youngster to whom life is a mad medley of comic mishaps.

—o—

Constance's appearances have not been very frequent of late.

However, a treat seems to be in store for her legions of admirers when "Breakfast at Sunrise," which has been directed

by Marshall Neilan, makes its bow.

Constance Talmadge and Marshall Neilan compose a team of mirth merchants that will be difficult to surpass.

—o—

Even in the lightest moods of a Constance Talmadge farce one is conscious of a hidden pathos in this actress' expression.

For instance, when she is shedding tears in one of her roles as a heartbroken bride the onlooker feels that real anguish is moving her. She does not arouse thoughts of crocodile sorrow.

Facility of expression is another great asset of this blonde player.

One moment she may be weltering in such a scene of dolor as we have described and, immediately, she can arouse a broad, merry smile or a wide-eyed stare.

It is a natural change.

As a comedienne, Constance Talmadge is probably more real than any contemporary screen farceurs.

There is never any broad slap-stick to her work, unless it be something that passes quickly,

gets the situation over and dies. —o—

There are times when she can plunge a humorous situation into the depths of real, moving drama with such rapidity that the laughter of the audience will carry over into the midst of the dramatic situations.

These are things that prove Constance Talmadge to be a first-class trouper.

—o—

Constance has undoubtedly had great influence on the apparel of girls and young women throughout the world.

Always brilliantly garbed, playing her roles against settings of richness and grandeur, she stirs within the hearts of her feminine admirers the desire to emulate her and follow her dictates.

—o—

Twinkling eyes, saucy smile, pert toss of the head . . . goddess of the flappers . . . Constance Talmadge.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The

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 Edited by FRED W. FOX
 Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 24

Thursday, August 11, 1927

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hiatus

 A COMPENDIUM
 OF CLIPPINGS

Pursuant to the announcement made some time ago, plans have now been perfected to publish HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as a monthly magazine.

The issue of November 10th will mark the last semi-monthly issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and the first edition of the monthly publication will be published on Thursday, December 1st.

The monthly edition of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will be considerably larger in size and greatly enhanced in editorial content. A brilliantly colored cover will be one of the new features and on the first Thursday of each month the vivid colors of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will grace the newsstands.

Plans to expand the activities of Vagabond Publishing Company are also under way and several interesting announcements will be made in the next few issues.

In the meantime, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will continue to make its appearance every other Thursday.

Movies Quit N.Y.; Local Boom Near



LON CHANEY

He is "The Man in Disguise" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Seven.

Desert Gotham For West Coast

The movie makers have finally quit New York, after many years' gossip, pro and con, as to the suitability of Gotham as a studio center.

With the transfer of the Robert T. Kane First National units from Manhattan to Hollywood, the last of the big producing organizations has located in California. There are now only one or two location companies making pictures in New York, aside from several other companies of more or less renown.

The switch from New York to Hollywood has been completed in less than a year. In September, 1926, New York was filled with movie producing companies. The decision of Zukor to transfer the Paramount Long Island City production units to Hollywood and shut up the studio at Astoria marked the beginning of the end, as it were, for New York as a studio locale. Since that time

(Continued on Page 10)

"Flashes of Great Drama"

-TURN TO PAGE FOUR

THE MOVIES AND RADIO

When the radio craze first swept the nation several years ago a dark and dreary outlook was painted for the silent drama. Newspaper prophets and industrial prognosticators declared that the handwriting was on the wall and that the heydays of the galloping tintype were near an end.

What has since transpired?

Today we find the movie spreading out and into all corners of the earth. No longer is the theater expansion frenzy confined to America; the film magnates are looking over the far corners of the earth and planning million-dollar cinema palaces for the hinterlands of the world.

The radio, too, has progressed.

It has become a habit with us, now, to turn the dial and attune our auditory senses to the gentle nuances that are wafted to us on the ether.

Shrieking sopranos, bellowing baritones, vicious violinists, silly xylophonists, gabby advertising criers, boresome announcers, screeching organs, pianos and other accessories to mild forms of arson, mayhem, murder and orgies of discord have frayed the nerves of all of us. Largo has pursued fugue; fugue has chased medley and opera; and all of them have chased us to distraction.

If the sins of the cinema have been gross, likewise the atrocities of the radio have been incessant and awful to contemplate. Perhaps the motion picture is not inclined to any great degree of versatility in its fare; yet, also, the radio seems to be a one-track form of amusement or torture.

The sameness of the average radio program is almost incredible. If a program of "classical music" has been prepared by the entrepreneur of the ether, then the listener will be suffocated under a blanket of the most melancholy diapasons of old-time compositions that it is possible to gather together at one sitting.

If the program calls for "jazz," then every known wrinkle of syncopation, from the heart of darkest Africa to the cabarets of South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, have been scoured to heap a monotony of wild sharps and flats upon the hapless radio fan. To the maestros of the radio there seems to be no such thing as a sensibly diversified program of musical entertainment. Either it is the long, drawn-out conglomerations of the largo and medley blacksmiths or the shaking, shivering bing-bang, slam-crash, plop-wheese, umpah-umpah of the ruffians of syncopation.

Hollywood, as the home of the movies, has been accused of dishing up trite entertainment. Los Angeles may not be the home of the radio, but one thing is certain; it is one of the pre-eminent offenders in the radio debacle. Hardly an hour of the day passes, but that Los Angeles contributes its share of howling, yowling, ear-smashing noise over the radio.

The movies have made progress. The radio has progressed, as we have said before, to the point of becoming a habit in most homes. Yet the quality of radio programs seems to have diminished greatly with each day of its existence.

For example, there used to be what we considered a most notable offering on one of the Los Angeles radio broadcasting stations. It consisted of a one-hour organ recital each Sunday evening. The organist was

a man whose touch was as soothing as a sunset in the Vale of Kashmir. With a complete mastery of his art, his renditions of classical and popular selections were something that were awaited each week by many radio fans, to our own knowledge. It used to be our habit to sit down on a Sunday evening, tune in on this certain radio station and sit enraptured for an hour, while the organ recital was being given.

Lo! our amazement has been great these past few Sundays. No longer is there a delightful program of classical and popular airs. The organist has seemingly lost all of his delightful versatility. Now he gives us only long-winded selections from famous operas; dull, sleep-inducing potions of music. His mastery of the organ, too, has evidently suffered from the new ritual. He thumps the keys with a heavy gesture of cadence. All of the soul, the spirit, the resonant, glorious beauty of his art has been lost. And he is a feature of one of the largest broadcasting stations in Los Angeles! It is not his retrogression alone; it is the retrenchment of radio, too.

The motion picture may touch some very low depths of stupidity, but, also, it reaches the great heights of sublimity at times. The radio seems in a fair way to settle into a rut.

However, both radio and movie fans have one consolation. If they don't like what they're getting they can either get up and walk out of the theater or hush up the radio by turning the dial.

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will be published in December has met with great enthusiasm in Hollywood.

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HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

HAL M. AYRES, Advertising Director A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Flashes of Great Drama

Critics of the silent drama scoff at its patterned mediocrity. They declare originality and versatility at a premium. Producers have been lampooned as sponsors of drivel and the mental workings of the hoi-polloi that brings millions to the purses of movie magnates has been the despair of the intelligentsia.

In many instances the accusations are solidly founded. Yet it seems that to every producer or director who cleaves to his task there comes, soon or late, the opportunity to redeem himself if he has been guilty of dullness or stupidity in his work. It may be the spontaneity of genius, but the argot of these gentlemen seems to recognize no bounds of ridiculousness or sublimity.

William Fox has been accused of making cheap pictures, wild-fire melodramas designed to stun the populace and lure it into the movie palaces by virtue of its utter ferocity. Yet Fox has made such exquisite and monumental productions as "Lazybones," "7th Heaven" and "Sunrise."

Universal has, perhaps, produced every kind of a "program picture" that it is possible to devise. But

for each three-score bogey-men that they have loosed upon the super-critics in the form of dull pictures, they have produced a work such as a "Home Maker" or a "Goose Woman."

Mr. Adolph Zukor and Mr. Jesse Lasky may be intent upon producing a certain number of "movies" each year; they may found "movie schools" and "junior star systems" and "production cabinets" and "bonus plans" and the other fol-de-rol of the giant studio organizations, but they will also make a "Way of All Flesh" occasionally.

Mr. Marcus Loew, Mr. Louis B. Mayer and the other sponsors of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures will eradicate all thoughts of various productions of lukewarm artistic merit by making a "Big Parade" or a "Trail of '98" at intervals.

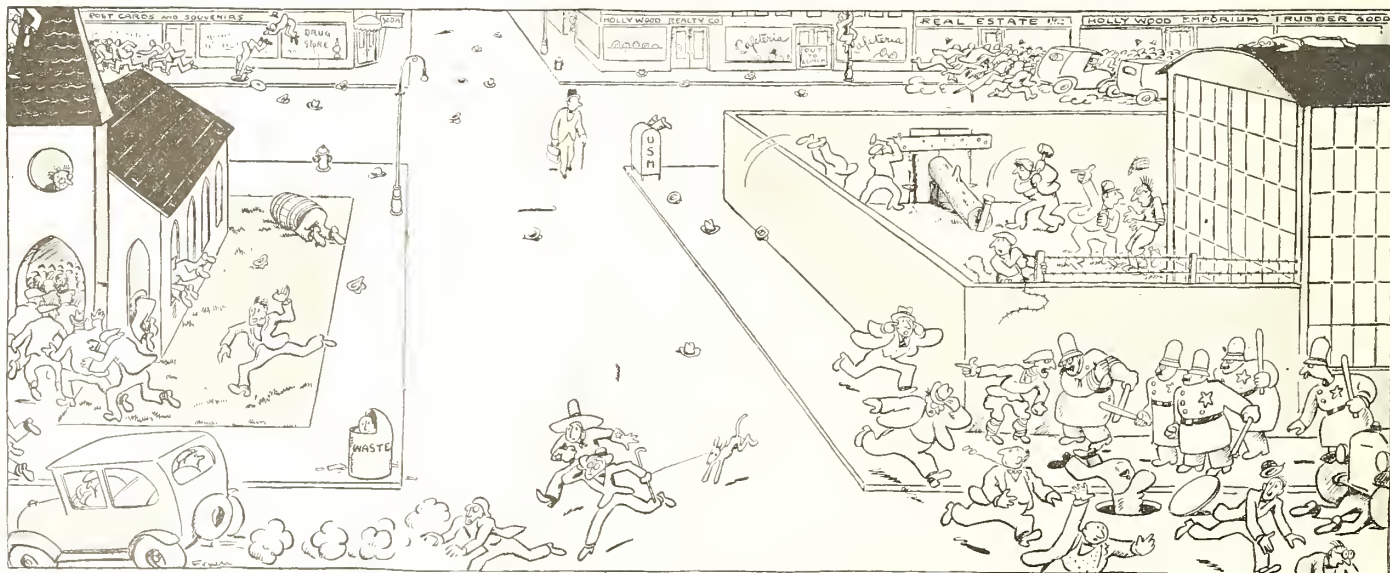
Even the lesser producers such as the comedy chieftains will offer occasional balm for the ferocity of some of their slapstick. There has been marked evidence of late that Mr. Mack Sennett and Mr. Hal Roach are endeavoring to inaugurate a higher order of satirical comedy. The heyday of the pie-slapping, pants-kicking, head-whamming drollery is not yet at end, nor possibly for another decade, but there is, or seems to be, a conscientious effort to eliminate some of these crudities.

The question is naturally raised as to why the spontaneous achievements of these gentlemen is not the rule rather than the exception. This is answered by them with the statement that they are trying to educate their audiences to enjoy a higher type of artistic photoplay, be it drama or comedy, and that the process needs must be that of evolution rather than revolution.

The highbrow sniffs disdainfully at this retort and declares that four good photoplays a year are preferable to forty exposes of the lowest mental processes of the human race. The difference lies in the fact that the producer is figuring with a comptometer and the critic doesn't get off Park Avenue.

In all squabbles of the human entity there is such

(Continued on Page 9)



[Reprinted by Courtesy of LIFE]

A Stranger with an Original Idea Enters Hollywood

VAGABOND VERDICTS

A · Department · of · Personal · Critical · Opinion

There is no such thing as an infallible critic. These reviews of motion pictures and spoken drama are personal opinions and should be adjudged as such.

THREE'S A CROWD, a First National picture, starring Harry Langdon. Directed by Harry Langdon.

"Three's a Crowd" is probably the finest picture Harry Langdon has yet produced.

When previewed at the Beverly Hills Theater the other night it was evident that the picture was too long insofar as release footage was concerned. However, there were only two or three dull spots and the opus as a whole was vastly amusing and worthwhile.

Langdon, once again the sad-eyed youth, had the audience in an uproar many times, but the trend of the comedy as a whole was not that of rip-roaring farce, but rather of a subtle satire. Langdon always manages to inject pathetic qualities into his characters and this was forcefully demonstrated in his depiction of the youth who lived in the slum eyrie. The picture, as a whole, is built around Harry and it loses none of its value for

that fact. There are certain scenes that are carried by Langdon alone that can be classified as the high spots of the picture, among them, the opening of the picture. The wan and rather droll lad about to rise from the bed is a rueful figure and one that must certainly arouse memories in all of us.

Gladys McConnell contributes a splendid performance, but it is her scenes with Langdon that heightens her role more than anything else. Miss McConnell seems ideally suited as leading lady to Langdon.

Cornelius Keefe, a newcomer to the screen, also does well, and the work of Arthur Thalasso as the massive moving-van magnate indicates a brilliant future for him.

In "Three's a Crowd," Langdon employs several symbolical touches. The episode of the rag doll is well done, so far as it goes, but it lacks a satisfactory con-

clusion. There were several opportunities where the motif of the rag doll could have been more deftly interwoven with the escapades of Langdon's character.

One of the amusing scenes in the picture showed Langdon descending a long flight of rickety stairs. As a matter of fact, this scene was subsequently built to nerve-racking proportions. Each time that Langdon descended those stairs it was evident that the audience was waiting for Harry to tumble. The manner in which this situation was handled is a most commendable feature of the film.

There was one dream sequence in the film, wherein Langdon was about to engage in pugilistic tourney with Keefe, that was a gem. It was reminiscent, in some respects, of Cruze's "Beggars on Horseback," and substantiated our contention that Langdon would be a riot in such a grotesque comedy as Cervante's "Don Quixote."

with the same weird settings and properties.

"Three's a Crowd" is credited to Arthur Ripley, and if that young man can continue to turn out stories such as this, he is set. The direction is credited to Langdon and the picture demonstrates that Harry can get along better directing himself than with somebody else behind the camera—that is, if he can make more like "Three's a Crowd."

F. W. F.

MATA HARI, a National Film, A. G., Berlin, production imported by Walter W. Kofeldt, Inc. Starring Magda Sonja. Shown at Broadway Palace Theater, Los Angeles.

"Mata Hari," a vivid picturization of the famous spy-dancer's exploits, brings a new personality before the American public. Magda Sonja, in the title role, acquits herself to perfection.

This German importation is a real achievement and overshadows, by far, "Aftermath," which Walter Kofeldt had previously imported for American exhibition. "Aftermath" was extremely dull and, frequently stupid, but "Mata Hari" has a feeling of great drama and moves along swiftly toward an imposing climax and conclusion.

The cast was well chosen and the direction was smooth. The lighting was especially effective and the settings were most realistic. One of the fine features of "Mata Hari" was the excellence of its technical direction. The military details were accurate and did much to heighten the effectiveness of the drama as a whole.

There were spots in the story where the unassuaged grief was too stentorian. Mata Hari is first shown as an adventuress of fleet amours, yet her sudden love for the peasant, Gregori, wipes out all of her first characteristics. Where she was first a calculating woman, she suddenly becomes a creature of impetuous emotions that plunge her toward her doom.

Summed up, "Mata Hari" is a most creditable picture and one that offers much to both Hollywood and the public. Let us hope that we shall see more of Magda Sonja in time to come. She is an artist of magnetic charm.

F. W. F.

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The Passing of June Mathis

June Mathis, declared the highest-paid scenarist in the industry and, certainly, one of its most brilliant intellects, has been taken from our midst by a sudden and dramatic death.

Brief tributes have been paid by the newspapers; the customary honors are paid at the bier by filmdom; requiem; and June Mathis is gathering unto memory.

How long will her name be cherished?

It is almost a year now since Rudolph Valentino, probably the greatest personality ever brought forth by the motion picture, has passed on. And yet how rarely his name is recalled in that forgetful world we call Hollywood!

June Mathis, while always a fascinating personality, aroused none of the widespread interest accorded Valentino. Therefore, if his memory is aroused infrequently here where he lived and moved and worked, it is a bygone conclusion that her name will not be cherished as constantly as it should be.

Yet the motion picture industry owes a great debt of gratitude to June Mathis that was never fully realized during the span of her career.

It was primarily June Mathis, with the courage of a visionary, who assumed a new perspective on romance in the silent drama and who had the courage to depict a Latin as a lover rather than as a villain. Before the advent of Valentino, the status of the Latin in the silent drama was not exactly complimentary. They were always cast as despicable characters, as evil plotters lacking moral finesse, philanderers, roustabouts, black-hands and such.

June Mathis visualized "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" as a great motion picture. Regardless of what may be said, the bulk of credit for this photoplay's success must always rest with the name of June Mathis. It was June Mathis who had created, in her own mind, the struggling young Valentino as the incarnation of Julio Desnoyers. It was the influence and persuasion of June Mathis that gave Rex Ingram, seeking his place in the sun, the chance to direct the Ibanez story and reach the heights of fame. The spectacular success of "The Four Horsemen," Valentino and Ingram overshadowed the popular acclaim for June Mathis. But it could never detract from the credit that was justly due her.

Those among us who were privileged to meet and to know June Mathis will always picture her as a woman of keen intelligence and an eternal smile.

We can usually form our opinions of people by their reactions to surroundings, to the problems of the moment, to their contacts with their fellowmen. June Mathis always radiated a spirit of kindness, generosity, sympathy and patience. All of her lovable qualities were exemplified in that ever-present smile that animated her whole being. If a person ever walked into the presence of June Mathis with a spirit of despondency hovering about him, it was quickly dispelled by the radiance and optimism of her smile. That is the mute testimonial that is paid to her memory by many an unknown actor and actress in Hollywood who has received a word of encouragement from June Mathis.

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that this truly illustrious artist should work in the shadow of applause and then pass away with little more than a word of sorrow from this great industry.

If we are a people who recognize the immortality of great achievements, as we claim to do, and, further, pledge ourselves to perpetuate the memories of their creators, as we also have done, then the name of June Mathis must live among us for many years to come.

For June Mathis brought fame, honor and progress to the motion picture and in justice to our own consciences we cannot permit time to dim her memory nor the sacrilege of forgetfulness to mar her legacy of attainment.

June Mathis . . . honor to her name!

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THE MAN
IN DISGUISE

. . . . Spirit of Sacrifice

We were speaking of Lon Chaney.

—o—

"Do you think he is merely a man in disguise? That the scope of his drama is confined to picturing hideous, distorted creatures in distorted surroundings? Or is there some great ideal that he is trying to proclaim underneath it all?"

—o—

"The disguises are incidental things. He is showing us people who are in the muck of life. Their habitations, their habiliments, their associates, their philosophies . . . how they all induce an inverted regard for life and its manifold beauties.

"His ideal is to demonstrate that all people, no matter how far they may have sunk in the mire, have great and ennobling qualities and are reaching for the light.

"Sacrifice has been the moving spirit of all of his recent pictures.

"Sacrifice is the highest expression of love in the characters he has depicted.

"Further, it arouses universal sympathy."

—o—

Chaney's name is inalienably linked with certain backgrounds in motion pictures.

The cathedral of Notre

Dame, or the Kremlin. Snow and ice and whirling winds. Shoddy people tramping the frost-ridden streets. Desolate attics and cellars.

Or, maybe, a dive in Singapore. Or the back alleys of London.

—o—

Lon Chaney is a graphic example of the great opportunities of the motion picture. Before the days of "The Miracle Man," the name, Lon Chaney, had gained no prominence on stage or screen. Overnight he became an institution.

—o—

Chaney has been regarded in certain quarters of the motion picture industry as a high-salaried contortionist alone. But that his conception of drama is beyond his best disguises is shown in the tremendous popularity his pictures have attained. His make-ups vary little, as a whole. His pictures always strike some new note.

—o—

Chaney's rank as a great popular favorite cannot be disputed. It is said that he receives more fan letters than any other player at the Metro-



Fred W. Fox

Goldwyn-Mayer studios, which practically means the entire film industry.

One of Chaney's greatest assets is the fact that he has been turning 'em out, one after another, at intervals that neither tire the public of his presence or his absence.

—o—

Chaney's life has been beset with numerous vicissitudes. In his early years circumstances were not so kind. There was struggle and, perchance, many an hour of despair.

Chaney, personally, creates an impression of sang-froid. But, engaged in conversation, one can readily determine that his ready smile and cheery "hello" must have known some dampening in times gone by.

Hollywood and the films offered Lon Chaney a chance to struggle some more. His adept handling of make-up, seemingly an inborn gift, enabled him to create his characters with more than ordinary color.

—o—

At the same time, Chaney's characters have never been built on bizarre make-ups alone. He has prompted them from

within. He has tried to picture their mental struggles rather than their outward hideousness.

He has endeavored to show us that the basest of humans has a soul and great qualities that are aroused in exigencies.

His message has been that love is all-potent; conquering all man-made limitations.

—o—

Chaney has run the gamut of characters. Lately he has been a hard-boiled marine sergeant and a Chinese philosopher.

"Terror" is the title of the picture he will be seen in next. It is a story of Russia after the downfall of the Czar and the advent of Bolshevism.

Chaney is interpreting one of his most unusual characters and should easily surpass all of his past work.

—o—

There has been a credo that a successful motion picture actor must be built along matinee-idol lines.

(Continued on Page 10)

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Come and Browse Around

The Incandescent Lamp Situation

By Fred McBan, A. I. E. E., I. E. S.

This is one of a series of lectures being delivered by Mr. McBan before the American Society of Cinematographers and also published in that society's magazine, "The American Cinematographer." Mr. McBan here discusses one of the vital phases of motion picture production.

In order that the filament in the lamp will not oxidize and burn, it is placed in a bulb in which all air has been removed. A method of preventing oxidization is to replace the air in the bulb by inert gas. To summarize an incandescent lamp: It is essentially a filament of some material that is able to light by being heated to incandescence by an electric current. To prevent this filament from oxidizing or burning up, it is operated either in a vacuum or in an atmosphere of inert gas, notably hydrogen. In a vacuum a filament suffers by reason of the absence of pressure to hold it together and counteracts the tendency for it to vaporize. This difficulty can be overcome by the use of gas in the bulb, which permits operating the filament at a higher temperature without causing undue vaporization. However, disadvantage results in the form of heat losses through the path provided by the gas in the case of straight filament; but with a closely coiled filament the loss is small enough so that in many cases it does not offset the gain in efficiency resulting from higher filament temperature

With the development of the helically coiled filament it was found that the reduction in the rate of evaporation of the filament permitted operation at a temperature which increased the volume of light to an extent that more than offset the disadvantage of increased energy loss through conduction and convection by the gas, convection in this particular case meaning the transmitting of heat by gas. This conduction and convection loss is nearly independent of the diameter of filaments of commercial size and hence in lamps designed for a definite voltage, those of the higher wattage are the more efficient in lighting values.

The gas in the bulb of this type of lamp furnishes a pressure about the filament corresponding approximately to atmospheric pressure and thus it greatly reduces the tendency of the filament to vaporize or disintegrate. In the case of a filament operating in a vacuum the condition is reversed. The basis of pressure favors the disintegration of the filament, with the result that the filament cannot be satis-

factorily operated at as high a temperature as in gas. It was pointed out that one of the reasons for not using an inert gas in the bulb in the earlier lamp was the fact that this gas conducted the heat of the filament away very rapidly. The coiled filament made it possible to concentrate the filament into a small space at the center of the bulb, so that its surface was much less freely exposed to the surrounding gas, and the heat loss through the gas was thus greatly reduced. The principle is the same as that which makes it possible for a herd of cattle to keep warm on a cold day by huddling together, thereby reducing the total surface of the mass exposed to the elements or weather conditions.

Another factor that we have to take into consideration is the breakage, or the fragility of the lamps. The physical liquidification point of tungsten is 3,400C or 6,152F, yet the lamp must reach this figure to operate at the full light efficiency. It follows from that, that the nitrogen gas jacket around the tungsten filament must act as a shock absorber to take care of the vibration

that will occur when moving on the sets is made necessary for lighting effects.

I feel at this time that some form of filter may be necessary to choke back the infra red rays that we know to exist in the case of incandescent lamp. I especially refer to the 3 K.W., 5 K.W. and 10 K.W. lamp now advocated for studio use.

The higher the operating temperature of gas-filled lamps also accounts for an advantage in the color quality of the light. In general as the temperature of a solid is increased, the color of the light it emits grows whiter. A tungsten filament lamp of the vacuum type gives a whiter light than the carbon filament, primarily because it operates at a higher temperature. In the same way the tungsten filament in a gas-filled lamp gives a still whiter light because of the higher operating temperature made possible with the use of gas in the bulb. Even the light of gas-filled tungsten lamps, however, is not as white as average daylight, primarily because they operate at far less than sun temperature. Where it is desired to produce light approaching daylight in color quality, so as to cause colors to appear approximately the same as they do under daylight, the light may be filtered through blue-green glass. The blue glass, if it is of proper color content, will screen out the excess of red and yellow rays with the result that while the total amount of light is reduced, its color quality is much nearer to that of sunlight.

Yet another angle is that of psychology. Most of us feel that red heat, in which the incandescent lamp is very strong, is hotter than white, green, or blue heat, in the case of the carbon arc.

To sum up the individual merits of the incandescents as against that of the carbon needs considerable thought at this time, but since we of the motion picture business usually solve our own problems without outside technical aid, I don't think that we will lose any sleep on this.

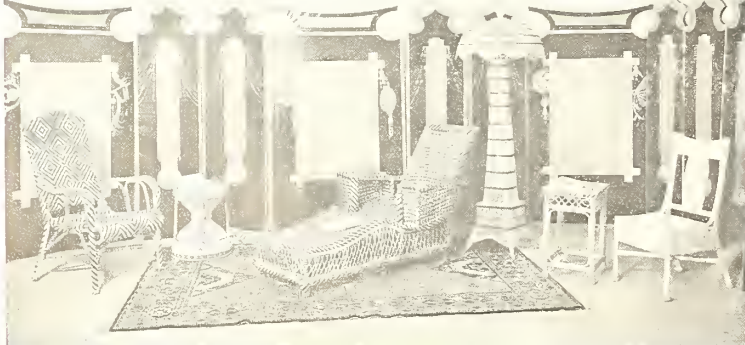
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Flashes of Great Drama

(Continued from Page 4)

a thing as a happy medium. The question is to determine its exact relation to extremes. It is the belief of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND that the progress of the motion picture industry in its thirty years of existence has been most gratifying, from the standpoint of both industrialist and artist. If this were an artistic medium that catered to a few hundred rather than millions of peoples, its advancement might not possess such satisfactory aspects. However, in view of the prejudices of country, color and creed and the acknowledged mundane level of human mental conceptions, the motion picture has made striking progress toward elevating itself both as an industry and an artistic medium. By this process of evolution it has maintained its strength as an industry and its integrity as an art. If the radical tenets of the highbrows had been adopted there would have been small patronage for the motion picture today.

Would audiences of ten years ago have made films such as "Lazybones," "7th Heaven" or "The Home Maker" successful both as artistic productions as well as industrial factors? Hardly so.

A decade ago the spectacle reigned in the world of the cinema. The clash of masses against gigantic settings was the motif for the successful photoplay. Showmanship of that bygone era demanded the lavish use of thespic and scenic resources. Today it is all changed. A simple story, with the elements of truth and plausible interpretation, finds favor far beyond that enjoyed by the super-spectacle of ten years ago. "7th Heaven," in its life, will carry a more potent and far-reaching message than was conveyed by "Intolerance" in its balmy days. Audiences today have placed credence in the photoplay as a depicter of truths. Ten years ago it was regarded as a massive toy.

In all these ten years there have been flashes of great drama. From the inception of "The Birth of a Nation" to "7th Heaven" and "The Way of All Flesh," we have seen the motion picture grow as a tremendous medium to sound the sympathies and the moral reactions of humankind. The motion picture of tomorrow holds in its hands a great potential power as an adjudicator of national, racial and religious differences by virtue of its unparalleled resources to create complete accord through the all-potent language of

visualization and the appeal to the basic understandings of all peoples.

When critics of the motion picture again sally against its seeming inaptitude to promulgate their artistic fads or notions, let them consider, for a moment, the audiences of this newest art, if such consideration is at all within the scope of their critical faculties.

Let them consider that for every guild art theater there are at least one thousand patronized by the scorned "boobelariat" and that the former are made possible by the latter.

When the intelligentsia rule the world, then utter art will pervade the silent drama. Until that time what they may term great drama will come in flashes in the movies. Within the last ten years these flashes of great drama have been more frequent. It speaks well for both motion pictures and motion picture audiences.

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 7)

This theory has been upset by Chaney, whose forte has been everything directly opposite and whose popularity is equal to a good two dozen of our most popular screen Adonises.

—0—

Lon Chaney has never created false impressions of himself in the public eye.

He has never built any artificial conceptions of his own ideals and self. It will be difficult for anybody to point to fan magazine bromides uttered by this man. He has endowed his professional being with dignity and intelligence.

Chaney has assiduously avoided lavish publicity as most others in the industry have sought it. As a result Lon Chaney remains somewhat of a mystery to the public that turns to the popular journals for its information on the motion picture and its people.

To them Lon Chaney, in more ways than one, is the man in disguise.

But beyond the veneer of all of that, we find Lon Chaney as a man of quiet reserve, gentlemanly conduct, pleasant philosophies and a great wealth of sympathy.

The disguises of his characters are somewhat of a barrier between Chaney, the man, and his admirers. Likewise, the utterances of many of our other celebrities have become a disguise between their own inadequacy and the searching eyes of the public.

—0—

But through the most heightened disguise of Lon Chaney there is apparent a man who has a tremendous respect for the underdog trying to reach the light.

Chaney has shown us that neither caste nor circumstance can mar the fact that the greatest thing in life is love.

And that the greatest love of all is sacrifice.

Switch Plans Of Comic Film

Writing under the head. "‘Cartoon’ Movies Lacking Realism," HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND declared in its last issue that First National would make a screen version of George McManus' newspaper cartoon strip, "Bringing Up Father," with Charlie Murray in the role of Jiggs.

Word has since gone forth that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will produce this picture. With J. Farrell McDonald in the role First National had slated for Murray; Polly Moran as "Maggie"; Jules Cowles as "Dinty Moore"; Marie Dressler as "Mrs. Dinty Moore"; and Gertrude Olmstead as the beautiful Miss Jiggs. The script has been written by Frances Marion.

"Let Me Protect You"

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and many other
pieces, too numerous
to mention.

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Specializing in Antiques

617 No. Western Ave.
Los Angeles, California

N. Y. Quits Movies

(Continued from Page 1)

all of the important companies in New York have been sent to the main studios here and Gotham is now practically deserted by the celluloid tribes.

While production has been going along at a steadily increasing pace in Hollywood the recent agitation over the economy measures, together with the settling down of the New York units here, has exerted more or less of a temporary depression on the industry as a whole. However there has been a visible pick-up during the past week and it is believed that within another thirty to sixty days the Hollywood studios will be hitting a gait never before attained.

Every indication, from the theater and distribution fields as well as the producing end itself, indicates that Hollywood is on the threshold of its greatest boom; not an inflated boom of six months or a year, but a well-founded era of prosperity that will cover many years to come.

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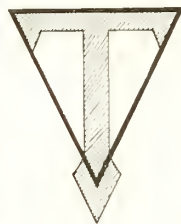
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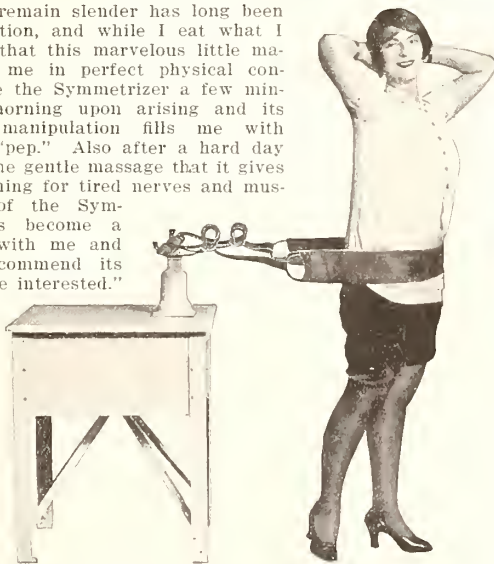
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MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

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—Wordsworth



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MILDRED HARRIS

OCT 17 1927

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The

Quality Filmpaper &

 Edited by FRED W. FOX
 Published by BILLY JOY

[20c]

Volume 1, Number 25

Thursday, August 25, 1927

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hiatus

 A COMPENDIUM
 OF CLIPPINGS

Two Beauties for Vagabond

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND contributed two real beauties to the Fourth Annual Hollywood Revue and Personality Pageant, which was staged here last Thursday by Joseph A. Eliason.

Miss Leona Nichols, beautiful young film actress, who was entered in the pageant as "Miss Vagabond," appeared in the twilight parade through the streets of Hollywood in a dazzling black - and - silver Gardner "90" roadster from the showrooms of Harry Alter, Hollywood Gardner dealer. Both beauties, thespic and automotive, aroused widespread praise.

In the evening the revue was held at the Hollywood Roof ballroom where the Cecil B. DeMille trophy was awarded to Miss Evelyn Hunt after prolonged voting on the part of the judges. Other Hollywood beauties who participated were the Misses Helen Fairweather, Nadine Dore, Natalie Webster, Ada Williams, Cecille Pierce and over one hundred others.

Newsreel War On!

Two New Units Make Things Lively

Famous, M-G-M in Race for Honors

The long-threatened newsreel war is now on. With the entry of Paramount News and M-G-M News, it is expected that things will begin to happen in that phase of movie making. The old-line outfits that have had things pretty much to themselves for years will now have to step out and compete in real earnest.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has repeatedly assailed the poor quality of newsreels that have been turned out, declaring that not enough versatility of subject matter is evident in their editing.

Paramount and M-G-M are said to have cornered some nice, fat contracts while Pathe, International, Kinograms, Fox and the others are also stepping out after new business and renewals.

There has been some talk of newsreel mergers later. That is not probable, as most of the newsreels are on a pretty even footing, insofar as marketing is concerned. If any one of them begins to show definite leadership now, then it will be time for a few mergers. Until then ... on with the war!



GILDA GRAY

*She is "The Exotic" of Fred Fox's sketch.
See Page Seven.*

"Title Writers Wanted!"

-TURN TO PAGE FOUR-

Two Bills Will Clean Up Movies

Automotively speaking, William Beaudine and William Russell, noted director and screen star, respectively, are about to assist in the job of cleaning up the movies.

The two "Bills," with their associates, A. A. Redford, Al Russell and C. E. Stough, will open one of the most unique as well as one of the most pretentious auto laundries in the world on the corner of Vine and Willoughby streets, Hollywood, on Thursday evening, September 1. The concern, which is to be known as Pacific Auto Laundries, Inc., will cater especially to the movie trade and will operate a mammoth conveyor system washing and lubricating service for automobiles with the slogan: "Your car thoroughly washed in twelve minutes."

"Let Me Protect You"

Frank M. Flynn
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V H O L L Y W O O D V A G A B O N D

dedicates
this issue to
the memory
of

Rudolph Valentino

May 6, 1895

August 23, 1926

Gish Will Not Join Griffith

Hollywood has been buzzing with the rumor that Lillian Gish, ethereal screen star, would rejoin D. W. Griffith, master director, who first tutored her in the ways of the silent drama.

Such is not the case, according to notice from the United Artists publicity office which declares that Griffith has already arranged for his next three films at that studio, in none of which Miss Gish will appear.

Miss Gish, who has been drawing a salary of \$10,000 per week as a star for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, will not renew her pact with that company, according to well-founded reports.

Although the pronunciation from United Artists has a note of finality about it, the wisecracks in Hollywood reassert that the Gish-Griffith reunion is near at hand and that the fair Lillian will once more star in pictures under the direction of Griffith.

Cut Out Molly On 'Kid' Credit

"The Patent Leather Kid" is probably a great picture.

If you believe everything you read in the advertisements, though, everything great about it is Richard Barthelmess. For the paid publicity on this First National opus in the movie trade journals flashes Barthelmess' name like a house afire, but has nothing to say about little Molly O'Day.

Unless the picture has been violently edited since we saw the first few reels of it some months ago at the Burbank studio, Molly O'Day is going to fold up the picture and take it right away from Richard Barthelmess.

The papers the past few days have been full of the New York ovation for "The Patent Leather Kid," and how Richard Barthelmess almost got killed in the crush outside the theater. That's too bad.

Anyway, Molly O'Day doesn't seem to be getting fair breaks on the publicity. Such is life.

Make-up Wizards Enjoy Spotlight

In this jazz age one would think that the sleek-haired leading men and the frivolous damosels would bask in the limelight and garner the rewards of great popularity. Not so, Alonzo, not so!

A check-up reveals that two of the outstanding favorites of the day are Emil Jannings and Lon Chaney, both of whom would have to put on considerable make-up to win beauty contests.

Jannings has scored a big hit in "The Way of All Flesh," and Chaney has rung the bell again with "Mr. Wu" and "The Unknown." His newest film, "Mockery," also promises to bring forth another avalanche of fan letters.

Jannings is now considered one of the big-money bets on the Paramount program and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer holds a trump card in Chaney.

If the thing keeps up at this pace, all of the Hollywood sheiks will be putting on beards.

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Old Pewter
Brasses and Copper

find much to interest them
at

Hewson Handcraft Studios

2508½ West 7th Street
LOS ANGELES



Come and Browse Around

The Spirit of Valentino

It is a year now since the passing of Rudolph Valentino.

It is a year now since the motion picture lost its most celebrated actor and the world lost a true gentleman.

It is a year now since the throngs in the streets of New York stormed the funeral chapel and filed past the bier of the fallen idol for one last glimpse of him whose living presence had moved them and thrilled them and transported them into a world of rare romance.

It is a year now since we gathered at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills to pay the final honors to Rudolph Valenton . . . the actor, the man, and the friend.

It is a year now since the warm autumn sun beat down upon the thousands that lined the streets outside in a mute and reverent tribute to the man they knew and yet had never met.

It is a year now since we heard the dying cadences of the requiem.

Yet though the throngs have passed and the suns of many days have set and the cadences have been hushed, the spirit of Rudolph Valentino still lives.

Motion pictures today, one year later, evidence the void left by Rudolph Valentino. In the kaleidoscopic and swift progress of the photoplay one year is an aeon of time and the past year has demonstrated that the vacant chair of Valentino will never be filled.

The sanctity of his memory has not been outraged by the acceptance of a successor or imitator. New faces have come in the world of the films, yet Hollywood cherishes the celebrity of the name of Rudolph Valentino.

The genius of the motion picture has enshrined, for posterity, the sang-froid and the glamour of Rudolph Valentino, who endowed that same artistic medium with a new sense of drama and a new appreciation of romance.

It is a coincidence that Rudolph Valentino, who contributed a new word to the American vocabulary, rose to popularity as "The Sheik" and his last photoplay was "The Son of the Sheik."

There are those among us who prefer to remember the Valentino of "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." There are those who recall "Blood and Sand" as his most ambitious work.

Just what the consensus of opinion may be as to the versatility of Rudolph Valentino, the fact remains that he was a potent factor in the popularization and progress of the silent drama.

As the years recede and the memory of his living self becomes dimmer and dimmer, time will endow his name with heroic proportions and the industry will perpetuate his labors as one of the immortal institutions of the motion picture.

It is a year now since the passing of Rudolph Valentino. Yet it seems like yesterday. Such is the magnetism of the memory of Rudolph Valentino!



*I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead---He is just away!*

*With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,*

*And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.*

*And you---O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return---*

*Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here:*

* * * * *

*Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead---he is just away!*

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

Edited by FRED W. FOX

HAL M. AYRES, Advertising Director A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

Published every other Thursday by the VAGABOND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 620 Tait Building, Hollywood, California. Telephone GRanite 1859. 20c per copy; by subscription \$5.00 per year.

Title Writers Wanted!

The gentle art of concocting photoplay titles has been given a new impetus during the past two or three years. Once considered a rather trivial movie embellishment, the creation of titles is now a ranking craft of the industry and a small clique of title experts command fabulous sums for their works. The affluence of our leading title writers is the result of the struggle that has been going on among our foremost producers to monopolize the services of these experts. The movie makers have finally realized that titles can make or mar the best or worst cinema.

Writing titles offers a new and fertile field of endeavor for the ambitious young man or woman seeking opportunity in the films. For, although the financial remuneration of title writers has increased enormously, their number is as yet inadequate to serve the needs of the entire industry. There are, probably, only six to ten outstanding title writers in the business where there should be at least thirty.

In the April 28th issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, Walter Anthony, chief title writer for Universal, declared:

"Title writing is a new art in motion pictures, the functioning of which the public little understands.

"The title writer doesn't start work until all other forces involved in the making of a picture are finished. Then the title writer steps in, sees the picture and writes the titles.

"This is not so easy as it sounds. The title writer has to see the picture dozens of times and study every scene. His work is as careful as that of the cutter. The tone of his titles is determined both by the type of story and the tempo of the sequence he is directly interested in. And he must make the titles short."

An example of what Mr. Anthony means by the "tone of titles" is set forth in "The Big Parade" and "Mr. Wu," both excellently handled title jobs. In titling "The Big Parade," Joe Farnham stressed action and the clash of giant forces in most of the production. Lotta Woods' titling of "Mr. Wu" was the direct antithesis, in tone, of Mr. Farnham's titles. Most of Farnham's titles stressed the martial tone, while those of "Mr. Wu" echoed the tinkling of temple bells.

"Seventh Heaven," titled by Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell, is another example of a picture heightened by effective titles. The exquisite picturization of the love and sorrows of Diane and Chico

is tremendous in the portrayals of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; yet their utterances, in the titles, and the descriptive interpolations of the production, constitute a monumental tribute to the dramatic value of titles.

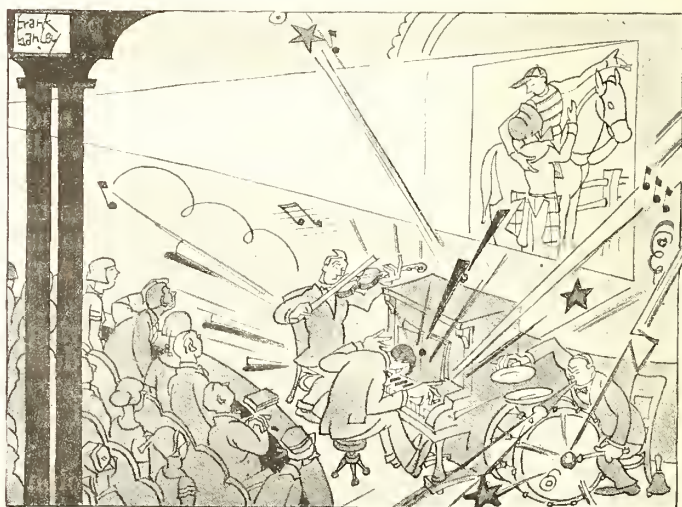
The construction of fine titles should be no laborious task for the person naturally equipped for this sort of work. Writing titles should always be divorced from the work of the scenarist. The work of the title writer is as unlike that of the continuity writer as that of the cameraman is from the set designer. The set designer provides the background for the art of the cameraman. Likewise, the title writer provides the background for the work of the scenarist, although the work of the continuity writer precedes that of the title writer.

Fine titles should be the rule rather than the exception in the making of motion pictures. Neither should there be a dearth of title writers whose work can command the same remuneration as the Farnhams, Hillikers, Caldwells, Anthonys and others. When the producers will recognize the writing of titles as a creative factor in the production of motion pictures and give the title writers the same encouragement and opportunities that are provided the stars and directors, then we shall be on the road to consistently fine photodrama.

"Special productions" such as "The Big Parade" and "Seventh Heaven" are prepared with great care. Every detail, from settings to finished prints, is emphasized for quality. Vast sums of money are expended to inject showmanly touches into the pictures. Casts of celebrities are assembled under the guidance of noted directors and prolonged effort is extended to create the works as worthy of the theatrical term, "epics." Usually such productions are provided with the best the studio can provide, even to the most minute detail. The titles are written by the ace title writer of the organization and represent the finest work of the department.

At the same time, a producer will also lavish thousands of dollars upon the "program pictures" that

(Continued on Page 9)



THE SILENT DRAMA

[Reprinted by Courtesy of LIFE]

THE TRUTH WILL OUT!

It seems that the "bolshhevik" trade journal editors, bane of the movie producers' existence, aren't so far wrong in their scathing criticisms and charges of trite movie fare as one is led to believe by the deprecatory gestures that have met their remarks at the hands of the movie manufacturers.

Mr. Frank R. Wilson, motion picture financier and a man who holds the money bags for several of the big film companies, has just tossed a sackful of verbal dynamite into the camps of the producers.

In a story printed in the Film Daily, New York, Mr. Wilson admits that "mediocrity in pictures is driving people away from the box office and the sooner producers realize the fact the better it will be for all concerned."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson doesn't mince words at all. At the same time, everything he has to say about the shortcomings of the films and their makers has been said time and again by each and every one of the independent trade paper editors in Hollywood and one or two of them in New York. It will be a very simple procedure for the editor to show any interested person the files of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and other journals with which he has been affiliated and demonstrate that Mr. Wilson is somewhat tardy in his allegations.

The theater debacle is rapped by Mr. Wilson with the remark, "the tremendous amount of money invested in theaters must be protected by quality entertainment which is not being provided." The shortsightedness of the policy adopted by producers in closing their own chains of theaters to meritorious films, irrespective of origin, has worked to their own detriment. Mr. Wilson's scolding is true, yet comes late in the discussion.

Mr. Wilson flays the monopolistic strategies of the producers in declaring that the "efforts of producers to annex all available talent has built up a wall around production, with producers drawing only from within, thus shutting out and discouraging new ideas which might provide the betterment in quality which is now lacking."

That is nothing new. It has been known in Hollywood anywhere from ten to fifteen years. New ideas are like poison in most of the studios here. The only salvation for the motion picture industry, if it hopes to eliminate its mediocrities is to encourage new blood; new ideas and offer opportunities for progress to the many capable young men and women who now find the studio gates closed to them. The Frank Wilsons can go on talking for the next twenty years but unless there is some concerted action upon the part of those in power in Hollywood, the trite fare will continue and the people will continue to be driven away from the box offices. The optimistic ballyhoo of the producers does not cover the fact that theater attendances are on the decrease and not on the increase.

Mr. Wilson further declares, "Production is the sore thumb of the industry, made so by some of the fallacious policies now in force at the studios which have destroyed the community of interest so essential to quality production."

"Producers must realize that if the industry is to prosper, motion pictures must improve and they are not doing so. I do not profess to know the cure. If I did, I most certainly should apply it to bring about the betterment so badly needed at the present time.

"The 'conference table' system also is retarding progress. It is a case of 'too many cooks spoiling the broth' with producers feeling that if, for instance, one man can write a brilliant story, the association of several other persons on the project would result in a betterment of quality in direct ratio to the number employed in its making. This idea is about as logical as the presumption that if H. G. Wells can write a story of certain literary excellence, he could write one three times better if three other writers collaborated on the story with him.

"New ideas are needed from the outside. It is time for producers to pull down the walls and invite the world in to help better pictures. Some agency must be provided to encourage independent production, providing the ideas so necessary to protect the terrific investments in theaters and the only way they can be protected is through quality entertainment."

Several days after Mr. Wilson's charges had appeared in print, counter-charges were made by various producers, shifting the blame for mediocre photoplays upon the heads of the exhibitors. That's the same old buck-passing game that has been going on in the movies for years.

The fact remains, unfortunately, that the movies

(Continued on Page 8)

WILLIAM RUSSELL

and

WILLIAM BEAUDINE

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To Their Friends
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AUTO LAUNDRY**

THE PAL SYSTEM

Vine At Willoughby

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1927
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cars.**

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will be the

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VAGABOND
YEAR BOOK**

planned for distribution before the first of the year.

In editorial content, photographic reproduction and artistic make-up, it will be out of the ordinary in every sense.

In binding it will be an innovation—finished in the finest of imported Morocco leather, with individual name plates for the artists, directors, producers and studio officials engraved in gold leaf.

In future issues of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND further particulars will be given.

In the meantime, a phone call or a letter will bring a response to advertisers that will prove interesting, and extraordinarily profitable.

**HOLLYWOOD
VAGABOND**

Suite 620 Taft Building

GRanite 1859

Homes of The Stars

In accordance with its plans of individuality, and in an effort to make HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND even more interesting, a new department will be established in the next issue covering, in intimate detail, the homes of the different stars of filmdom in Southern California.

* * * * *

Photographs depicting the interiors, furnishings, landscaping effects, and other interesting detail will be used, together with interesting articles on the newer developments in architectural motifs.

* * * * *

Articles by the most prominent architects, engineers and contractors, interior decorators, landscape engineers and others will serve to make the department one of the most interesting in

**HOLLYWOOD
VAGABOND**

The QUALITY Filmpaper

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS with FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE EXOTIC

..... *"My Ukelele Lady"*

We stood on the corner of Seventh and Broadway, Los Angeles. It was Sunday night.

—O—

There is something forlorn and melancholy about Los Angeles on a Sunday night. Even in the midst of the throngs that milled to and fro; among the unceasing clamor of the traffic bells and the police whistles; in the kaleidoscopic glare of the flashing signs that climbed all over the high buildings; in the roar and the rumble and the intensity of this city's heart we felt strangely apart from it all.

—O—

Further up the street a radio loud-speaker was perched on the canopy of a moving picture theater. Intermittent gusts of wild song, the moans of saxophones magnified a thousand times, the noises of the stage that were hurtled through this sinister looking cornucopia soared in a mighty crescendo above the whistles and the bells and the throngs that milled to and fro.

At times the avalanche of noise would suddenly cease, making the noise of the traffic seem dimmer than ever and the melancholy of the city even more poignant.

—O—

A billboard blazoned on the roof of a squat building several blocks away. A fiery legend, "She'll Shake

the Town!" screamed forth. Gilda Gray was in town . . . but not at the theater where the radio loud-speaker belted.

We must go down the street and find the theater where she was shaking the town . . . but the noise of the dreaded horn burst out upon us again. Some hoarse-voiced female jazz-singer was rendering the popular refrain of the hour . . .

"... ah, yah, my ukelele lady; my ukelele lady lika me."

We walked on up the street and heard the clamor of the city and were jostled in the mob that milled to and fro.



Fred W. Fox

And above all, in the insensate fury of the city, the howling of the cornucopia bore down upon us . . . "my ukelele lady; maybe she'll sigh; maybe she'll cry; maybe she'll find somebody else bye and bye . . . my ukelele lady . . ." and on into a dying whisper as we marched on and on down the canyons of light.

Behind us the giant billboard still blazed . . . "She'll Shake the Town."

—O—

That is one of our most impressive memories of Gilda

Gray. At one theater she was shaking the town; at another theater they sang of the ukelele lady; Los Angeles, forlorn city, Sunday night, traffic bells and whistles, flickering lights and singing cornucopias . . . yes, the whole town was shaking.

—O—

Samuel Goldwyn's offices at the DeMille studio are busy as beehives during the noon hour.

As we sat in the room conversing with Gilda Gray, that exotic personality who has risen from the dance floors of a Chicago cabaret to the heights of stage and movie fame and fortune, there was an endless procession of people past the door.

—O—

Arrayed in a costume of vivid colors that, to our meager male perceptions, seemed to be nothing more or less than a series of drapes, Gilda Gray told us of her love for Hollywood and motion pictures . . . and, with some persuasion, about her own self.

—O—

"'The Devil Dancer' is the name of the picture I am doing now. Oh, it is so wonderful!" (and she spoke with an unmistakable fervor) "If only all my pictures will be as fine as this one, I shall be so happy!"

(Continued on Page 10)

PHILIPPINES CHINA MEXICO BELGIUM

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Sole Import to HONOLULU TRADING COMPANY

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in the United States

Furnishings for Spanish Homes

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Los Angeles, Cal. Gladstone 0112

SCHULBERG \$100,000; CLARA \$1,500

B. P. Schulberg, associate producer for Paramount Famous Lasky, has sold his personal contract with Clara Bow to the company for a consideration of \$100,000, we are informed.

Miss Bow was under contract to Schulberg while he was an independent producer and when he aligned himself with the Zukor forces, he took her along into the Paramount fold. She is getting a salary of \$1,500 a week, although she has been elevated from featured roles to stardom and is now regarded as one of the most valuable thespic assets of Famous.

While, on the face of the matter, this is an astute business move on the part of Schulberg, yet the question of equity where Miss Bow is concerned still remains.

In recent years similar situations have precipitated controversies between producers and players. The late Rudolph Valentino decided to stay off the screen rather than carry out the terms of what he regarded as an inequitable contract. This pact was signed before he attained his great success. While his value at the box-office mounted rapidly, Valentino shared none of his increased monetary value, being held to the terms of the original contract. He then went on strike.

Reginald Denny, too, threatened to go on strike unless his contract with Universal was adjusted. The company, although not legally bound to do so, increased Denny's remuneration rather than have him go on strike.

In the case of Clara Bow, neither Schulberg nor Paramount, the past and present owners of her contract, are legally bound to account for her increased box-office value to her. At the time she signed the contract she was no doubt glad to do so.

"Me and My Shadow"

Where is there a nation without a national song?

Where is there a club without a club anthem?

Where is there a stag party without a roundelay?

Then isn't it logical that Hollywood, too, should have its own professional refrain?

The main difficulty, in the past, has been to select a song that was ideally suited to cinematic usage. That problem has now been met and conquered.

Hollywood movie folk, when they enter theaters where their own pictures are showing, can burst out and sing "Me and M-mm-yy Sh-hh-aaa-dd-oo-ww!" just the way all the radio singers are yodeling it.

Just the same, "Me and My Shadow" would be a great theme for a Harry Langdon picture.

At the same time, it is not only the judicious showmanship of the producer alone that creates great box-office attractions. Else any and all players would be able to equal Clara's popularity.

Clara Bow is a distinctive asset for Paramount, likely without substitute. She has caught and held the popular fancy and much of her financial worth to the company is the result of her own work and personality.

Ethically, Paramount should rewrite her contract in proportion to her increased value. Perhaps that will be done. Let us hope so.

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Title Writers Wanted !

(Continued from Page 4)

are expected to earn the bread and butter for the company and dismiss the matter of titling with a deprecatory wave of the hand. Oftimes it has been our lot to see an otherwise laudable photoplay marred by inane titles. While poor punctuation may be one of the pet antagonisms of some of our critics, yet that is not the gross fault of the average movie titles. If a film's titles carry the essence of feeling and beauty one can readily excuse the trivial mistakes in punctuation that are prone to creep into such works at various intervals. The great quality of motion picture titles should not be in their grammatic constancy, but in their dramatic consistency. Motion picture titles that are surrounded by a thousand punctuation marks do not possess the power to move an audience as do motion picture titles that have a soul. At the same time, while we thus stress the most important feature of title writing we do not condone illiterate scribbling; but grammar is secondary to drama.

There are title writers who mistake flourish for dramatic effect. They load an otherwise fine picture with flowery descriptions, heroic verbal gestures and saccharine sorrows. Brevity is the soul of most well-written titles. It is the title writer who can condense the feeling of a hundred words of great literature into ten or fifteen words of titles who really contributes something worthy to the industry. The woods are full of alleged title writers who can write long-winded sermons on a photoplay and its various characters. Titles should neither overwhelm the picture nor play an insignificant role. There are certain places in a picture where certain titles, fashioned in certain words, are not only logical but essential. There is no guesswork with a title writer who is an adept.

Comedy, too, has its own needs for titling. There are certain comedy title writers who are adapted to this one style of photoplay. Comedy of the rip-snorting style needs titles of the same tempo and there are a few title writers in the comedy studios who have become so facile that they can dash off titles for an entire picture in a few hours.

Another phase of title writing that seems to have been accorded small significance is the printing of the titles. Each picture has a certain motif that the title typographer should convey in the printed word. It is often best that a title writer who is familiar with

the different typographic fonts adaptable to the making of film titles should indicate the motif to be carried out in printing the cards. This is another phase of titling that is equal to the accuracy of punctuation, but also secondary. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer prepares its screen titles for legibility and beauty and they add to the pictorial value of the production as a whole.

Just where the dearth of capable title writers is to be allayed remains to be determined. The past few months has seen the entry of several new candidates for title writing honors. The majority of the newcomers have been recruited from metropolitan daily newspapers. This is probably as logical a place as any that might be suggested. The writer on a daily newspaper comes into contact with drama in many forms. His first lesson in writing is brevity. Brevity and drama are the requisites of every successful title writer.

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 7)

"It is laid in exotic settings; it has more than colorful effect or sensuous rhythm; it is real drama, a most intriguing story. I am sure the public will like it.

"I do a most interesting dance in this picture. It is a nautch dance; weird lighting effects and languid tempo make it even more effective on the screen. Here are some pictures of the sets; and some stills from the production. . ."

—O—

Mr. Gil Boag, with a boyish enthusiasm, listened to the trill of conversation. Mr. Boag is Gilda Gray's manager and, certainly not least, her husband. He is a man with a tremendously likable personality; not the gruff gorgon that is usually displayed in movie managers. Mr. Gil Boag has been a real factor in the ascension of Gilda Gray to the heights.

—O—

Gilda Gray told us of many other interesting details in connection with "The Devil Dancer." She spoke, with a naive and entrancing sincerity, of her philosophies of life and her ambitions in the theater.

She recounted how she had first come into the lime-light in New York, when a first night audience, witnessing her rendition of the epochal "shimmy," had hailed her as a new "find" of the theater.

She told, too, of the many little hopes that surround her motion picture career. To Gilda Gray, seemingly an artificial being, there is no artifice. One senses a woman who has endured hardship, poverty and struggle to achieve her goal. Gilda Gray is, perhaps, the perfect actress to the world of the theater; to those who know her, the perfect friend.

With the beauty of the figure that the audiences admire, there is also the beauty of soul.

"The Devil Dancer" will reveal Gilda Gray as more than a terpsichorean doll.

It will bring her to us as an actress of versatile accomplishments.

—O—

"She'll Shake the Town" . . . once again we

A Tale of Two Scripts

Two amusing stories are told on the Boulevard about two famous Hollywood scenarists employed at two of the largest studios. Both are women.

Scenarist No. 1, who collects fat prices for writing script, was preparing a continuity for one of the younger generation of directors. Evidently believing that she had already attained the sober old age of a production supervisor, she injected the following in lieu of action in one of the scenes:

"It is suggested that the director inject several subtle comedy touches here."

saw the blazoning billboard. Again the muted strains of Hawaiian instruments poured into our ears from a giant radio horn that loomed before us. Traffic bells clanged; lights flickered; we walked on down the street.

—O—

"My ukelele lady" . . . and how!

The scene had nothing whatever to do with comedy, it is declared, but the scenarist probably figured that she would collect her check anyway.

Scenarist No. 2, whose knowledge of the film business is probably equal to that of her facetious sister, wrote, as an addenda to one of her script scenes:

"It is suggested that this scene be shot on extra-heavy panchromatic stock to bring out the dramatic effect."

What she meant is vague, but at any rate it gave the cameraman something to think about for a while.

Then they talk about the "literature" of the screen!

Reinhardt Gives Up To The Movies

Max Reinhardt is going into the movies.

All we need to do now is induce George Bernard Shaw to hop the first boat for Los Angeles.

Joe Schenck has announced that Reinhardt will come to Hollywood some time before December for a stay of about six months. The Berlin stage wizard will produce a film for United Artists based on a modern story by his associate, Rudolph Kommer.

When the picture is finished it will no doubt be shown in the Chinese Theater here, glorified by Sid Grauman's prologue.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT!

(Continued from Page 5)

being dished up to the public are, on the average, inane and tawdry and will soon kill off the public yen for the films altogether unless the producers, distributors, exhibitors, et al, wake up to the fact that they are involved, share and share alike, in the responsibility for better pictures.

Let us hope that Mr. Wilson's remarks stir things up a bit and induce results. The chances are, however, that the pot will simmer for a while and then everybody will settle down to the manufacture of the same film fodder.

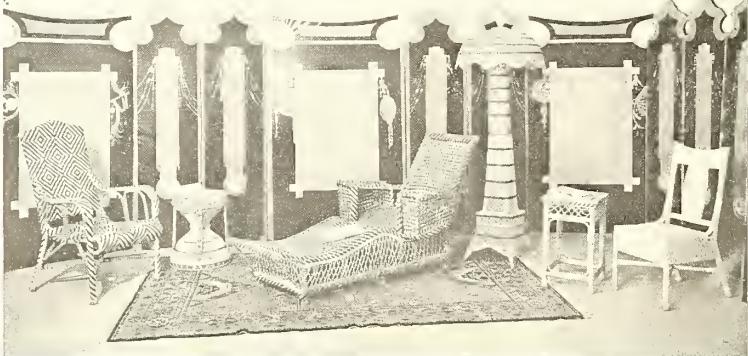
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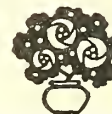
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Seeing that everybody else is getting the bug to jump prices on their magazines, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will now hurl its thunderbolt into Hollywood.

On December 1st, the price of this journal will skyrocket to 35c, so please mail in your subscription for the next ten or twenty-five years if you ever expect to get HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND at the prevailing subscription rate.

However, there is not so much dynamite in that announcement after all. For on November 3rd, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will publish its last semi-monthly edition. On December 1st, the new HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Monthly Magazine will make its appearance, what we believe will be the most distinctive monthly film publication in the entire world.

Will Zukor-Loew Deal Aid MGM?



J. STUART BLACKTON

He is "The Commodore" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page 7

Loew Death May Cause M-G-M Split

Just what effect the passing of Marcus Loew will have on the destinies of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation is yet to be determined.

Rumors have been flying thick and fast through Hollywood during the past few months to the effect that the Culver City lot would soon witness the departure of some of its guiding heads.

One report specifically declared that Louis B. Mayer might withdraw from the M-G-M fold and join William Randolph Hearst in a production deal. The rumor has since been squashed as Mayer has just closed a new pact with the company to remain as its production chief for a number of years at a salary estimated as near to the million-dollar-per-annum mark. Mayer's old contract was to have expired in 1928, according to the talk.

In a statement issued after the death of Loew this week, Nicholas M. Schenck, general manager of the M-G-M forces in New York, de-

(Continued on Page 4)

"A Trade Journal Survey"

-TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Hollywood Goes Wild Over Dempsey-Tunney Fight

Claim Manassa Mauler Will Make Short Work of Gene

\$3,000,000 Gate; Dempsey in Big Coin if He Cops Crown

By KID KAYO

The bones of Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and Ketchel are probably turning over in their graves by this time.

For two weeks hence, Jack Dempsey, millionaire glove-heaver from Hollywood, and Gene Tunney, an educated boxer from New York who isn't worrying about his beer and skittles (if he can brook beer and skittles), will clamber into a rope-bound area bounded by a vast sea of humanity situated in Soldiers' Field, Chicago, to toss jabs, socks, uppercuts or what have you for well over half-a-million per pugilist.

Not since they called off the big scrap between the Yanks, et al, and the Heinies, has there been such excitement in Hollywood. To say that the populace has gone daffy is to put it mildly . . . it has mere-

ly gone goofy. Everybody is trying to smack everybody else to demonstrate how the boys will throw 'em at each other and life is simply one rabbit-punch after jab these days.

The boys out here are inclined to favor Jack, first, because Jack is no slouch at the fight game and, second, because he lives up there on Los Feliz road. It's just like rooting for the home team, y'know. A check-up by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND gives Gene Tunney about six rounds of consciousness in that ring away out yonder. Most of the boys figure Jack will smack Gene for the resin in that half-dozenth melee with Gene doing a better or worse imitation of Jack Sharkey at New York, N. Y., July 21st, 1927. However, some of the crowd give Gene the edge but they seem to be much in the minority.

It's a safe bet, though, that neither Jack nor Gene are as much perturbed over the impending battle as we are. They will walk out of the ring a few hundred grand richer and we will all be hoarse or poor, depending upon the way we put up the stakes. A lot of us will be out forty bucks, ringside, and come into possession of a few broken ribs and smashed feet after shoving those wild Windy City folks. Ah, these are indeed the heydays of the punch-and-feint magnates! The dope is that Rickard will draw in about \$3,000,000 at the box-office, with Tunney copping around \$900,000 and Dempsey content with a meager \$700,000. The rest of us will be content with \$25 a week or shut up.

If Jack Dempsey bowls over Gene for the count, he will probably become the highest-priced theatrical attraction in the history of the world. In the first place, he will have accomplished the heretofore impossible, regaining the heavyweight crown. In the second place, Jack has been such a good

loser that he now has about four fans for each one that he could count when he wore the tiara and all of 'em will be out to see him at theater, ring or airplane hangar if he makes a comeback. The next fight that he would fight after that would garner too much money for one ordinary person to spend in a lifetime. Vaudeville tours and such, on top of all that, would make the most expensive movie star seem poverty-stricken by comparison.

Well, the days are getting shorter now. The shorter they get, the more nervous Hollywood gets. Keep your guard up when you walk down the boulevard these days—otherwise you might be doing an amateur Sharkey from some amateur Dempsey showing you how it's done.

Fred Kelsey Hits the Ball

They say every dog has his day. In Hollywood, though, the days are often a long time comin'.

Eighteen years ago Fred Kelsey was directing movies. He tired of the megaphone and donned the grease paint to play detectives, district attorneys and others of the various castes of cops.

His work, during the ensuing years, was more or less patterned after the old vaudeville idea of pull-'em-in - and - shove - 'em - out. Whenever the public did get a glimpse of him, though, there was something to his work that made a lasting impression. They did not know his name, but "the cop with the derby and cigar" soon became a familiar figure in the movie melodramas.

Let us hark back a couple years and pick up the "Film Mercury" of July 10th, 1925, where we find the following under the heading, "Mystery Stories" in a column written by the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND editor:

Mystery and detective stories are always good box-office fodder. Good for the small producer in particular. The audience liked Elmer Harris' "The Girl on the Stairs." Incidentally, the best work in that film was done by Fred Kelsey as the police investigator. His acting stood out like a sore thumb. It was vigorous and real.

In the passing of time, the producers have finally awakened to the merits of Fred Kelsey, the actor. Sometimes producers do such strange things as recognize merit among the struggling artists of the films.

The result is that Kelsey will co-star with Charlie Murray in "The Gorilla," in the screen version to be directed by Al Santell from Ralph Spence's famous play at the First National studios.

Edward Small of the producing firm of Asher, Small & Rogers who will make the picture for First National release, originated the team of Charlie Murray and George Sidney for "The Cohens and Kellys," which scored a big hit. Later he teamed Murray with Chester Conklin for "McFad-

(Continued on Page 10)

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Foreign Locales in the Movies

By Ewart Adamson, Scenarist

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article has been written by Ewart Adamson at the request of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. The subject of foreign locales in the films is both timely and interesting. Mr. Adamson is well equipped to write upon it for he has been, in his varied career, a sailor, soldier, lumberjack, Canadian trapper and South Sea islander.

Producers have often said that the most successful pictures are from stories of American life and many writers have found that to write of anything else was to handicap their chances of a sale.

In the past years there was a certain amount of truth in this belief of the producers and nothing can say more for the educational and broadening effect of pictures on the minds of the public than that this condition no longer exists.

Today, the American public understands and is interested in the joys and sorrows of the people of other countries; people with strange customs, which until recently made them appear only ridiculous to American audiences.

Previously, a producer would take a poor story of American life rather than a good story with a foreign locale. Now he will seize on a good story, no matter in what part of the world it is laid. This in turn, calls for a much wider knowledge and experience on the part of the scenarist. From research, he can get a certain knowledge of the countries in which he has never lived, but lacking actual experience his knowledge must be superficial, never deep, never convincing.

The old alibi, a most glaring error, is that not one in a thousand will know the difference and although that is relatively correct, an audience does not get the truth, the verisimilitude of correct picturization and unconsciously misses it or feels that something is wrong when the portrayal is incorrect.

And, if only one in a thousand knows that it is incorrect, why annoy that one.

A thorough knowledge of the people which the story

concerns enables the scenarist to introduce intimate business into his script which becomes extremely effective and which a writer without such knowledge could not possibly evolve.

Nor is it enough just to visit a country. A tourist never gets to know the people of a country through which he passes. The manners and customs of foreign people always suffer by comparison with his own and it is not until he has lived down the strangeness of these customs and acquired a sympathetic understanding of the reasons, mental and physical, which cause them, that he can write faithfully about such people.

If they talk a different language, then he should learn to talk that language fluently. Then and then only will he be able to understand them; be able to see the real drama and comedy of their lives and to portray them faithfully.

A writer, after a short residence in Central Europe, might be able to gloss over what he did not know but he could not possibly give those intimate details and touches which make Von Stroheim's work a joy. Many writers have crossed the Atlantic a dozen times yet their attempts to write about the sea are ludicrous.

The sea has a language of its own and it is not to be learned on the promenade deck of a liner. The sailor is a type different from his fellows both in thought and in action. He is not just a rough uncouth man wearing a blue cap with a shiny black vizor, as some authors depict him. When the deep water sailor comes ashore his greatest ambition is to be mistaken for a landsman. He doesn't succeed very well but he does his best and in that mental attitude there is comedy and drama. Very seldom this humaneness reach the screen.

The lumberjack of the North Woods — a n o t h e r rough, uncouth type. Because he is that he is not just like the sailor. His whole mentality is different. He reacts differently. He has different likes, different hates and different fears.

The only way to know the lumberjack is to live within his confines, work with him and talk his language. He sees life at its rawest and his independence is in striking contrast to the child-like docility which lies beneath the surface of even the most mutinous sailor.

Which gives the best story material; the sea or the backwoods?

Or is either atmosphere as good as that of New York or London?

Nearly every aspiring writer has been told to believe that there is just as much drama in his own town, on his own street, as anywhere.

That depends where he lives.

An old woman, who had lived all her life in an English village, when asked if she did not find her life very monotonous, told her visitor that she had plenty of excitement. Sometimes a motor lorry would go past and shake the cottage so that all the china rattled.

Now that woman is typical of rural England and her life typical of thousands of others so that startling drama, although rarely found, is the natural outcome of the daily routine.

But what a difference between rural England and London! where anything may happen, and, what a difference between London and the ports of the Far East! where everything does happen.

In Singapore, every race from Kabut to Kioto is represented; Pathans and Parsees, Sikhs and Sengalese; Punjabis, Bengalis, Tamils and Burmese; Malays,

Chinese, Javanese, Siamese and Japanese.

Add to these, whites from all the world; the go-getter from America; the highest type of Englishman; the Indian civil servant; and that pitiful bore, the English public-school and college-bred waster.

All these seething daily in a turmoil of racial jealousies and hates. The diabolical plots of yellow and brown men. White women selling their souls for social position. Husbands blindly believing that their own efforts have brought their advancement; others not caring. Singapore, Port Said, Simla and Shanghai rolled into one and every minute an exciting drama.

Only recently, if a studio filmed one story with a foreign locale, that is all they would do on that year's program. Now producers realize that to change their dramatic fare they must change their locale also.

"Seventh Heaven" has earned more all-around praise than any other picture. It concerns two people as un-American as can be imagined. Could it have been played in any other locale than Paris?

"Barbed Wire" had to have a foreign atmosphere. It dealt with a German prison camp in France. No other conflict of races could have been as strong. Such pictures as these are educating both public and producers, making the former eager to buy such entertainment and the latter to look for writers who can supply the demand and who have knowledge of the countries and people concerned.

Only in that way can the adaptation do justice to the story.

Many motion pictures have failed to become outstanding achievements by reason of the scenarists' limited knowledge and experience.

THE SCHULBERG QUARTETTE

B. P. Schulberg, associate producer and west coast chief for Paramount, is a pretty astute business man, according to report.

When he was an independent producer, he signed Clara Bow on a long-term contract at a nominal sum. Recently he sold that contract to Paramount, realizing \$100,000 in cash.

At the same time that Schulberg signed Miss Bow, he also signed three other players, Gilbert Roland, Alyce Mills and Donald Keith. This Schulberg quartette was being developed by B. P. for stellar position.

While Schulberg has made a fat profit on his Clara Bow contract, he can be forgiven for shedding a tear or two over the loss of Gilbert Roland. Failing to renew his option on this young Spanish actor, Schulberg forfeited a sum that may some day be equal to that he has just made on the Bow pact. It is said that Schulberg did not hold out any high hopes for Roland's future. Now, however, Roland is headed for big-time box-office prominence, after playing the lead opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille" and other films. Schulberg will not cash in on Roland's success, however, for Gilbert is now under a five-year contract to Joseph M. Schenck.

Alyce Mills has practically dropped out of sight since Schulberg gave up independent production and it is doubtful if he will ever have any occasion to weep if he has failed to renew her contract. While Miss Mills is a comely young lady, she did not seem to click with the fans.

Donald Keith is probably still under contract to Schulberg, for he manages to keep busy in Paramount and other films. However, young Keith also seems to lack the vital quality that goes to make up successful screen stars. He is much along the same type as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but is not equal to that young actor in thespic ability nor popular appeal. It is doubtful if Keith will ever approach the heights that Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland have reached.

All in all, the Schulberg quartette seems to have divided into two equal halves, one half vaulting to fat salaries and brilliant futures and the other half not creating any great impressions.

Schulberg's joy over the success of Clara Bow is probably now tempered with a profound regret that he could not vision the equally brilliant future that awaited Gilbert Roland. For, if he had, that \$100,000 might now be \$200,000 instead.

BOLONEY: Music by Eliason

Recently "Variety" took a wallop at the Atlantic City beauty contest bunk and also rapped the same contests that are constantly being promoted in various other sections of the nation, usually employing the Hollywood picture lure.

A couple of weeks ago Joseph A. Eliason, the ably convincing promoter of the "Fourth Annual Hollywood Revue and Personality Pageant," offering the "Cecil B. De Mille Trophy" to the girl with the most striking personality who was entered into the pageant, prevailed upon HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND to enter a candidate and also act as a judge in the affair.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, in turn, requested Miss Leona Nichols, comely young film actress, to enter the contest as "Miss Vagabond," assuring her that Mr. Eliason would see that:

- (1) Her name and photograph was used liberally in publicity pertinent to the contest, and
- (2) She would enjoy the added publicity of appearing in a newsreel filmed especially for the event.

These were promises that were made by Mr. Eliason to HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has determined, to its own satisfaction, that a misrepresentation has been made. This fact is brought out in the following:

- (1) Miss Nichols' name was discriminately omitted from a goodly portion of the publicity of the event, and
- (2) She was also discriminately omitted from the newsreel.

The thing that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is directly interested in is the fact that Mr. Eliason has not kept his word. It is his intention, so he declares, to journey to other cities and promote similar affairs, ending up in Hollywood next year with a national contest, drawing entrants from the various cities visited.

On the surface, this is a trite thing. However, we are interested in principles. When people fail to recognize and fulfill their promises, it is probably wise to tell the world so others will not be inveigled into the same things.

The fact that the judges at the contest were hurried and seemingly played a small part in the selection of the winner is also interesting. That is something that HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND is not deeply concerned about, however. We do not believe it advisable for Mr. De Mille or others of the film industry to lend their names or prestige to such undertakings, unless the promoters thereof come to regard their promises as more than a husk of words.

WILL ZUKOR - LOEW DEAL AID M G M ?

(Continued from Page 1)

clared that the veteran showman's demise would have small effect upon the activities of the company since Loew had not taken an active interest since 1924 due to ill health.

Loew's two sons have been reported as in line for command over the Loew en-

terprises, but it is probable that Schenck will continue in charge for some time, at least over the film interests.

Mayer has set a new high record for production efficiency since the advent of M-G-M and it is probable that he will assume an even more commanding position in M-G-M affairs now.

Newspapers, in comment-

ing on Loew's death and his career, declared that he had effected a "working agreement" with Adolph Zukor, chief of Paramount, during the past year whereby the two companies would work in close harmony. Just what bearing this will have on M-G-M's future is problematical.

The death of Marcus Loew takes from the film

business one of its most forceful and beloved characters. While not the spectacular figure, he was still a dominant power and his sagacity and energy did much to guide the motion picture from the status of a toy to a giant industry. The huge and successful M-G-M organization is but one of the many monuments to his memory.

ROYALTY RESENTS FILM SNUBS

The movies may delight in poking fun at royalty, but it seems that royalty has decided to go on strike against ridicule and what it believes to be misrepresentation. Otherwise there is a smart press agent in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer outfit.

Dispatches from Paris tell of the intention of Prince Danilo, son of the former King of Montenegro, to bring suit against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer over "The Merry Widow," claiming moral prejudice. The film, according to a story published in "Variety," has already been prohibited in Italy and Jugoslavia. Prince Danilo will ask 500,000 francs damages, with 20,000 francs indemnity for each country in which the picture has been shown.

Claiming that Eric von Stroheim, director of the film, was formerly Austrian military attache at the Montenegrin capital, Prince Danilo alleges that the characters in "The Merry Widow" represented his family and were given disreputable aspects.

It Sounds Typically Langdonesque!

The average movie press agent story is a peurile concoction. However, the following yarn, from the publicity offices of Harry Langdon is, we believe, worth publishing because it sounds typical of Langdon and his screen character.

As to its authenticity, well, that's something else again. Anyway, here goes:

The hard luck which Harry Langdon usually meets in his motion picture comedies isn't confined to his picture work, by any means.

Harry off the screen is about as ineffectual as on.

After the completion of "Three's a Crowd," he motored to San Francisco. He arrived there just in time to watch the start of the ill-fated Dole air race to Honolulu.

Happily determined to record the scenes for his future pleasure, he unstrapped the new motion picture camera for which he had just paid several hundred dollars.

As the first flyer started down the runway, the film buckled and the camera stopped. Harry fixed that.

The next plane down ran off the runway and plunged into the crowd. Harry raced after it, camera ready. By the time he reached the scene there were a thousand people between him and the plane, and he never got anywhere near it.

Meantime the other flyers were zooming up one by one. When Harry got back to his car only one was left. It started. Just as Harry started cranking, the lens fell off.

So far as he knows, his beautiful new camera is still where he left it on the ground at the edge of the flying field.

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The **QUALITY** Filmpaper
Suite 620 Taft Building GRanite 1859

Homes of The Stars

In accordance with its plans of individuality, and in an effort to make **HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND** even more interesting, a new department will be established in the next issue covering, in intimate detail, the homes of the different stars of filmdom in Southern California.

* * * * *

Photographs depicting the interiors, furnishings, landscaping effects, and other interesting detail will be used, together with interesting articles on the newer developments in architectural motifs.

* * * * *

Articles by the most prominent architects, engineers and contractors, interior decorators, landscape engineers and others will serve to make the department one of the most interesting in

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HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS *with* FRED FOX**vagabondia**

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE COMMODORE

... and The Democrat



Fred W. Fox

Speed-boats and other swift vessels are one of the hobbies of J. Stuart Blackton; and his zeal for things nautical and his facility as a mariner are known far and wide where sailing craft cut the briny deep.

—o—

Some years ago Mr. Blackton was commodore of one of the leading yacht clubs of the Atlantic coast and since that day the title of "Commodore" has clung to him. The walls of his office are mute testimony to the victories he has scored as a pilot; for here there are a score or more of pictures showing the prowess of J. Stuart Blackton as a seafarer.

The yen for motorboat racing has not died within him, but today he enjoys such a diversity of business interests and pleasure pursuits that the sea offers only one of many attractions to him.

Yet to all of his friends, J. Stuart Blackton is still the "Commodore," a title at first bestowed as a token of respect; now accorded as a title of esteem and good-fellowship.

For in J. Stuart Blackton one finds all of the hale democracy of the man who has sailed wide seas and tramped open country.

—o—

It is a comparatively easy task to gauge people

at a glance. But when one works with them, moves about in their presence... that is when one learns their true qualities.

We can truthfully say that to have been associated with J. Stuart Blackton has been one of the profound pleasures of our lives. And it is of the man as we thus know him that we wish to speak.

—o—

Commodore Blackton has exploded the fallacy that an artist is not a business man.

To those who have even the slightest acquaintance with the man, it is apparent that the Commodore possesses an innate appreciation of all that is fine and beautiful in the arts and letters and life as well.

A portrait painter of no mean measure, he has created some of the most entrancing works with the brush and the pen. There is a certain edifying quality to all of this artistic achievement that characterizes his work as utterly distinctive.

—o—

As a producer and director of motion pictures, J. Stuart Blackton is one of our pioneers. He was one of the founders of the Vitagraph Company, now but a memory, and was instrumental in devising and creating many of the novel

effects of the cinema of its early days that are now accepted as standards.

Into his work as a maker of photoplays, J. Stuart Blackton imparted the qualities of a painter.

—o—

Back-lighting, today a feature of every motion picture, was his development. His discovery of its value was accidental.

In filming a scene of a production dealing with the Christ, he sought to depict the Presence by a moving ray of light behind the players in the foreground. When the film was projected the moving ray of light was not a ray at all. It was a background of light against which the actors moved, revealing their figures and actions to a hitherto unknown clarity and grandeur.

It was the introduction of the Rembrandt qualities of lighting into films.

—o—

Later Commodore Blackton went to England where he remained for several years, producing pictures. Among these was the first natural vision (color) production, "The Glorious Adventure," starring Lady Diana Manners.

He then returned to

America and Hollywood, where he inaugurated west coast activity upon the part of the Vitagraph Company, which he had rejoined as production head.

It was during this era that he produced what we believe to be one of his most effective works, "The Beloved Brute," with Victor McLaglen, then fresh from England, in the title role.

It was a western, but, ah, a different western! It had virility, humor and a satirical subtlety. Due to poor exploitation upon the part of Vitagraph, however, it never won the popular heights it merited.

However, the film was instrumental in starting McLaglen to fame.

—o—

Blackton, an astute business man, had profited personally from all of his commercial ventures. When the Vitagraph Company passed into the hands of Warner Bros. he made two or three films for the new organization and, later, another not yet released, "The American."

—o—

If J. Stuart Blackton had been surrounded by an organization such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount he would today be rated among the four directorial leaders of the silent drama. Our one argument has always been that he lacked people around him who had the energy that characterizes that of the organizations we have cited.

—o—

However, this is not a thing that belongs to the past. While the motion picture business is crying for new blood, yet it is also in dire need of men of the artistic ability, sagacity and vision of J. Stuart Blackton.

It is our prediction that his greatest work in the silent drama is yet to be done.

Here is a man who has tradition behind him, who has energy, who needs energetic co-workers and the stories, that's all.

(Continued on Page 10)

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY Edited by FRED W. FOX

HAL M. AYRES, Advertising Director A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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A Trade Journal Survey

The British world of art and letters is in a turmoil over the recent declaration by John Drinkwater, famous poet, that "no practicing artists should pass adverse judgment on the work of his competitors." St. John Ervine, equally famous playwright, infers that Mr. Drinkwater has not practiced what he preaches and further states that poets should criticize poets, dramatists should criticize dramatists and novelists should pass on the work of their contemporaries.

Whether or not a movie magazine editor can be classified with Mr. Drinkwater's "artists" is, indeed, a moot question. Assuming, for the sake of argument, however, that such is the case, we shall present here-with our brief survey of the trade journal situation in the film industry.

It is evident to the most casual observer that the film trade papers are a sorry mess. It is not owing to the violent delinquency of any one paper or the editor thereof, but rather because of the poor quality of the craft as a whole. Too many of our motion picture editors are prompted by personal ambitions that are allowed to warp their critical faculties and choke whatever sense of discretion they may possess.

The producer-controlled periodicals that are devoted to the industrial incantations of the trade are numerous and bad enough. But it is, rather, the printed weapons brandished by cranky gents who have yens to tell the Schencks, Mayers, et al., how to run their respective businesses that outrage the cause of journalism as it is related to the motion picture. Saucy editors with highbrow ideas about the silent drama are tolerable, but that the industry should have to tolerate the abuse and aggrandizement of men who deem themselves in unjust juxtaposition to the silent drama, viz; on the outside looking in, is unthinkable.

Recently a writer on a Hollywood film periodical, in the haunting syllables of a prophet of doom, predicted that the time was near at hand when all of the movie magazines would be swept aside by scheming producers, who were plotting the destruction of these wicked journals. If such is the case, then the movies have not gone to the dogs altogether. It is improbable, however, that the producers would venture into such virgin fields as the film publishing business for, if they did, they would certainly have their hands full with a thankless job. The producers, in an act of humanity, should have swept almost all of the trade journals into the rubbish heap ten years ago.

The most flagrant journalistic saxophones of the

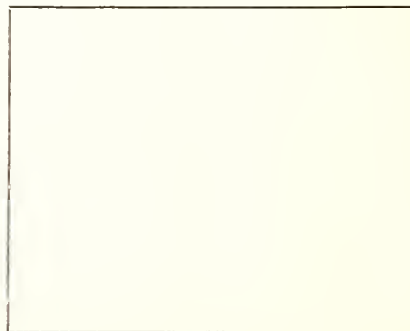
movie trade emanate from New York, with the possible exception of one Hollywood compendium that is devoted to a pot-pourri of grunts and groans from a gink with high falutin' ambitions and lean hopes. On the average, however, the Hollywood movie papers are far above and beyond the Gotham collection. They are, for the greater part, more veracious and independent. They have their naive colloquialisms but that is better than fulsome praise for every Tom, Dick and Harry in the business. They make no bones about saying to hell with the producer, or to hell with the actor, or to hell with anybody when the occasion presents itself. There seems to be more courage in Hollywood than in New York.

Eighty per cent of the world's motion pictures, a yearly output that represents millions of dollars, are produced in Hollywood and yet there is NOT ONE daily newspaper in the town devoted to the professional, social or political interests of the motion picture people. There are only two daily newspapers, neither of which seems directly concerned with the welfare of the thousands who derive their livelihood from the studios other than to toss in a page or two of hurriedly compiled press-agent gossip. And, yet, in New York there are at least four and in the small amusement centers of the nation, such as race-track towns, beach casinos and other popular gathering places there are usually one or more daily papers devoted to the dissemination of news of sport and amusement.

In Hollywood, with a stable industry, with realty investments running up into colossal sums, with giant payrolls, with thousands upon thousands of people living and working in one vast community, there is NOT ONE daily newspaper that represents their interests. Even the monthly magazines that treat on the movies and virtually form the only journalistic link between the public and the industry, are published in Chicago and New York.

Several years ago a man did try to publish a daily paper devoted to the film industry but, due to lack of support, his venture ended in ignominious failure. In the few years between, the industry has assumed new and vast proportions. The time has come when Hollywood should have its own daily paper, with either a subsidy from the industry or the moral support of the industry and its leaders. That a business of such mighty ramifications should have to depend upon the whims, jealousies and limitations of a few scattered in-

(Continued on Page 9)



What a Movie Ingenue
Thinks About

[Reprinted by Courtesy of LIFE]

A Trade Journal Survey

(Continued from Page 8)

dividuals for the dissemination of news that is pertinent and essential to its own welfare is hard to believe. There are a few motion picture publication editors in Hollywood who have waged a valiant and unceasing fight to free the industry from the insults and prejudices of censure and censorship and to elevate the tone of the silent drama. Without the concerted support of the business at large, however, their efforts will not amount to much.

Harassed by the attacks of various other editors who engender ill feelings to promulgate their own selfish interests, the producers have learned that the trade

In a masterful editorial published in the most recent issue of "Variety," that publication, discussing the ups and downs of theatrical trade papers, declares:

Trade papers, more than any others, because of the limitations of their areas of action, must be one of two things: Entirely subservient to the supporting and subsidizing advertisers in that field, or utterly independent of everybody on earth. Few trade papers can get legitimate revenue to any important extent from other sources than within their own business borders. Therefore they must be true to their own fields or they must live on the charity or graft of their own fields. In either event they endanger their existence the moment they traffic with anyone beyond their restricted deadlines.

This, to a great extent, sums up the problem that is faced by each and every trade paper in the film industry. The great and increasing number of these publications only serves to make the problems more complicated.

press, even at its worst, wields a potent influence in shaping the thoughts and often the destinies of people in this great industry. As one leading producer declared during a recent conversation: "They are like a lot of guerrillas in ambush, waiting for one false move on our part to rise and shoot us from ambush . . . and we are always making false moves."

The day will come when the motion picture producers of Hollywood will realize that theirs is an enterprise that must take the dissemination of its own news in hand to prevent discoloring of facts and to discourage personal aggrandizement. Rather than a menace in the possibility that the producers may establish a publication of their own for the industry, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND sees the move as a commendable and much-needed undertaking. However, to be a real success, there must be equity for producer and player alike in its columns, else the sincerity of those who have founded it must be questioned by each and every one of the independent trade journals and lead to its eventual undoing. The introduction of any producer-owned, or industry-owned publication is not going to mean the conclusion of all other publications. Paste that in your hat.

In summing up, the fact is; that eighty per cent of the world's photoplay entertainment emanates from a city without a representative publication devoted to that craft; that some man with vision who is in power in the industry will seek to remedy that condition; and that the first genuine motion picture trade journal will then be a reality.

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Vagabondia

(Continued from Page 7)

Investments in real estate have fattened the coffers of the Commodore during the past few months.

He has recently witnessed the completion and opening of the "Vista del Lago," smart and exclusive beach club in Chicago, of which he is one of the prime movers. He has also had the joy that comes to every man who buys real estate and sees it multiply in value in short time.

These are things that demonstrate the commercial wisdom of Commodore Blackton but, insofar as the photoplay is concerned, do not add an inch to his stature nor is it so intended they should.

The pertinent fact is that Commodore Blackton should be a more frequent contributor to the silent drama. Some day one of our big producers will arrive at the same conclusion.

Among the other enterprises of Commodore Blackton is that of publishing magazines.

He founded the first of our monthly motion picture magazines and, more recently, endeavored to launch a similar publication from Hollywood only to meet with disappointment that was not of his making.

The versatility of this man, as shown in his yachting, tennis and other sports; his business activities such as publishing, realty and picture production, together with his native gift to create subjects of entrancing beauty on canvas and celluloid, have placed Commodore Blackton in a noteworthy position.

In the midst of it all, the most effulgent quality of Commodore Blackton is his complete democracy. A sanguine good-fellow, an accomplished artist and a real friend. When you speak of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton you are talking about one of the real men in the motion picture business.

Anita Picks Ruth, Blonde

Nearly all the blondes in Hollywood... and a few thousand outside Hollywood... are gnashing their teeth today and have been for some days past.

That is, all but Ruth Taylor.

Petite Miss Taylor, erstwhile flapper buffoon for Mons. Mack the Sennett, has just copped the big part of the current movie season.

She will play the blonde in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and there are plenty of gentlemen in Hollywood who will want to play opposite Miss Taylor because... well, she's not hard to look at.

Louise Brooks, the gal at the Lasky studio who has those dark, magnetic eyes and that drawling smile, will play the part of Dorothy, the girl friend... and how!

Almost two years ago, in the "Film Mercury" of October 30th, 1925, the editor said of Ruth Taylor:

Her name is Ruth Taylor. She is fighting for photoplay eminence via the Mack Sennett studios. A diminutive blonde; vamping in Mack's farces. Watch her!

Later, in the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND of June 16th of this year, we said:

Ruth Taylor, that interesting little blonde who was formerly at the Sennett studios, has been freelancing of late. Here is an actress who merits greater things.

That's all there is to say. There ain't no more. Except that Ruth Taylor will acquit herself with distinction and come through with flying colors.

Kelsey

(Continued from Page 2)

den's Flats," which is also a giant money-maker. Now Small has picked Fred Kelsey as the third partner for Murray and the dope is that Kelsey will skyrocket into movie fame and the big money as soon as the picture is released.

In all of movieland, we do not believe Small could have found a better actor for the role of Mulligan, the detective. Nor an actor more deserving.

Here's to Fred Kelsey!—he hit the ball!

HOMES OF THE MOVIE STARS

The rubberneck buses that play their trade in the vicinity of Hollywood and Beverly Hills are mute testimony to the interest the public manifests in the manses of the movie celebrities.

Believing that practical results may be obtained from a study of the homes of the people of the screen, who are acknowledged world style leaders in the realm of apparel, etc., HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will publish a series of articles descriptive of the architecture, interior decoration, landscaping and other features of the most notables film residences of Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica and other motion picture colonies.

In Southern California, and especially in the building of homes for motion picture stars, the utmost in the world's fine architecture, decoration, etc., has been utilized. Man-made beauty is combined with the natural beauty of scenery to obtain the fullest results.

"Homes of the Movie Stars" will be a regular feature of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND and will always be profusely illustrated with photographs or sketches. In its next issue, September 22, the first of the series will be published. The home of Tom Mix has been chosen to lead off the series. This is one of the show-places of Beverly Hills and of the world, for that matter, and we know there will be much of interest to tell you about this castle of the king of western pictures.

Watch for it! "Homes of the Movie Stars," September 22!

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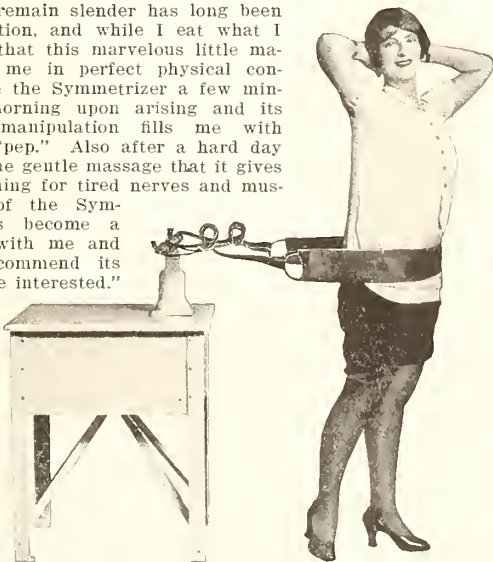
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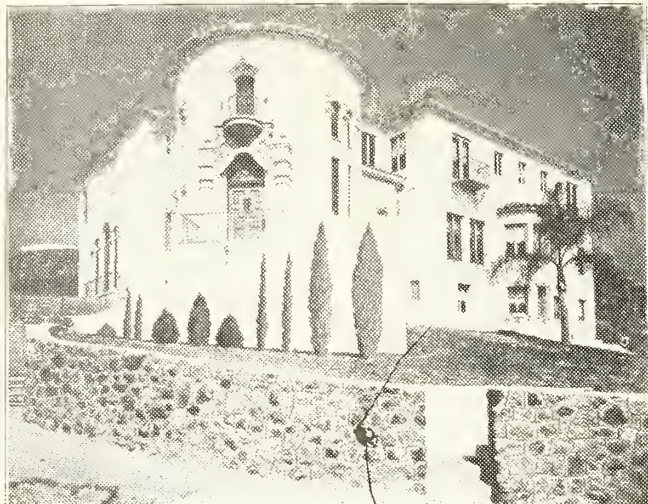
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HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES

Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper



Volume 2, Number 1.

Thursday, September 22, 1927

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The Unsung Location Man

By H. M. Ayres

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND pertaining to the work of location managers of the different studios. The others will be written by the different location managers, and will tell of the interesting and humorous angles of that important profession.)

IF all the pages that have been written about stars, directors, producers and writers in the different studios were placed end to end, it is said they would reach clear around the world several times, and still leave enough paper to start a big bonfire.

On the other hand, if all the pages that have been written about one of the most important divisions of the industry—the unheard location manager—were placed end to end, they might possibly reach along Hollywood boulevard from Vine street to Henry's new emporium of foodstuffs, a distance of possibly half a block.

There is only one reason for this condition—and that

(Continued on Page 6)



NORMA SHEARER

She is the "Symbol of New Blood" of Fred Fox's sketch. See Page Seven.

THE EUROPEAN invasion of Hollywood seems to be working with reverse English these days, and if we aren't very careful we will probably have to start speaking English at the studios again.

We hear, with bowed head and broken heart, that Ivan Moskiné, importation of Carl Laemmle, has left for Paris—very much disappointed with American films.

Again, Natli Barr (or Natalie Barrasche, as her folks named her) is about to return to Europe and will not be rated as a First National star.

Once more, Jetta Goudal, passed into the discard by De Mille, is said to be extremely exasperated with films a la Hollywood—and so it goes.

Perhaps after all, Americans will have the pleasure of seeing Americans in a greater part of their films.

Quien sabe?

"DER TEUFEL" or "The Devil," one of the most favored of Continental novels for the past year, has been purchased for screen rights by Universal, according to word from their New York offices.

While no announcement has been made as to cast, it is generally understood that Universal expects to make it for the 1928 program.

About Idle Contract Players

—TURN TO PAGE FOUR

Rap 'Movie Temperament'

Kiesling Quits DeMille Studio

Barrett C. Kiesling, for the past seven years publicity director for Cecil B. De Mille, has resigned.

While no reason is given for Kiesling's departure other than a formal announcement that he is entering the field of commercial publicity and advertising in his own behalf, it is believed in some quarters that the recent merger of Producers Distributing Corporation and the De Mille interests with Pathe Exchange, Inc., has had a bearing on this move in the possibility that Pathe may wish to handle all publicity from New York.

No successor has as yet been named to the De Mille studio publicity post.

May Organize Regiments to Escort Movie Companies to Location Wilds

Sibilant whispers cavorting up and down the leafy lanes of Hollywood tell of a plot upon the part of movie makers to import a couple dozen directors from Herrin, Ill.

It seems that ever since Al Rogell, First National director, and Edwin Carewe, United Artists director, hurled defies or what have you, at each other away up thar in Utah, that the producers have been out shopping for a complete location kit consisting of one tough Herrin, Ill., director, 24 Lewis machine guns, 3 gross hand grenades, 4 16-inch naval rifles, 15 tanks, 1 tank of mustard gas and 2 or 3 bombing planes so that movie companies may leave Hollywood and shoot their locations in perfect safety.

Rogell was filming scenes in Utah. Carewe appeared on the scene. Carewe said Rogell was on his territory. Rogell said nix. They glowered and growled. They defied. The newspapers told, in giant headlines, of impending war.

Then somebody thought about press agents. Especially after the Rogell and Carewe companies sat down and had a banquet a couple nights later.

N. Y. Times Raps Movie Clowning

In a stinging editorial that appeared in the New York Times of last August 1st, that estimable newspaper, commenting on the "much advertised temperament of the movie stars" aroused a wave of excitement, cheers and retorts with the following:

WHAT PRICE TEMPERAMENT?

If one were a movie producer, or had one in the family, it would be easier to keep a straight face over the fantastic troubles bubbling within the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The organization itself is a highly amusing piece of comedy, one of the most mirthful that ever came out of Hollywood. Almost as funny is the much-advertised "temperament" of the stars. To every one whose finances were not affected by their display of bad manners, the outbursts of the film celebrities were as much to be laughed at as a Chaplin comedy. Now this source of entertainment is to be dried up. To avoid losing the 10 per cent which the producers had threatened to cut from salaries, the stars have promised to be good. They will turn off their temperament like turning off a faucet.

No more will work on two lots be held up while a Swedish blond and a French brunette battle for the possession of a picturesque colored mammy who makes a perfect maid. It doesn't matter to either of the ladies that she was not really "in the family" for fifty years. She looks like a family retainer, and they can pretend with all the earnestness of a child or a movie actress that she took care of their mother and grandmother. The soul of a movie star has been a sensitive thing. If a rival performer has had a bungalow dressing room, or the latest thing in airplanes, or a dozen close-ups instead of the usual three or four, it would shrivel and die, and nothing except accommodations and favors to match the rival would restore it to such a state of health that it could get about again before the camera. But for the sake of keeping its salary whole, it is going to harden itself to the outrageous treatment of a director who has a notion that after a picture is in production the star ought to come to work oftener than once in a fortnight.

The public had thought—perhaps it had been trained to look at the matter so by "publicity directors"—that a temperamental star was worth more to her managers than a quiet, well-behaved actress. Some of the stories of sudden rage and unreasonable demands have doubtless been true, for the quick rise to fame and wealth of an inconspicuous little nobody is almost certain to turn her head. But other incidents have been related by press agents which are plainly fiction designed to attract public attention and to show how artistic and fiery their patron is. Now the producers have discovered that this publicity is too expensive to continue. The movie business is settling down to a well-regulated output, like any efficient factory, and it costs too much when an important member of the cast disappears for three weeks. So the stars turn in their temperaments to the checking office, receiving in exchange a pretty striped stick of candy worth a tenth of their salaries.

FRANK URSON, DeMille's assistant on "The King of Kings" and other productions, has secured a directoral plum in the direction of "Chicago"—one of the most talked of films of the year.

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Power Shifts to Schencks

Schenck Movie Power Growing

The influence of Joseph M. Schenck and Nicholas Schenck in the film industry has taken a decided impetus with the passing of Marcus Loew.

Prior to entering film production in his own behalf, Joseph Schenck was for many years affiliated with the Loew enterprises. The destinies of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the Loew film subsidiary and other Loew enterprises, have been guided by Nicholas Schenck for the past four years and with the recent election of Nicholas Schenck to the presidency of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Loew's, Inc., the power of the brothers has waxed greatly.

Joseph Schenck has been the dominant factor in the amazing growth of United Artists from a small coterie of independent star-producers to a ranking film corporation. There has been increasing talk that sooner or later United Artists would merge with the M-G-M organization. Plans toward that end which were under way about a year ago were frustrated when Charles Chaplin, one of the U. A. members, refused to sanction the move.

Now, however, the enormous business transacted by United Artists every year make the possibility of a merger with the M-G-M forces greater. On top of all that, with the two brothers at the helms of the two companies, it would probably be logical that they would work out a harmonious understanding if not an actual merger.

ARCHIE HALL, present head of the technical department at Universal, is the proud possessor of a beautiful watch given to him as a token of appreciation after fifteen years of very excellent service. General Manager Henry Henigson made the presentation.

Mr. Joseph A. Eliason, promoter of the 'Fourth Annual Hollywood Revue and Personality Pageant' and subject of the article: "Boloney: Music by Eliason" in the previous issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, has written a letter of apology. Due to limited space this communication has been held over until the next issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND.

Montagne Leaves for N. Y. Confab

Edward J. Montagne, head of the Universal scenario department, is now en route to New York where he will confer with home office executives on next season's output.

Details will be completed for the filming of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" and Rex Beach's "The Mating Call," in addition to other material. Montagne will also see stage plays in New York and Chicago and confer with authors on screen rights to their works.

He will return in about sixty days.

Tom Foss Buys Ray Film Plant

Tom Foss, former police commissioner of the city of Los Angeles, has bought the old Charles Ray studio, located at 4376 Sunset drive, East Hollywood, for a reported consideration of \$142,000 cash. Extensive alterations will be made and equipment added to make this one of the most modern leasing plants in Hollywood.

Foss will also begin production within the next ninety days on a series of photoplays starring Jean Navelle, who was brought here from Paris by Paramount.

Writes Novel of Theatrical Life

"Are You Decent?" is neither a sex story nor a series of essays dealing with psycho-analysis, according to Wallace Smith, Hollywood writer, who is author of the new book just off the press.

Smith states that the volume which is a series of sketches of theatrical boarding house life, gets its title from the custom backstage, when one artist knocks at another's dressing room door, of querying "Are you decent?" to learn if the individual visited is sufficiently clad to receive visitors. The book has nothing to do with morality.

Smith is the author of more than 50 short stories in addition to novels and has illustrated some ten major books.

BEBE DANIELS

This vivacious and popular Paramount star, who is now delighting her millions of admirers in "Swim, Girl, Swim," is working on another delightful photoplay, "She's a Sheik."

The sparkle and personality that animates the actress is also apparent in her dress. Her sportswear is distinctive and youthful.

Of course, she is a patron of

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Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

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Song of the Vagabond

By DON BLANDING

West of the sunset stands my house

There—and east of the dawn;
North to the Arctic runs my yard;

South to the Pole, my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships
To the ends of the earth—
beyond;

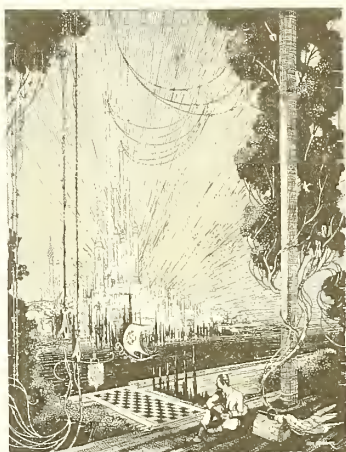
Drifters gold is for me to spend
For I am a vagabond.

Fabulous cities are mine to loot;
Queens of the earth to wed;
Fruits of the world are mine to eat;

The couch of a king, my bed;
All that I see is mine to keep;
Foolish, the fancy seems—
But I am rich, with the wealth
of Sight,

The coin of the realm of dreams.

... from "Leaves from a Grass House."



PLATFORM

TO ENCOURAGE the idealists of the motion picture industry, for the destinies of the motion picture are idealistic.

TO ENCOURAGE industry and artistry and to recognize work well done, be the task performed by the greatest or the least among us.

TO ENCOURAGE harmony among all branches of the industry, that there may be a sympathetic understanding and an equitable solution of the problems of each and every one.

TO ENCOURAGE respect for the good name of the motion picture and to defend it from parasites and encroachers.

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Enclosed find \$1.00, for which enter my subscription to HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND for one year.

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About Idle Contract Players

Enforced idleness upon the part of several of our prominent film players under contract to big movie corporations has presented a new economic problem and threatens to precipitate a showdown to determine whether it is not unethical for film companies to tie up players on long-term contracts and then let them languish.

Gardner James recently abrogated a one-year contract with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., after almost a year of idleness. James, who had scored a hit in J. Stuart Blackton's production, "Hell Bent for Heaven," was signed for a part with Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman." While working on that opus, Inspiration signed James to a starring contract. Auspicious plans were announced but nothing happened. James was later farmed out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "The Flaming Forest." He never made a picture for Inspiration. James is now free-lancing and working constantly.

Estelle Taylor, wife of Jack Dempsey, was signed to a long-term contract over a year ago by United Artists. She was slated to play the lead opposite Rudolph Valentino in "Cellini," but the star's death disrupted all plans. Miss Taylor was loaned to Paramount to play in "New York," but has not appeared in any films for United Artists to date. Miss Taylor is fretful over this idleness and is reported as seeking a release from her pact.

The other large companies, too, have been responsible for similar situations. Some of the contracts have been for short duration only, but in other instances players on long-term agreements have been kept off the screen for considerable periods of time. While they collect their salary checks regularly, this absence from the screen is sure to hurt their prestige and subsequent commercial value. A move is now on foot to have an understanding with all of the large companies about this phase of contractual relations.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND believes that if the producer members of the Hays organization would found a stock company, similar to the Central Casting bureau, which would have the principal players under contract and thereby available to all of the producers, many benefits would accrue. Not only would this allow for a choice of players among the producers, but it would also serve to keep the actors busy and cut down overhead on lists of idle players.

Likewise, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND believes that if the Hays organization members would found a central extra-player stock company along these lines that a great step will have been made toward a solution of the ever-present and irritating extra-player problem. By this means, the old reliable extras who were favored by the majority of the studios could be put under yearly contracts at a certain sum per week, to be available to all of the studios. The livelihood of the extra-player thus situated would be assured and would result in greatly enhanced economic conditions for the day workers.



a n n o u n c e s

A Radical Change of Policy

In the previous issue of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, plans were outlined for the conversion of this publication into a monthly magazine, effective December 1st, at an increased price of 35 cents per copy.

Since that announcement was made, the Vagabond Publishing Company has entered into negotiations that make a withdrawal of those plans advisable.

A deal is pending whereby the Vagabond Publishing Company may enter into a working agreement, or actual merger, with publishing interests that have been active in the monthly motion picture magazine field and who may be added to the executive personnel of the Vagabond Publishing Company.

In view of the fact that they have attained results in the monthly magazine business that may be more satisfactorily carried to fruition with the present HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND continuing to publish as a semi-monthly or a weekly publication, plans for the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND Monthly Magazine have been dropped.

A new and more advantageous position thus afforded the Vagabond Publishing Company permits us, at this time, to also announce a broader expansion policy for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. Effective with the present issue, the price of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has been reduced from 20c to 5c per copy. This new low price is introduced as the result of many communications that have been received by the Vagabond Publishing Company since the inception of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. The tenure of these communications has been to the effect that present readers believe HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND should, because of the quality of its content, be made more accessible to the general public, both as to price and distribution.

Heretofore, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has been distributed, for the greater portion, only among the motion picture colonies of Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Sample copies that have been forwarded to San Francisco, Chicago, New York and London indicate that there is a ready demand in those quarters for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND. In an effort, therefore, to supply this insistent demand, HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has decided to adopt a popular price. At the same time, we wish to emphatically state here that the new low price will in no wise affect the high quality of editorial

and advertising content that has stamped HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND as "The Quality Filmpaper," and the peer of all periodicals devoted to the silent drama.

In order to realize, to the fullest extent, the popular appeal of the name, "Hollywood," in such cities as those we have cited, a new logotype has been created for HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, whereby the "Hollywood" is stressed as much as the name "Vagabond" itself.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND will continue as a semi-monthly publication, for the time being. At a later date, it is planned to revert to weekly publication and build up the number of pages and the diversity of editorial content.

News matter will augment the present editorial and critical articles. New features and new departments, devoted to the industrial, artistic and social phases of the motion picture, will also make their debut. Among these are:

1—"STUDIO TIME-TABLE," inaugurated with this issue. It will be our constant endeavor to make this the most concise and accurate tabulation of motion picture production activities available.

2—"HOMES OF THE MOVIE STARS," to be inaugurated in next issue. Pictorial layouts will enhance the interest of written descriptions of the architecture, furnishings and other features of the mansions of famous film people.

3—"NIGHT LIFE OF THE MOVIES," to begin in the next few issues. This will be a rollicking, sophisticated resume of the nocturnal activities of the movie stars in their haunts. Cafes, theaters, homes—all will figure in this distinctive department.

4—"FEATURES BY FILM STARS: Analytical articles, poetry, short stories, caricatures—a thousand and one features contributed by some of our versatile players, directors, producers and others.

These, and many other gripping attractions, will serve to make HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND the great popular quality publication of the motion picture industry.

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND YEAR BOOK, too, a work of sheer beauty in its content, printing, binding . . . now getting under way and ready before the first of the year!

HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND has no axes to grind, no selfish interests to serve, no subsidies to obey; it is open, impartial, sympathetic, ethical . . . truly, a paper of, by and for the motion picture people, from the greatest to the least.

Toward the realization of the lofty and immutable ideals that were propounded with the founding of HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, we once again pledge our energies and our resources.

The Unsung Location Man

(Continued from Page 1)

would appear to be an overwhelming modesty on the part of the location men.

True enough, it is not a simple matter to be able to locate a certain type of English castle, with grounds which suit the story, or a Canadian trapping village, in the short space of time generally allotted by a director who has an expensive company "ready to shoot"—and yet, that is the prime requisite of a good location manager—his ability to locate just what is called for in a hurry.

On the other hand, the mere fact that there are probably not more than a dozen in the United States who are thoroughly familiar with the work of a location manager may have a lot to do with the lack of publicity which has been allotted to this interesting department. Without it no studio could operate, and yet to the ordinary layman it is an entirely secretive department,

hidden clear back in the inaccessible portions of the studio.

A location manager must be a combination of complexes to be a success. He must be a diplomat of extraordinary tact, able to make satisfactory arrangements with the different departments of city, county and state government for the proper handling or policing of a picture company on location. He must be an absolutely "square shooter" and see to it that every agreement made in the securing of a location will be lived up to by his entire organization. Last, but not least, he must have a general knowledge of travel, locations of different types, railroad and steamship schedules and motor roads that would drive the ordinary travel editor of a newspaper into a state of mind where a straight-jacket would be necessary to hold him.

But that is not the worst angle of the location man's

((Continued on Page 8))

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Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth



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HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS with FRED FOX

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*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

SYMBOL OF NEW BLOOD

---the Ascent of Shearer

Norma Shearer's rise to stardom from obscurity is one of the bright chapters in the triumph of new blood in motion pictures.

This rose of Montreal epitomizes the vast opportunities that await the newcomers in Hollywood who are possessed of talent and ambition.

A few short years ago the name, Norma Shearer, was an unknown quantity in the local studios. Today it is the token of a vivid and popular screen personality and one of the most welcome assets of showmen.

—o—

Motion picture personalities have qualities that stamp them as fads or lasting personalities.

When Norma Shearer first appeared in major roles, many predicted that her vogue would be brief. However, they had not reckoned with the versatility that has revealed Norma Shearer to us, not merely as a very beautiful girl, but as an actress of accomplishment.

Stars have come and gone in the short space of time that has marked the ascent

of Norma Shearer from the unknown to the favored few.

Take "His Secretary," for example. A simple, delightful film of the type that is enjoyed by the millions of "average" movie fans. Here Norma Shearer ranged from the hideous to the sublime in her screen personality. In the transition, however, she held the interest of the onlooker from the lowest ebb of her attractiveness to the exalted revelation of her natural charm and beauty.

Norma Shearer's presence in Hollywood has been a symbol of retreat . . . retreat from the false affectations that have marred so many of our other promising personalities.

—o—

Norma Shearer rose to fame in Hollywood at the time when the world was looking for new faces and new talent in the motion picture.

Those who make a study of the popular reaction to screen personalities can readily attest to the fact that the debut of Norma Shearer ushered in a



Fred W. Fox

new era in motion pictures where the players are concerned.

More new talent has been discovered since her success than in any previous era of film history.

The best work of this capable young actress is yet to be done, though.

Latterly, there has been a regrettable stamp of sameness to her work. This has not been due to her own shortcomings, but rather to the vehicles chosen and the lack of versatility in direction.

When Norma Shearer gets the same chance that was afforded Gilbert in "The Big Parade" and Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil," she will thrill and surprise the world of the cinema with a new intensity of dramatic grandeur.

Norma Shearer has the soul of an actress. She is the grown-up girl that used to stand before the mirror and act and dream.

As yet she has not reached the heights that she has visioned.

But she will.

It is merely a matter of time.

The impending marriage of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, young production chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has aroused widespread interest both within the industry and at large.

A union of this nature, aside from its amorous aspects and sentimental attachments, can be productive of great results to the motion picture as an art.

Mr. Thalberg, one of our shrewdest and most alert producers, gifted with the enthusiasm of youth, can do much to realize the destinies of Norma Shearer as a great motion picture star.

However, the future of Norma Shearer does not hinge upon that. She has talent in her own right and will succeed without any outside aid. But that the guidance and advice of a capable showman, such as Irving Thalberg has proven himself to be, will be, of great benefit cannot be overlooked.

—o—

New blood in motion pictures . . . which is the ultimate realization of motion picture destinies . . . owes a debt of gratitude and respect to Norma Shearer, whose popular success has been the instigator of a new-found and wide-spread public interest in the younger element striving for a place in the Hollywood sun.

Norma Shearer . . . the symbol of new blood in motion pictures.

May success attend her future efforts, both for the sake of realizing the inevitable glories of her own career and the enheartening effect it will have upon the many other young women and young men who have chosen the motion picture as their life's work!

The Unsung Location Man

(Continued from Page 6)

daily grind. He must think of—and have plenty of pictures of—probably half a dozen different locations, for different directors, at the same time. He must have sufficient knowledge of the country to be able to tell one director where he can find a Japanese fishing village, another a Zulu village from the heart of Africa, another a typical Long Island estate, and whatnot for the rest of them.

To have a knowledge of where these locations are to be found in Southern California, within easy travel distance for a large and expensive producing company, often means the saving of thousands of dollars which would otherwise have to be spent for sets. In this, a good location man can often save his company many times his salary every month.

In days past motion picture companies were in bad repute with the owners of beautiful estates, and others as well. After shooting a picture, the director would oftentimes leave the grounds in a condition that would indicate they had been occupied by some of the picnic parties which arouse so much justifiable anger on the part of park directors and others. Papers, pieces of lumber and all other kinds of debris would be left around, and all the property owner could do was howl—and howl he did, in such a way that it was almost im-

possible to secure a location of any worth whatever.

Today that condition is entirely changed, and a great part of the credit for that change may be placed at the door of the Motion Picture Location Managers' Association, which was formed primarily to establish a better contact between the property owner, the public official and the motion picture studio. To say that it has succeeded would be putting it lightly. It has established an entirely different spirit, and has done it in an entirely unselfish way.

The Location Managers' Association has even gone further; it has established a spirit of camaraderie amongst the location men of the different studios that has been brought to a point where if a location is needed in a hurry, and is not in the files of one studio, it can generally be obtained from the location man of one of the other studios.

To go further, the Association has assumed the position of considerable aid to different charities through the Assistance League, of which Harry Connelly is secretary. Through this organization, members of the Location Managers' Association pay all the way from \$100 to \$150 a day to certain designated charities for the use of finer locations, allowing the property owner to designate the charity which receives the benefit.

True enough, the "wildcat" companies, as they are

(Continued on Page 9)

Dorothy Gray— a sane revolutionist

IN THE CARE of the skin Dorothy Gray is a revolutionist—a very sane revolutionist. Discarding any "beauty method" based on covering blemishes, Miss Gray set herself to remove their cause.

Dorothy Gray realized the importance of Nature's own corrective—a rapid, healthy circulation, the fundamental cause of a good complexion. Miss Gray's treatments and preparations were evolved with this principle as their basis. They cleanse, of course. They nourish the skin. They correct excessive dryness of oiliness and refine the skin's texture. But the foundation of the Dorothy Gray method is the stimulation of the circulation into healthy activity.

That is why Dorothy Gray has had so remarkable a success in strengthening sagging muscles, in restoring the firm contour of youth and the satiny skin texture which is every woman's natural heritage.

The Dorothy Gray treatments are now available to Los Angeles women at the new salon at 3301 Wilshire Boulevard, under the personal management of Jessie Maxwell Babcock, formerly of Hollywood. There, and at the leading department and drug stores, the Dorothy Gray preparations may be obtained.

Miller & Company

Jewelers

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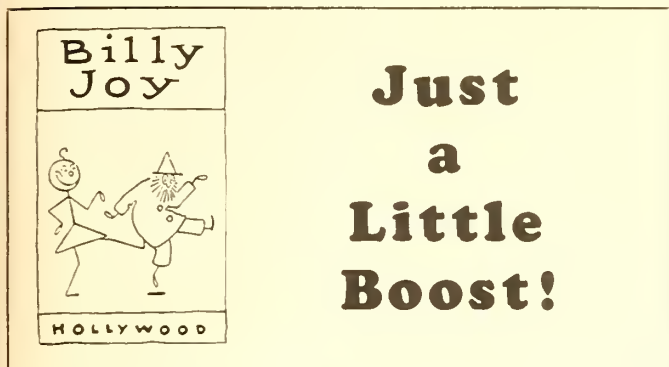
(Just across the street from our old location)

OPEN EVENINGS

DOROTHY GRAY



3300 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD



Leo, the flying lion, is lion around somewhere between here and Venice, or thereabouts. Seems to me there's an awful lot of lion about this lion.

—o—

Harry Langdon Corporation did not choose to continue with the services of our friend, William Jenner. Now, Harry, why not tie up with your old pal and friend, MacArthur . . . he's just the man for the job and one swell booster for you . . . no foolin'.

—o—

Here's a red-hot motion picture team. Bobby Mack, who gave such a wonderful performance in "Old Heidelberg," and Polly Moran . . . whom everybody knows. Whaddyesay?

—o—

Dave Butler recently completed his first picture for Fox. Following a preview of same, Polly Moran remarked that there were more laughs in Dave's picture than in "The King of Kings."

—o—

And from all accounts, our infant prodigy, Mervyn Leroy, has a wow of a picture in the can. That should make John McCormick, Colleen Moore, Louella Parsons and several others very, very happy.

—o—

And then . . . then when all was still . . . when the quiet of the evening lay like a sock from Dempsey . . . they gagged the gag man. Next week they will pay a friendly visit to the supervisor.

—o—

Have you been able to miss seeing the engagement ring Thally has given Norma?

At that, my advice is to risk only one eye. I have been suffering from snow-blindness or somethin' or other ever since I foolishly risked both optics.

Just a Little Boost!

Ain't love grand? And expensive?

—o—

Al Jolson was entirely out of his element when he was spending the day and better part of the night at the Metropolitan Theater.

After the opening night he never seems to be able to click . . . that is, to his own satisfaction . . . but the merry old box-office clicked. As a matter of fact, it clickety-clicked!

—o—

And, speaking of box-offices, reminds me that I cannot for the life of me figure why exhibitors allow such surly and upity-up species of men to dominate their box-offices. Their attitude is no doubt responsible for the success of the ticket speculators.

I'd invite some of them outside, but one can't be sure about their size behind those grilled windows.

—o—

Mr. Sam Warner finally decided to let his wife work in pictures. What surprises me is how Lina Basquette was able to stay out of them as long as she has. Personally, I think Lina can start where Gilda Gray leaves off.

—o—

I thought I enjoyed Burr McIntosh on the screen, but that was not to be compared with meeting and hearing him "in the flesh." He positively thrilled me at the Breakfast club when he recited that wonderful little poem, "When a Feller Stubs His Toe." A Jewish friend seated across from me so forgot himself that he ate my ham. But I got his eggs.

—o—

I just don't seem to be able to understand some people at all. Take Kathleen Clifford, for instance. She spends hundreds of dollars in advertising asking us to "Say It With Flowers." Then they

The Unsung Location Man

(Continued from Page 8)

ofttimes properly named, still cause considerable dissension and ill-feeling on the part of property owners and public officials. The reason for this is simple; ordinarily the "wildcat" company is only interested in the completion of one picture, and has no responsibility for the future. If it happens the furniture is broken, or lawns or shrubbery torn up, it comes under the general head of "too bad" with these companies, and gives the legitimate location manager more grief when he attempts to use the same location, or one in the immediate vicinity.

To further the spirit of co-operation among the location men and public officials, a banquet is frequently given at the different studios by the Location Managers' Association, to which different public officials and others are invited, and the problems of the location men discussed at length. By this method, any difficulties or misunderstandings are straightened out at first hand, and plans are perfected for future activities.

The last of these banquets was given at Warner Brothers' Studio, with adequate entertainment by some of the most prominent artists in the motion picture industry. Mr. Thomas Foss, former police commissioner of Los Angeles, is the honorary president of the Association, with Fred Beetson, of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, as honorary vice president.

As to the active members, they are headed by Ray C. Moore of the De Mille Studios, as president; Jack Lawton, of Universal Studios, as vice president, and

call on her to speak over the radio . . . and she does.

—o—

Having this . . . day of September, 1927, purchased my Christmas cards and tomorrow's "Examiner," I shall shall now take a dose of cough medicine to avoid my customary January cold.

Fred Harris, of the Lasky Studios, as secretary and treasurer. The other members are Harry Connelly, of the Assistance League; W. F. Fitzgerald, of Fox Studios; Arthur Forde, of Christie Studios; H. Hirst, of F. B. O. Studios; I. S. Liner, of Samuel Goldwyn Studios; John Shanks, of Educational Studios; Lou Strohm, of M. G. M. Studios; Frank Ward, of First National Studios; W. L. Guthrie, of Warner Brothers' Studio, and H. L. Hugunin, of Mack Sennett Studios.

Truly a line-up of fine fellows who are doing a much needed—though entirely unheralded work—of much merit for the motion picture industry at large.

THAT DeMille is going ahead with production on his usual magnificent scale is indicated by the statement from William Siström, general manager of the organization, that seven pictures, entailing an expenditure of something over \$1,500,000 will be in production within the next two weeks.

In addition, over \$400,000 is being spent at the DeMille studios for permanent improvements.

All of which indicates more prosperity and happiness for the w. k. m. p. colony.

Allez oop!

DIDJA ever stop to think of the present tendency in the way of keeping the dear public amused with films? If you haven't, study it over for a minute.

Just a matter of a year ago, Wallace Beery was a first class heavy—a sneering, snarling villain, capable of making the ordinary picture fan howl with anger. The reverse is that today Wallace Beery, with Raymond Hatton as an exceedingly clever foil, is one of the real drawing cards as a comedian.

This is O. O. McIntyre's second trip to Hollywood and no one has signed him up as yet to write titles. Ahhhh! but the third time is the charm and I'm sure that all of his friends will welcome him back again next year.

Damclever, these columnists!

Studio Time-Table

A Concise and Accurate Tabulation of Motion Picture Production Activities

Edited by EDNA JO CARRICO

FOR TWO WEEKS BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 22, 1927

DIRECTOR	STAR	ASS'T DIRECTOR	CAMERAMAN	SCENARIST	FILM TITLE	PROGRESS
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Clifford Robertson, Casting Director. Hours: 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone: EM-9133. Studio Phone: EM-9111						
Robert Z. Leonard	Dane, G. K. Arthur	J. Howard		F. Hugh Herbert	"Baby Mine"	Shooting.
W. S. Van Dyke	Tim McCoy	Schoenberg		Wills-Ruthven	"Spoilers of the West"	Shooting.
Monta Bell	John Gilbert	Nick Ginder	Percy Hilburn	Alice D. G. Miller	"Fires of Youth"	Shooting.
Edward Sedgwick	Haines, Crawford	Edward Brothy	Ira Morgan	R. L. Schrock	"West Point"	Shooting.
John M. Stahl	Helene Costello	Jack Cummings	Max Fabian	A. P. Younger	"In Old Kentucky"	Shooting.
W. S. Van Dyke	Tim McCoy		Clyde De Vinna	Wills-Ruthven	"Wyoming"	Shooting.
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., 5451 MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Fred Datig, Casting Director. Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-2400. Studio Phone HO-2400						
Dorothy Arzner	C. Bow, C. Rogers	George Crook	Alfred Gilks	Hope Loring	"You Will Marry Me"	Shooting.
John Waters	W. C. Field, Conklin	Otto Brower	H. Kinley Martin	Percy Heath	"The Side Show"	Shooting.
H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast	Adolphe Menjou	Art Jacobson	Harry Fischbeck	Ernest Vадja	"Serenade"	Shooting.
Gregory La Cava	Richard Dix	Bob Lee	Edward Cronjager	Staff	"The Gay Defender"	Shooting.
Mal St. Clair	Al-Star	George Hippard	Hal Rosson	Unselected	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"	Shooting.
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, BURBANK, CALIF.						
Dan Kelly, Casting Director. Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone, HE-1151. Studio Phone: GL-4111						
George Fitzmaurice	Dove, Roland	Cullen B. Tate	Lee Garmes	Ben. Glazer	"Louisiana"	Shooting.
Alexander Korda	Corda, Stone, Cortez	James Dunne	Sidney Hickox	Carey Wilson	"Helen of Troy"	Shooting.
Marshall Neilan	Colleen Moore	Ben Silvey	George Folsey	Gerald Duffy	Untitled	Shooting.
John Francis Dillon	Mulhall, Mackaill	Ed Marin	James Van Trees	Perry Nathan	"Man Crazy"	Shooting.
Charles Brabin	Milton Sills	Ed Landers	T. B. McCord	Perry Nathan	"Valley of the Giants"	Shooting.
Albert Rogell	Francis, O'Day	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	Marion Jackson	"Shepherd of the Hills"	Shooting.
Richard Wallace	Rogers, Fazenda	James O'Shea	Jack McKenzie	Richard McConville	"A Texas Steer"	Shooting.
Al Santell	Murray, Kelsey	Marty Santell	Arthur Edison	James T. O'Donahue	"The Gorilla"	Shooting.
Harry J. Brown	Maynard, Gregory	Sid Rogell	George Benoit	Forde Beebe	"The Caravan Trail"	Shooting.
	Harry Langdon	Ben Critchley	Elgin Lessley	Arthur Ripley	Untitled	Shooting.
FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. WESTERN AVE., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
James Ryan, Casting Director. Joe Egli (Comedy). 7:30 A. M. to 10 A. M.; 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-3051. Studio Phone: HO-3000						
Alfred E. Green	Olive Borden	Jack Boland	Joseph August	Marion Orth	"Come to My House"	Shooting.
Richard Rosson	Edmund Lowe	Park Frame	Frank Good	Harry O. Hoyt	"Baloo"	Shooting.
Victor Heerman	Virginia Valli	Chas. Woolstenhulme	Glenn MacWilliams	Reginald Morris	"Ladies Must Dress"	Shooting.
John Ford	James Hall	Edward O'Farne	G. Schneidermann	Philip Klein	"Grandmother Bramley"	Shooting.
Lew Seiler	Thunder (Dog)	Virgil Hart	L. W. O'Connell	Ston Miller	"Wolf Fangs"	Shooting.
Gene Forde	Tom Mix	Clay Crapnell	Dan Clark	John Stone	"Wild Cat Law"	Shooting.
Wallace MacDonald	Cameron, Bryant	Sam Wurtzel	George Meehan	Max Gold	"Silly Sailor"	Shooting.
Zion Myers	Rollens, Ellis	Sidney Bowen	George Spear	Kennell E. Gold	"Love Is Blind"	Shooting.
UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP., UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.						
Victor Nordlinger, Casting Director; Harold Dodds, Asst. Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. Casting Phone: HE-3151. Studio Phone: HE-3131						
William Beaudine	All-Star	Webster	C. Stumar	Al Cohn	"Pohens & Kellys Paris"	Shooting.
Reeves Eason	Hoot Gibson	Deffebach	Neumann	Arthur Statter	"Western Suffragettes"	Shooting.
Fred Newmeyer	Reginald Denny	Ross	Fisher	Earle Snell	"Use Your Feet"	Shooting.
F. Harmon Weight	Jean Hersholt	Pasternak	Fryer	Charles Kenyon	"The Symphonys"	Shooting.
Paul Leni	Vaidt, Philbin	Marchant	Warrenton	J. G. Alexander	"The Man Who Laughs"	Shooting.
CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Lou Goodstadt, Casting Director. Phone: EMpire 9141; Casting Phone: EMpire 4131. Casting Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.						
Wm. K. Howard	Vera Reynolds	Gordon Cooper	Lucien Andriot	Rochus Gliese	"Main Event"	Shooting.
Rupert Julian	Jacqueline Logan	Fred Tyler	John Mescall	Clara Beranger	"Leopard Lady"	Shooting.
E. Mason Hopper	Franklin Pangborn	E. J. Babilie	Dewey Wrigley	Rex Taylor	"Friend of India"	Shooting.
Frank Urson	Phyllis Haver	Roy Burns	Pev. Marlev	Lenore Coffee	"Chicago"	Shooting.
WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Frank Kingsley, Casting Director, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-5128 Studio Phone: HO-4181						
Lloyd Bacon	Monte Blue	Henry Blanke	Nordert Brodin	Harvey Gates	"The Cone Back"	Shooting.
Howard Bretherton	Irene Rich	Gordon Hollingshead	Frank Kesson	Anthony Caldwely	"The Silver Slave"	Shooting.
Michael Curtiz	W. Roland, H. Costello	Marquilles	Barney McGill	Darryl Zanuck	"Good Time Charlie"	Shooting.
Ross Lederman	Rin-Tin-Tin	Joe Barry	Ed Du Parr	Charles Condon	"Dog of the Regiment"	Shooting.
Ray Enright	Nagel, Loy, Russell	Frank Shaw	Harold Mohr	Graham Baker	"Girl From Chicago"	Shooting.
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO CORP., 1041 N. FORMOSA, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Freddie Schuessler, Casting Director. Jim Townsend, Assistant. Hours: 10 A. M. to 11 A. M.; 3 P. M. to 4 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-4176						
D. W. Griffith	L. Barrymore, M. Philbin		Karl Struss	Gerrit Lloyd	"The Drums of Love"	Shooting.
Lewis Milestone	Corinne Griffith	Nate Watt	John Arnold	Hans Kraley	"The Garden of Eden"	Shooting.
Chuck Risner	Buster Keaton			Carl Harbaugh	"Steamboat Jim, Jr."	Shooting.
Raoul Walsh	Gloria Swanson			Raoul Walsh	"Sadie Thompson"	Shooting.
ROACH STUDIOS, CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA						
Molly Thompson, Casting Director. Hours: 1 P. M. to 3:30 P. M. Studio Phone: EM-1151						
Robert McGowan	Our Gang	C. Oetze, Anthony Mack	Art Lloyd	Staff	Untitled	Shooting.
Fred Guiol	Max Davidson		George Stevens	Staff	Untitled	Shooting.
Hal Yates	S. Laurel, E. O. Hardy		Len Powers	Staff	Untitled	Shooting.

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Hudson Seal coat, Nat'l Lynx collar	500	365
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Increase in Power, Speed and Acceleration Without an
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**New and Scientific Combination of Power and Efficiency
Which Made the Flight of Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd
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Edward S. Jordan, president of the Jordan Motor Car Company, today announces the initial production of a motor car which will revolutionize all prevailing conceptions of power, speed and efficiency in an automobile.

In all previous engineering efforts to attain high power and efficiency the method has been to build a giant motor of the uneconomic type which, of course, required a giant chassis.

But with the development of those modern aeroplane motors which made possible the recent flights of Col. Lindbergh, Major Chamberlin and Commander Byrd, Jordan engineers working quietly with Continental and Stromberg experts conceived the idea of producing a light motor with high speed characteristics that would give a tremendous increase in power, smoothness and flexibility, without adding a pound of weight to the car.

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The new Air Line Eight marks the greatest advance in motor car performance that has been made in fifteen years.

The increase in horse power is 33%. Torque is 170 foot pounds—an increase of 21%—and torque is what lifts you over the hills.

Startling acceleration is possible—five to forty miles in high in twelve and one-half seconds.

The speed in second gear is fifty-two miles an hour with ordinary gear ratio.

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Of course it was necessary in order to handle this tremendous increase in power and speed, to build a perfectly balanced chassis of the finest materials obtainable with studied distribution of weight.

This makes possible extremely high speed without vibration, side sway or so called "shimmy."

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With silent timing chain and broad bearings the motor is extremely silent.

Brakes have been designed to the point of highest efficiency for quick stopping.

Springs cover eighty per cent of the wheel base, and with patented rattle proof shackles and Houdaille shock absorbers all around, it is the most comfortable car on the road.

Sixty-five distinctive advantages have been incorporated in this car which cannot be covered in this article.

**Drive It Yourself
See for Yourself**

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5430 Hollywood Boulevard
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J O R D A N

Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper



Volume 2, Number 2.

Thursday, October 6, 1927

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Blackton Hits Spoor Claims

In a statement just issued in Chicago, J. Stuart Blackton, motion picture producer and director, makes reply to the recently published statement by George K. Spoor that the "third-dimension" picture, "The Flagmaker," which was filmed with Spoor's natural-vision camera, was poorly made.

Commodore Blackton's reply follows:

"I feel very reluctant to make reply to Mr. Spoor's alleged statement about 'The Flagmaker' and me, because I cannot for one moment believe that a man with Mr. Spoor's knowledge and experience in the motion picture industry would rely upon his judgment as to the merits of any picture, because no one knows better than he that the success or failure of any picture depends upon the verdict of the public and not upon the opinion of any one man or small group of men, and the public has not yet seen this film.

"I have no hesitancy in saying that, in my opinion, 'The Flagmaker' is just the type of picture

that would appeal to the public at this time—that is, provided I were permitted to complete the picture which I have not been able to do.

"I had assumed, and until I saw Mr. Spoor's alleged statement in the paper, I had no cause to think otherwise, that Mr. Spoor was unable to procure the necessary funds for which to do so. If it is a fact that he has stated that he is willing to charge \$150,000 off and scrap the picture, I would like to suggest that he pay the balance of my bill for services rendered and liquidate the many other obligations long overdue which have been contracted in connection with the picture, for some of which he is now being sued because of failure to make such payments.

"'The Flagmaker' was photographed under a new and untried process. It has never been exhibited in public. I challenge Mr. Spoor to give a public exhibition of 'The Flagmaker' before any representative American audience and am content to leave to them the decision regarding the merits or demerits of 'The Flagmaker' as a picture production, as an entertainment feature, and as an example of a high-type American-made picture



Dancing D. WORDS

JACK DEMPSEY . . . the world's greatest fighter . . . idol of the hour . . . citizen of Hollywood . . . gentleman . . . a real friend.

Read Fred Fox's sketch on Page Five

The Neglected McGroarty

—TURN TO PAGE FIVE

hiatus

A COMPENDIUM
OF CLIPPINGS

WATCH OUT, LON!

Competition for Lon Chaney, as revealed in publicity from First National studios:

The oldest actors in the world will be seen in "The Valley of the Giants," First National picture. They are the giant Sequoias of the redwood forests in Northern California.

DEEP SECRET!

Ferretting out an "unknown" clan in the studio maze of Hollywood, as achieved by First National press agent:

Gene Towne, one of that mysterious tribe known in Hollywood as "gag men," etc., etc.

WAS IT A FIG LEAF?

Puzzle for tailors and haberdashers of Hollywood:

A pre-Grecian nightgown was made for Lewis Stone, who plays Menelaos in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

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Secretaries
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Murnau Returns Here October 15

F. W. Murnau, German director who recently made "Sunrise," the sensational picture for William Fox in Hollywood, will return on October 15th from Germany.

For a time there was rumor that Murnau would stay in Germany, being dissatisfied with working conditions at the local studio. However, announcement has just been made by Winfield Sheehan, vice-president of the Fox organization, that Murnau will come back. Sheehan recently returned from a trip to Berlin.

Spanish Smacks For Connie, Mary

Spanish kisses, both chaste and fervent, seem to be the current vogue, judging from the movie billboards.

A lithograph for "Rose of the Golden West" shows Gilbert Roland, new Latin screen lover, bestowing an osculatory salute upon Mary Astor's neck.

Another billboard for "Breakfast at Sunrise" shows Constance Talmadge clasped in the arms of Don Alvarado, another new Latin favorite, who is greeting Connie in like manner.

Last, but not least, poster ads for "Loves of Carmen" have just appeared. Here, once again, the Spanish kiss is evident. This time Dolores del Rio is seen in the arms of Victor McLaglen, British interpreter of Spanish love, who is bestowing a kiss upon Miss Del Rio's neck.

BESS MEREDYTH has been extremely busy for some days past completing the continuity for "Sailors' Wives" for First National.

According to underground reports, the story is a dandy and will have Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in the leading roles.

Joseph Henaberry will wield the potent megaphone.

Huge Task to Film 'Sabreur'

A total of 576,000 feet of film were used in the making of "Beau Sabreur" by Paramount. This is the sequel to "Beau Geste," which was one of the most successful of the recent Paramount productions.

Caldwell Picked For Davies Film

Orville Caldwell, who recently concluded a lengthy stage engagement in "The Miracle," has been picked to play opposite Marion Davies in "The Patsy" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

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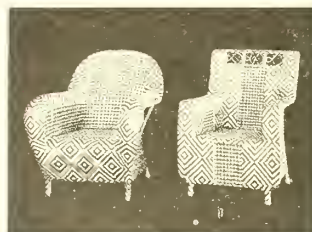
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The Best Picture

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The Greatest Theme

is thrift, for it is closely related to self preservation, independence, home, love, protection of loved one, pride of ownership, comfort, self respect and esteem of others.

The Biggest Cast

Ten million people in the United States save and invest in Building and Loan. There must be some reason for this popularity.

Six Billion Dollars

are now invested in Building and Loan Associations. Your dollars "won't feel lonely" in this form of investment.

Will Live Forever

Building and Loan has withstood the test since 1831. It has proven to be the safest investment known to science.

Your Part

Is to find out how this great plan can fit into your program of life by telephoning Al Eschner for an appointment.

ALBERT ESCHNER

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TR-8366

Maybe He Reads Our Paper, Yes?

To infer that the eminent Mr. Monroe Lathrop, drama editor of the Los Angeles Evening Express, would pilfer any articles from HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND, would be too shocking for words, indeed.

However, in our issue of August 25th, we wrote a story about Schulberg's sale of the Clara Bow contract to Paramount for \$100,000 and pointed out other instances where stars who had gained in box-office value had not personally reaped the full reward of their monetary worth.

Seventeen days later, in the Evening Express of September 10th, what was practically a re-hash of the same story appeared in Mr. Lathrop's Saturday column.

In our previous issue, September 22nd, we carried a headline on Page 3, "Power Shifts to Schencks," which told how the balance of movie influence was now leaning toward Joe and Nick Schenck following the death of Marcus Loew.

In the evening Express of September 24th, two days later, Mr. Lathrop had a headline on his column, "Schencks Rule Movies," over a story that again appeared to be a re-hash of ours.

Further on, in the same department, Mr. Lathrop carried a story on Neil McGuire's scenic innovations as used in the production of photoplays to eliminate giant sets. This was practically a resume of the story carried in the HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND of March 3rd, seven months before.

To infer that Mr. Lathrop would pilfer any articles from HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND would be too shocking for words, indeed!

HELEN JEROME EDDY will have an important role in the Universal production, "13 Washington Square."

Ralston Signed To New Contract

Esther Ralston, beautiful blonde of the Paramount stellar aggregation, has just been signed to a new long-term contract by that company, according to late advices.

She will soon start work on "The Glory Girl," under direction of one of the ace directors of the Lasky fold.

Bitzer Rejoins D. W. Griffith

Billy Bitzer, regarded as the ace cameraman of the film industry, has rejoined D. W. Griffith here at the United Artists studio.

Bitzer first attained widespread prominence with his photography on "The Birth of a Nation," the first big Griffith film.

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AT NIGHT

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Hollywood

Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

Published by BILLY JOY

Edited by FRED W. FOX

H. M. AYRES, Advertising Director

A. J. GASCHEN, Comptroller

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Song of the Vagabond

By DON BLANDING

West of the sunset stands my house

There—and east of the dawn;
North to the Arctic runs my yard;

South to the Pole, my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships
To the ends of the earth—
beyond;

Drifters gold is for me to spend
For I am a vagabond.

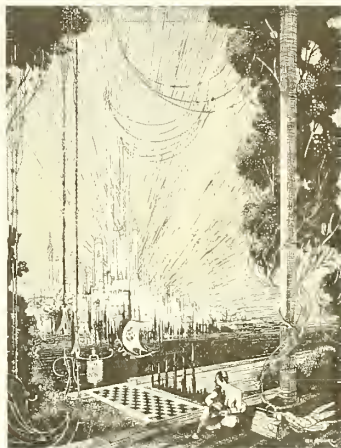
Fabulous cities are mine to loot;
Queens of the earth to wed;
Fruits of the world are mine to eat;

The couch of a king, my bed;
All that I see is mine to keep;
Foolish, the fancy seems—

But I am rich, with the wealth
of Sight,

The coin of the realm of
dreams.

... from "Leaves from a Grass
House."



PLATFORM

TO ENCOURAGE the idealists of the motion picture industry, for the destinies of the motion picture are idealistic.

TO ENCOURAGE industry and artistry and to recognize work well done, be the task performed by the greatest or the least among us.

TO ENCOURAGE harmony among all branches of the industry, that there may be a sympathetic understanding and an equitable solution of the problems of each and every one.

TO ENCOURAGE respect for the good name of the motion picture and to defend it from parasites and encroachers.

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Enclosed find \$1.00, for which enter my subscription to HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND for one year.

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City State

The Neglected McGroarty

Movie producers have spent oodles of time and energy in culling the literary marts of Europe and way points for "literary names" and new scribbling geniuses and then importing them at fancy prices. It is in this mad pseudo-aesthetic fiasco that John Steven McGroarty has been lost.

The spirit of Spanish California has never been so colorfully interpreted as in the works of McGroarty.

For fifteen years his "Mission Play" has been produced at San Gabriel Mission playhouse as the great pageant drama of California, attracting and thrilling native and adopted Californians as well as thousands of tourists and visitors from all over the world. One cannot dispute the worth of this opus as a show property. Yet it has been entirely neglected by the movie men.

"La Golondrina" (The Swallow) is another great and successful play from McGroarty's pen. "El Dorado" will soon make its debut as the third. In addition, McGroarty has written a book entitled "California: Its History and Romance," a really monumental volume. There is a throbbing, dramatic beauty to the writings of John Steven McGroarty. He has the rare gift of painting vivid pictures with his words.

The fitness of a writer to contribute to an art such as the motion picture can usually be gauged by the emotional response to his works. While the written word itself may have small bearing upon the actual production of a photoplay, yet the understanding and intelligence that is conveyed therein is the barometer of what the writer can contribute to an artistic medium such as the motion picture, for the finest motion picture is but a step removed from exalted literature.

Producers have been busy picturing the jazz age, the costume dramas of other nations and they have tinkered with mechanical magic. Yet the adventurous spirit and the kaleidoscopic brilliance that stamped the days of Spanish California as one of the most enthralling and romantic in the history of the entire world is still a virgin theme. "Rose of the Golden West," recently filmed by First National, is the only sincere effort to picture early California that we can bring to mind at this time. There have been other efforts, too. Yet it is doubtful if any of them have quite caught the spirit of those distant times, as it has been revealed by McGroarty.

Some day, after the captains and the kings of the sophisticated European literati have departed for their native haunts, an enterprising producer will realize the classic charm and the splendor in the works of John Steven McGroarty that await only the hand of a visionary to give them life in the motion picture.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS with FRED FOX

vagabondia

*"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"*

A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

DEMPSEY THE IMMORTAL

... Gladiator of the Great Heart

The prophecy made by HOLLYWOOD VAGABOND in its issue of May 26th, almost six months ago, when the editor was with Jack Dempsey in his training camp at Ojai, California, has come true.

—

In that issue it was written, "A half-hour later, Dempsey climbed out of the ropes, perspiring freely but still fresh. The human battering ram paused before us with a friendly hail. We talked. About Hollywood. The Vagabond. Actors. Everything but fights.

"The world will talk about that when Dempsey returns.

"It will be something to talk about for years."

—

It is two weeks now since the Dempsey-Tunney battle at Chicago and the public

and the so-termed "fight experts" are still talking about it... as they will talk about it for years to come... as they talk about the Fitzsimmons, the Sullivans, the Ketchels, the Corbetts, the Choynskis, the Sharkeys and other great battlers of times gone by, of whom Jack Dempsey is the last great figure.

—

They talk about it and cannot agree on the righteousness of the decision. There are no alibis to make. Dempsey, least of all, would not alibi. He is not the squawking type.

But some very interesting argument can be raised by those who have seen the motion pictures of that memorable battle.

For instance, one might ask:



Fred W. Fox

(1) If the referee, according to the Queensberry rules as interpreted by the Illinois commission, must first motion the antagonist to THE FURTHEST neutral corner, why did Referee Barry motion Dempsey to the northeast corner instead of the northwest corner (the furthest corner) when Tunney was down near the southeast corner?

(2) If the referee must first determine that the antagonist is in a neutral corner before beginning the count, why did Referee Barry count four or five over Tunney BEFORE motioning Dempsey to the supposedly furthest corner?

(3) Continuing the technicality cited in Question No. 2, why didn't Referee Barry motion Tunney to the furthest neutral corner when Tunney knocked down Dempsey in the eighth round, instead of beginning the count with Tunney standing immediately over Dempsey?

—

These are, perhaps, trivial technicalities insofar as the fight is concerned. Yet the decision seems to have hinged on trivialities. If what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, then this decision is applesauce. From the standpoint of the great and ancient art of pugilism, the fight was won by Jack Dempsey on a knock-out in the seventh round and if technicalities obstruct that decision then technicalities as surely surround the decision as it was given, as is clearly indicated in the three questions set forth which may be determined by

anybody who cares to look at the films.

There is little doubt that Jack Dempsey, the fighter, can knock Gene Tunney, the fighter, to the floor flatter'n a pancake anytime they mix it. Between Dempsey, the fighter, and Tunney, the boxer (and a clever one at that) it is a toss-up. By the standards of six-day bicycle racers and champion roller-skaters, however, Charlie Paddock or Johnnie Weissmuller should be world's heavyweight champions.

While Tunney's boxing skill is great indeed, his exhibition of dancing and sprinting in that Chicago fight, and especially after his resurrection in the seventh round, is nothing to write on the cenotaphs of Sullivan and Ketchel.

The fight at Chicago in not a tribute so much to the skill of Tunney as a boxer, or the technical inadequacies of the referee and commission, as it is to the indomitable will and great heart of Jack Dempsey.

—

While the sob-sisters tell of the passing of the great Dempsey, we cannot see it thusly.

—

If he elects to come back he will come back.

—

His is the courage of a real fighter.

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PARKING GAS AND OIL

STUDIO TIME-TABLE

A Concise and Accurate Tabulation of Current Motion Picture Production Activities

Edited by EDNA JO CARRICO

FOR TWO WEEKS BEGINNING OCTOBER 6, 1927

DIRECTOR	STAR	ASS'T DIRECTOR	CAMERAMAN	SCENARIST	FILM TITLE	PROGRESS
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Clifford Robertson, Casting Director. Hours: 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone: EM-9133. Studio Phone: EM-9111						
Robert Z. Leonard	Dane, G. K. Arthur	J. Howard	Dean	F. Hugh Herbert	"Baby Mine"	Shooting.
W. S. Van Dyke	Tim McCoy	Schoenberg	De Vinna	Wills-Ruthven	"Spoilers of the West"	Cutting.
Monta Bell	John Gilbert	Nick Glinder	Percy Hilburn	Alice D. G. Miller	"Fires of Youth"	Cutting.
Edward Sedgwick	Haines, Crawford	Edward Brothly	Ira Morgan	R. L. Schrock	"West Point"	Shooting.
John M. Stahl	Helene Costello	Jack Cummings	Max Fabian	A. P. Younger	"In Old Kentucky"	Cutting.
W. S. Van Dyke	Tim McCoy	Harry Bouquet	Clyde De Vinna	Dorothy Farnum	"Wyoming"	Cutting.
Victor Seastrom	Greta Garbo	Oliver Marsh	A. C. Johnson	Norman Houston	"The Divine Woman"	Shooting.
King Vidor	Marion Davies	Taggart	Sartov	A. T. Younger	"The Patsy"	Preparing.
W. S. Van Dyke	Forbes-Day	Taggart	Sartov	A. T. Younger	"Dog of War"	Shooting.
Harry Beaumont	Ramon Novarro	Dorian	Geistad	A. T. Younger	Untitled	Shooting.
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., 5451 MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Fred Datig, Casting Director. Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-2400. Studio Phone: HO-2400						
Dorothy Arzner	C. Bow, C. Rogers	George Crook	Alfred Gilks	Hope Loring	"Get Your Man"	Shooting.
John Waters	W. C. Field, Conklin	Otto Brower	H. Kinley Martin	Percy Heath	"The Side Show"	Shooting.
H. D'Abadie D'Arrast	Adolphe Menjou	Art Jacobson	Harry Fischbeck	Ernest Vajda	"Serenade"	Shooting.
Gregory La Cava	Richard Dix	Bob Lee	Edward Cronjager	Staff	"The Gay Defender"	Shooting.
Mal St. Clair	All-Star	George Hippard	Hal Rosson	Loos-Emerson	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"	Shooting.
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, BURBANK, CALIF.						
Dan Kelly, Casting Director. Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone: HE-1151. Studio Phone: GL-4111						
George Fitzmaurice	Dove, Roland	Cullen B. Tate	Lee Garmes	Ben. Glazer	"Louisiana"	Shooting.
Alexander Korda	Corda, Stone, Cortez	James Dunne	Sidney Hickox	Carey Wilson	"Helen of Troy"	Shooting.
Marshall Neilan	Colleen Moore	Ben Slivey	George Folsay	Gerald Duffy	Untitled	Shooting.
John Francis Dillon	Muhlall, Mackaill	Ed Marin	James Van Trees	Perry Nathan	"Man Crazy"	Finished.
Joseph Henabery	Astor-Hughes	Ed Landers	T. B. McCord	Bess Meredith	"Sailor's Wives"	Shooting.
John Francis Dillon	Richard Barthelmess	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	James O'Donahue	"The Noose"	Preparing.
Charles Brabin	Milton Sills	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	Perry Nathan	"Valley of the Giants"	Shooting.
Albert Rogell	Francis, O'Day	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	Marion Jackson	"Shepherd of the Hills"	Shooting.
Richard Wallace	Rogers, Fazenda	James O'Shea	Jack McKenzie	Richard McConville	"A Texas Steer"	Shooting.
Al Santell	Murray, Kelsey	Marty Santell	Arthur Edison	James T. O'Donahue	"The Gorilla"	Shooting.
Harry J. Brown	Maynard, Gregory	Sid Rogell	George Benoit	Forde Beebe	"The Caravan Trail"	Shooting.
	Harry Langdon	Ben Critchley	Elgin Lessley	Arthur Ripley	Untitled	Shooting.
FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. WESTERN AVE. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
James Ryan, Casting Director, Joe Egli (Comedy). 7:30 A. M. to 10 A. M.; 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-3051. Studio Phone: HO-3000						
Alfred E. Green	Olive Borden	Jack Boland	Joseph August	Marion Orth	"Come to My House"	Shooting.
Richard Rosson	Edmund Lowe	Park Frame	Frank Good	Harry O. Hoyt	"Baloo"	Shooting.
Victor Heerman	Virginia Valli	Chas. Woolstenhulme	Glenn MacWilliams	Reginald Morris	"Ladies Must Dress"	Finished.
John Ford	James Hall	Edward O'Farne	G. Schneidemann	Philip Klein	"Grandmother Bernie"	Shooting.
Lew Seiler	Thunder (Dog)	Virgil Hart	L. W. O'Connell	Seton I. Miller	"Wolf-Pangs"	Shooting.
Gene Forde	Tom Mix	Clay Crappell	Dan Clark	John Stone	"Wild Cat Law"	Shooting.
Wallace MacDonald	Cameron, Bryant	Sam Wurtzel	George Meehan	Max Gold	"Silly Sailor"	Finished.
Arthur Rasson	Madge Bellamy	S. Hanberry	Berquist	Francis Agnew	"Free and Easy"	Shooting.
Frank Borzage	Gaynor-Parrell	Lew Borzage	Ernest Palmer	Marion Orth	"Lady Cristilinda"	Shooting.
Zion Myers	Rollens, Ellis	Sidney Bowen	George Spear	Kernell E. Gold	"Love Is Blind"	Shooting.
UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP., UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.						
Victor Nordlinger, Casting Director; Harold Dodds, Asst. Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. Casting Phone: HE-3151. Studio Phone: HE-3131						
William Beaudine	All-Star	Webster	C. Stumar	Al Cohn	"Cohens & Kellys Paris"	Shooting.
Reeves Eason	Hoot Gibson	Deffebach	Neumann	Arthur Statter	"Western Suffragettes"	Shooting.
Fred Newmeyer	Reginald Denny	Ross	Fisher	Earle Snell	"Use Your Feet"	Shooting.
F. Harmon Weight	Jean Hersholt	Pasternak	Fryer	Charles Kenyon	"The Symphony"	Shooting.
Paul Leni	Veidt, Philbin	Marchant	Warrenton	J. G. Alexander	"The Man Who Laughs"	Shooting.
CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Lou Goodstadt, Casting Director. Phone: EMpire 9141; Casting Phone: EMpire 4131. Casting Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.						
Wm. K. Howard	Vera Reynolds	Gordon Cooper	Lucien Andriot	Rochus Gliese	"Main Event"	Finished.
Rupert Julian	Jacqueline Logan	Fred Tyler	John Mescall	Clara Beranger	"Leopard Lady"	Shooting.
E. Mason Hopper	Franklin Pangborn	E. J. Babbie	Dewey Wrigley	Rex Taylor	"Friend From India"	Finished.
Elmer Clifton	Junior Coghlan	Gordon Cooper	Andriot	Clawson	"Gallagher"	Shooting.
Walter Lang	William Boyd				"The Night Flyer"	Shooting.
Cecil B. De Mille	Rudolf Schildkraut			Clara Beranger	"Rip Van Winkle"	Preparing.
Frank Urson	Phyllis Haver	Roy Burns	Pev. Marley	Lenore Coffee	"Stand and Deliver"	Preparing.
Paul Sloane	Leatrice Joy	Scully	Arthur Miller	John Farrow	"Chicago"	Shooting.
					"The Blue Danube"	Preparing.
WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Frank Kingsley, Casting Director, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-5128 Studio Phone: HO-4181						
Lloyd Bacon	Monte Blue	Henry Blanke	Nordert Brodin	Harvey Gates	"Brass Knuckles"	Shooting.
Howard Bretherton	Irene Rich	Gordon Hollingshead	Frank Kesson	Anthony Caldwel	"The Silver Slave"	Editing.
Michael Curtiz	W. Roland, H. Costello	Margulies	Barney McGill	Darryl Zanuck	"Good Time Charlie"	Editing.
Ross Lederman	Rin-Tin-Tin	Joe Barry	Ed Du Parr	Charles Condon	"Dog of the Regiment"	Editing.
Rex Enright	Nagel, Loy, Russell	Frank Shaw	Harold Mohr	Graham Baker	"Girl From Chicago"	Editing.
Roy Del Ruth	McAvoy-Nagle	Chauncy Pyle	Ed Dupar	Robt. Lord	"If I Were Single"	Shooting.
Henry Lehrman	All-Star			Graham Baker	"In Name Only"	Preparing.
Archie Mayo	Irene Rich			E. T. Lowe, Jr.	"Beware of Married Men"	Preparing.

COLUMBIA PICTURE CORP., 1438 N. GOWER, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Fred Beers, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HO-7940

Geo. B. Seltz.....	Holt-Revier.....	Clifford Saum.....	Joseph Walker.....	H. H. S. Seltz.....	"The Tiger's".....	Finishing
E. H. Griffith.....	Windsor-Bowers.....	Max Cohn.....	E. H. Seltz.....	"The Opening Night".....	Shooting.
Albert Kelly.....	Un-cast.....	Preparing.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO CORP., 1041 N. FORMOSA, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Freddie Schuessler, Casting Director. Jim Townsend, Assistant. Hours: 10 A. M. to 11 A. M.; 3 P. M. to 4 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-4176

D. W. Griffith.....	All-Star.....	Vreeland.....	Karl Struss.....	Gerrit Lloyd.....	"The Drums of Love".....	Shooting
Lewis Milestone.....	Corinne Griffith.....	Nate Watt.....	John Arnold.....	Hans Kraler.....	"The Garden of Eden".....	Shooting
Chuck Riser.....	Buster Keaton.....	Jennings-Haines.....	Carl Harbaugh.....	"Steamboat Bill, Jr.".....	Shooting
Raoul Walsh.....	Gloria Swanson.....	Marsh.....	Raoul Walsh.....	"Sadie Thompson".....	Finishing
Slav Tournafsky.....	John Barrymore.....	"Tempest".....	Shooting

ROACH STUDIOS, CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA

Molly Thompson, Casting Director. Hours: 1 P. M. to 3:30 P. M. Studio Phone: EN-1151

Robert McGowan.....	Our Gang.....	C. Oetzel, Anthony Mack, Art Lloyd.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Fred Guiol.....	Max Davidson.....	George Stevens.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Hal Yates.....	S. Laurel, E. O. Hardy.....	Len Powers.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
James Parrott.....	Charley Chase.....	Staff.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.

CHRISTIE FILM CO., 6101 SUNSET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Dixie McCoy, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HE-31111

William Watson.....	Billy Dooley.....	William Holland.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	Sig Herzig.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Robert Kerr.....	Jimmie Adams.....	William Holland.....	Frank Conklin.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
William Watson.....	Bobby Vernon.....	Eddie Baker.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	H. K. Wells.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 GOWER ST., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Jack Votion, Casting Director; Rex Bailey, Ass't Casting. Hours: 10 A. M.-12 P. M. Studio Phone: HO-7780

Ralph Ince.....	Lois Wilson.....	T. C. Atkins.....	Roy Klasski.....	"Coney Island".....	Shooting.
James Dugan.....	Sally Blane.....	Ray McCarey.....	Phillip Tannura.....	"Her Summer Hero".....	Finished.
Leo Meehan.....	Fox-Stratton.....	Chas. Kerr.....	Al Seigler.....	Dorothy Yost.....	"Freckles".....	Shooting.
Jerome Storm.....	Ranger (Dog) Eason.....	Jack Murtin.....	Robt. Dee Grasse.....	Oliver Drake.....	"The Swift Shadow".....	Shooting.
Wallace Fox.....	Bob Steele.....	Fred Fleck.....	Chas. Boyle.....	Frank H. Clark.....	"The Renegade".....	Finished.
Robt. De Lacy.....	Miller Eyer.....	William Cody.....	Musuraca.....	"Red Riders of Canada".....	Shooting.
Louis King.....	Buzz Barton.....	Fred Fleck.....	Roy Eslick.....	Oliver Drake.....	"The Pinto Kid".....	Shooting.
Arvid Gillstrom.....	Al Cooke-Kit Carson.....	Ray McCarey.....	"Legionnaires in France".....	Preparing.
Wallace Fox.....	Bob Steele.....	"Breed of the Sunsets".....	Preparing.
Leo Meehan.....	"Wall Flowers".....	Preparing.

MACK SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 GLENDALE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Studio Phone: OL-2181

Mack Sennett.....	Johnny Burke.....	Jack Cullen.....	Boyle-Davis.....	Staff.....	"Romance of Bathing Girl".....	Shooting.
Harry Tenny.....	Billy Bevan.....	Tenny Wright.....	Williams-Umholtz.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Phil Whitman.....	Jackson Hiatt.....	Jimmy Hertz.....	Walker-Helsler.....	Staff.....	"Smith's Bargain".....	Shooting.
Alf Goulding.....	Daphne Pollard.....	Harry Connnett.....	Ranahan-Jennings.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIO, INC., 7250 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Eddie Kaufman, Casting Director. Hours: 8 A. M.-5 P. M. Studio Phone: HO-2806

Norman Taurog.....	Lloyd Hamilton.....	Harry Fay.....	Len Smith.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Charles Lamont.....	Big Boy.....	Buddy Sharpless.....	William Hyer.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Stephen Roberts.....	Al St. John.....	Eddie Mull.....	Dwight Warren.....	Staff.....	"Mermaid Comedy".....	Shooting.
James Jones.....	Lupino Lane.....	Phil McKenzie.....	Jay Turner.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Norman Taurog.....	Lloyd Hamilton.....	Harry Fay.....	Len Smith.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Chas. Lamont.....	Big Boy.....	Buddy Sharpless.....	William Hyer.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Stephen Roberts.....	Al St. John.....	Eddie Mull.....	Dwight Warren.....	Staff.....	"Mermaid Comedy".....	Finished.
James Jones.....	Lupino Lane.....	Phil McKenzie.....	Jay Turner.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Mark Sandrich.....	Jerry Drew.....	Eddie Mull.....	Dwight Warren.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 5360 MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. GR-4141

Johnny Hines.....	Hines-Daw.....	Charlie Hines.....	Bill Miller.....	Carrington.....	"Home-Made".....	Finished.
Charlie Hines.....	Johnny Hines.....	Paul Wilkins.....	Miller-Wilson.....	Geo. Amy.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
Edwin Carewe.....	Dolores De Rio.....	Leander De Cordova.....	Bob Kurrie.....	Finis Fox.....	"Ramona".....	Shooting.
Burton King.....	Pat O'Malley.....	McEveety.....	Arthur Reeves.....	Adrian Johnson.....	"Bowerly Rose".....	Finished.

CALIFORNIA STUDIO, INC., 1420 N. BEACHWOOD DRIVE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Individual Casting. Studio Phone: HE-2111

Frank Mattison.....	Ben Turpin.....	Joe Murphy.....	Harry Fowler.....	Charles Taylor.....	"Hollywood Dressmaker".....	Finished.
Ben Cohen.....	All-Star Cast.....	F. K. Wilson.....	Taylor.....	Ben Allah Newman.....	"Ghost Ship".....	Shooting.
Leo Maloney.....	Leo Maloney.....	Allen Watt.....	Eddie Kull.....	Fred I. Beebe.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Charlie Hunt.....	All-Star Cast.....	Eddie Gordon.....	Hap Depew.....	Arthur Hoerl.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
Frank S. Mattison.....	All-Star Cast.....	Joe Murphy.....	Harry Fowler.....	Charlie Taylor.....	"Old Age Handicap".....	Preparing.

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Mix's Million-Dollar Manse

It was recently announced by George E. Read, Inc., that Tom Mix, cinema star of western stories, had purchased through them the Frederick C. Porter estate, which is situated on a slightly hill in the neighborhood of the beautiful estates of Burton Green, Corinne Griffith, Charlie Chaplin and the Fairbankses.

The purchase included the stately Porter home and approximately three acres, which, added to the adjoining parcel recently obtained by Mr. Mix from the Read Company, makes a total of five acres.

The new home of Mr. Mix is one of the most beautifully located and designed homes in Beverly Hills of the Italian Renaissance type. The exterior is finished in stucco, a red tile roof with deep, overhanging eaves, giving a contrasting note of color. Wrought-iron balconies and grills over the doors and terraces on different levels, with stone balustrades on the southside of the home afford an excellent site for a view from the foothills to the distant ocean.

The interior of the home is well arranged and excellently decorated. A large reception hall of Elizabethan style opens into a living room of unusual size, which follows the architectural lines of the old baronial halls, an exceptional dining room of the Sixteenth Century Italian style, a sunny breakfast room, and arches to form a stairway to the upper floor.

Four master bedrooms with dressing rooms and baths, and a nursery, occupy the second floor. From servants' rooms and baths, store room, furnace room, laundry and a four car garage are on the ground floor level.

Swimming pool, an excellent riding arena, tennis court and stables are additions, and what is admitted to be the most beautifully landscaped terracing system in Beverly Hills, complete the home.

It is appraised, together with the furnishings and antiques gathered by Mr. Mix from all over the world, at approximately one million dollars—if a true value can be put on the antiques.

Brenon Loaned For M-G-M Film

Herbert Brenon, who has scored a triumph in his direction of "Sorrow & Son" for United Artists, according to report, has been loaned by that company to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to direct "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," the screen rights to which were recently sold to M.-G.-M. by United Artists.

Brenon first came into the limelight years ago with the production of "Neptune's Daughter," starring Annette Kellerman and, more recently, made a big hit with "Peter Pan" for Paramount.

It is a foregone conclusion that Brenon will make a masterly work of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Robinson Is New Chaplin Publicist

Word comes from the Chaplin studio that Carlyle Robinson has been appointed publicity director.

Robinson returns to the film industry after an absence of five years. From 1916 to 1922 he was press agent for Chaplin and, prior to that time, connected with other film companies.

No mention is made as to what has happened to Edward Manson, who was filling the publicity job before Chaplin suspended work on "The Circus" during his marital tribulations. When last heard from Manson was in New York.

Chaplin has resumed work on "The Circus," which will be released by United Artists.

THE HOME of TOM MIX



**Billy
Joy**



HOLLYWOOD

Just a Little Boost!

All hail to the 14-second champion—Gene Tunney.

All hail to the 14-karat loser—Jack Dempsey.

Now that comedy teams seem to be so popular, why doesn't some enterprising producer get Langdon and Chaplin together, or Johnny Hines and Harold Lloyd.

Norbert Lusk, editor of PICTUREPLAY, has been rated as the most consistent and capable of all reviewers. Although lacking the witticisms of Sherwood, Lusk has been successful in "calling the turn" as it were, on a greater number of pictures than any other reviewer. Besides this, in spite of many handicaps he has greatly improved the motion picture magazine of which he is editor.

In case you do not know, Lusk is very much the high-brow, yet able to appreciate what the hoi-polli want.

That is a feat, if you know what I mean.

Special eye and ear entertainment:

Claire Windsor... Mortmartre Cafe
C'est Vous... Brunswick record

Coming to me through one of our vast army of secret operators, I am informed that Julius Bernheim, now supervising at Universal, will soon occupy his former position, that of General Manager.

The demoting of Bernheim has been a blessing in disguise, for he is now one hundred per cent more capable and able an executive than he was in the days when the G.M. was more fittingly called officer-of-the-day.

Here's to you, Julius, and may you be responsible in doing big things for "the best-loved-lot-in-pictures."

Through the same channels, but underground this time, I learn that Charles Ray has taken up singing. For gawd's sake, Charles—sing.

There are entirely too many weddings going on in Hollywood recently without seeking the aid or advice of Samuel Goldwyn.

They will never be successful. Will they, Sam?

"One-eyed-gate-crashing-Connelly," not only crashed the big Mid-winter Sap Round-up in Chicago, but he actually had to be evicted out of Tex Rickard's personal seat.

Any day I'm looking for him to crash that private dining room at M-G-M.

For those who are interested I would say that George Bancroft gave one of the three best performances of the year in Von Sternberg's "I-told-you-so picture," "Underworld."

Hollywood is at last wise to itself, and has discontinued wining, dining and entertaining that tribe or tripe of writers who likened Hollywood to "a trip through the sewer in a glass bottomed boat." These "bite-the-hand-that-feed-you" type have changed their tune and now claim Hollywood as the greatest of all places and that its wild gin drinking parties are not of the movies, but of the parasitic sons of the idle rich who think the Spirit of Hollywood is bootleg-gin.

Charles Furthman, once known as the "Town Constable," is now a "Big Tomato" on the Lasky subdivision. His treatment of "Underworld" has won him any amount of merited commendation. I would like to see Charley do "Criminal Paris," by Netley Lucas.

He and Von Sternberg could surely find enough color and human interest in this story to concoct a bell-ringer.

Marion Davies has just built the dearest little cottage on the beach.

And so—little Alice hite is to play Dorothy. Well, well—that's mighty sweet for Alice, but it's going to be pretty tough for Jesse Lasky's choice for Lorelei—for this Alice gal is a trouping fool and will make it hard sledding for Loelei—which only goes to prove there is a Santa Claus, for only a very few years ago, no casting director in the business would give Alice a second thought.

And I guess it will be the same with Tiny Sandford. After the Chaplin picture, "The Circus," he'll probably be deluged with offers.

Well—hell's bells, that's one of the many phases that make this life interesting, eh what?

Hollywood takes longer to discover than any other place, but when you are discovered, Boy, you are DISCOVERED.

They say that young Mr. James Tingling, recently elevated to a directorship on the Fox acreage has made an exceptionally clever picture—with Madge Bellamy and Marjorie Beebe.

Mr. Tingling, I understand, surrounded himself with time-proven friends and that they all worked like Trojans to help get "Jimmy" over on his first directorial assignment.

Now that he has succeeded—everybody's happy—even Les Selander.

Now that Henry Bergman's old crony, Charles Spencer Chaplin, has returned to Hollywood, Henry once again is looking at the world through rose colored glasses.

Night before last he actually laughed outright.

And within the next six months our young friend,

Gilbert Roland, will be the sensational lover of the screen. Lay off taking your best girl to see this boy—she won't care for you any more that day—even if you were good.

In Memoriam Sam Warner

Two Ex-Publicists Now Film Chiefs

It wasn't so very long ago that Harry Brand and Don Eddy worked together in the Schenck publicity department.

Then one day Joe Schenck promoted Brand to the job of general manager of the Buster Keaton company.

Later Eddy went over to the Harry Langdon unit at the First National studios to write pieces in the paper about the whimsical new comic.

Now news comes forth that Eddy has been named general manager of the Langdon company to succeed William Jenner, resigned. Thus we find Brand and Eddy as friendly competitors of two of the leading funsters of the films.

The new-found rivalry was cemented the other day upon Eddy's return from a trip to New York.

Harry Brand and Don Eddy were seen emerging from the First National studios, arm in arm.

That's no way for bitter business rivals to act!

NAGY HEADS CAMERAMEN

PHOTOGRAPHY par excellence is rated for the Christie studios for the coming year, according to the announcement that their camera staff has been augmented with some of the best cameramen in Hollywood—under general direction of Anton Nagy.

Barney McGill, Gus Peterson, Frank Sullivan, Alfred Jaquemin, Alex Phillips Monte Steadman Paul Garnett and Jack Breamer are the leaders of the staff of camera sharks.

Esther Ralston, Paramount Star, Soon to Move Into Her Magnificent New Home—

[Love at first sight often changes one's plans says Miss Ralston—and so it has!]

Miss Ralston had searched Hollywood for an ideal site to build the home of her dreams. After considering various sites a lot was purchased, plans were drawn for the new home—here was a thrill. Materials to be selected, plans and designs to be approved, certainly busy days as every one knows who has ever planned a home.

However, the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go amiss. Everything seemed to be going along as per schedule and then one day there appeared an advertisement in the Hollywood Vagabond offering for sale at auction a magnificent home. Naturally being interested in homes, the description was analyzed, thinking some new idea could be learned. After reading it over several times it seemed that the home she was planning was really completed and ready for inspection. Believing that some first-hand ideas could be gained by a personal visit to this home—and so plans were beginning to change.

The home in question was thoroughly inspected in search for this and that fault. Apparently none could be found for today Miss Ralston is the happy owner of the home she read about in the "Vagabond." Just a case of love at first sight says Miss Ralston and how could anyone keep from falling in love with a home like this. The brief outline will give you some idea of its completeness and artistic arrangement.

Beautiful in every way. The picturesque site offers a view overlooking city and ocean and so convenient, just three minutes from the heart of Hollywood. The residence is a modern conception of Italian, Spanish stucco type, with Spanish tile roof. There are fifteen principal rooms, four master bedrooms, all on second floor, each with tile bath and dressing room. The clothes closets are cedar lined. On the main level are large circular reception hall with stairway to the upper floor. The unusually large and beautiful living room invites a welcome with its high windows and ceiling and masterful decorations. The dining room is without question a marvel of completeness. Just three steps up just off of the conservatory and reception hall, butler's pantry, large tile kitchen, one hundred per cent. perfection. There is the sewing room, also servant's room with bath and laundry room. The large and beautiful ballroom is on the lower level with service room adjoining. Also on lower level are located heating plant, storage and locker rooms. The garage is on street level and is so situated to permit arrival and departure of guests from interior of house. There is a stairway directly to ballroom floor. The electric lighting fixtures are certainly unusual, all hand made, imported from Czecho Slovakia. Brackets are of bronze,

artistically tinted, ornamented with crystals insets of semi-precious jewels, and just think of it, there is radio and telephone cut in in every room, also servants' enunciator system. An electric control unit heating system, electric refrigeration, automatic water softener. The flooring throughout entire home is of hard wood. The hand decorations are done on canvas and are master pieces. Each room has a distinct atmosphere of its own in keeping with its purpose. The exquisite draperies are designed to harmonize with the room decorations. Exterior of residence is floor-lighted. The grounds are on an even slope, heavy retaining walls around entire front and on adjoining property forms a pleasing background and assures absolute privacy. The grounds are artistically landscaped and terraced. Small shrubbery, ornamental trees and flowers in a pleasing setting. Underground sprinkling system. Summing up this wonderful home in one sentence. It is certainly an exquisite setting embodying every modern refinement without the usual exaggeration. Incidentally, while attending this sale Miss Ralston purchased a number of the unusual furnishings. A master bedroom of ten pieces done in green Chinese crackle, ornamentations and figures are of raised composition. An exquisite assortment of the finest Persian rugs, ten piece Spanish dining room suite solid walnut, carved. Chair backs are hand decorated Spanish leather, and a number of other unusual furnishings, hand



NOTE: This article is the highest compliment to the Hollywood Vagabond. True and clearly stated it proves the benefits of Vagabond advertising.

MORAL — Hollywood Vagabond for successful advertising reaching that tremendous buying power of the Vagabond's discriminating readers.



A. H. Weil

Mr. A. H. Weil, the auctioneer, with offices at 304 Bartlett Building, who consummated this realty transaction, declares it to be one of the outstanding offerings of his entire career covering approximately thirty years in his particular field in California. Miss Ralston is to be complimented on her good judgment and taste in selecting this residence for her home.

According to Miss Ralston much credit is to be given Mr. John H. Dorsch, publicity manager for Mr. A. H. Weil, for the manner in which the copy and description of her home were presented to her before her purchase—and which had much to do with her decision, because of the clear and concise manner in which it was advertised.



John H. Dorsch

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Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth



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Here's an eight that's simply great
Doesn't buck or hesitate,
Purrs an easy 80 miles upon demand;
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Highest hills,—like some Star Rover—
Drops to zero at the instant of command!

There's been talk of surface flyin'
But there's none can be denyin'
In the JORDAN lives a soul that's like a plane!
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to wear YOUR name!

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You'll want it—sure as shootin': call us up,
We'll come atootin'
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J O R D A N

Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

BILLY JOY, Editor and Publisher



Volume 2, Number 3.

Thursday, October 20, 1927 /

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Vagabond Pub. Co.

Two Reel Dramas To Be Produced

The two-reel comedy has been with us since the motion picture was in swaddling clothes. Now it is learned that a certain large studio will soon start production of two and four-reel dramas. They are to be released on a large scale and patterned, technically, along the lines of our present feature stories.

While this radical departure will call for concentration as well as much condensation, it is claimed that dramatic gems can be produced with all the orthodox story high points, such as suspense, climaxes, denouement and smooth running continuity. And to add to the entertainment value, all-star casts of prominent names will be included in these little stories.

Whether such a revolutionary departure from the established film order will prove out, remains to be seen. There is much material for short dramatic yards, such as the short stories of O. Henry, De Maupassant and Merrimee. What great stories would be De Maupassant's "Necklace" and "Piece of String" make!

But best of all, these stories will call for at least originality on the parts of writers and directors—for the old rules can't work on these stories. Why some of our highest-powered directors, now, can hardly get their yarn down to twenty reels, let alone two!

However, anything new is welcomed by Vagabond. The old rule of follow the leader, or play safe and concoct "sure fire" plots, is nothing more or less than rank hackneyism. More power to the pioneer!



CLARA BOW

Who rose out of the unknown to raging fame and fortune almost over-night. Whose name promises to become one of the greatest of all Paramount Famous Lasky stars. Who despite her phenomenal success, still remains the unassuming, sincere and lovable girl as of yesteryear.

Give her a great hand, boys and girls.

Take a bow Miss Bow.

GREAT STUDIOS COMBINE

DeMille Studios Soon to
Absorb First National

Within a very short period of time the final consummation of the deal whereby the DeMille organizations are to take over First National Studios will be completed. This consolidation will place the Pathe-P-D-C combine at the lead of the motion picture industry, inasmuch as the combined capital and assets of these companies will be greater than either Paramount or M-G-M.

Two years ago at a banquet held in the Ambassador hotel, Cecil DeMille mentioned the fact that even greater things were in store for his organization than the then imminent combination of Pathe and the Producers Distributing Association. That his prediction would materialize within such a short space of time was hardly imagined even by him.

The consolidation of First National with the DeMille organizations has created considerable comment and conjecture in Wall street.

Cecil B. DeMille now stands as one of the three greatest producers in the entire motion picture industry. With the present alignment he has the "world at his feet" and with any kind of a break he should soon become the most powerful producer of all.

Economic Conscience Dominates Hollywood

(Jesse L. Lasky's statements in New York that Hollywood's "economic conscience" has been aroused and that pictures being ground out now surpass in economy and efficiency anything ever before made in the industry, is just drifting back to this town. Because of a record number of shifts in jobs on the Paramount lot and the amount of baggage that has been moved to other lots

since the salary slash realized its first publicity Lasky's observation is open to decided conjecture out here. It is needless for Hollywood Vagabond to make further comment because we on the home territory are necessarily familiar with situations behind high studio walls. Having all watched the situation grow we can best sit down by ourselves and digest Mr. Lasky's statement from our own vantage point.—The Editor.)

* * *

"The economic conscience of Hollywood has been aroused and today motion picture studios are making better pictures with an efficiency and economy that we have never seen before in this industry."

This was the declaration of Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, on his arrival yesterday in New York from Hollywood, where he spent the last four months launching the company's fall production schedule.

"The policies which we have adopted are beginning to bear fruit. These policies were enunciated at the convention last May when I served notice on stars and directors and studio personnel that the Paramount organization was an institution that stood for certain standards of entertainment; that this institution was bigger than any single member or group of members in it and that if an artist or director could not do things in the way we wanted them done he could seek employment elsewhere.

"Since then great progress has been made by studio executives in carrying out these policies. Incompetence has been weeded out. Players whose box office drawing power was largely in their own

imagination or in our theatre advertising, have been replaced by fresh eager personalities that fit better into our plans for the continuing growth of an institution. Directors who had lost freshness

and brilliance in their treatment of stories have been dropped and in their places are young men who have a new modern manner of screen story telling which the public wants. But above all, we have built a producing organization at the studio which is young, resourceful, new in its viewpoint and keen in its showmanship.

"The campaign against incompetence and extravagance reached its focus early in the summer when producers in Hollywood announced a reduction in salaries. Although the salary cut was abandoned it had its effect in the creation of a new state of mind throughout studios.

"Great help toward the execution of our policies came from the more youthful and far-seeing stars, directors supporting players and studio personnel. They have displayed a wonderful spirit and have been of inestimable help toward putting our policies into effect. All this is extremely gratifying to me because the reaction of the studio forces to this common sense operation of picture production justifies the faith I have always had in Hollywood.

"I am proud of Hollywood. I am proud of its studio workers. Their

loyalty to this business can never be questioned in the face of the progress we have made this summer toward sane and sensible operation.

"Today production of motion pictures rests upon as efficient and sensible a foundation as that of any other business you can name. And not only has this been accomplished, but quality has been improved. Never before have the theatres of the country been receiving such fine productions as they have shown this fall and plans for future Paramount pictures make it obvious that the high standard will be raised even higher."

Charles Ray, who yesterday finished his role opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Garden of Eden" announced that he would depart for New York this week to enjoy the first vacation he has had in four years. Mrs. Ray will accompany him and they mean to see all the legitimate shows, especially the comic opera types, for Charles has ambitions in that direction—and has had his tenor voice under training the past six months.

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"THE BIG LITTLE FELLOW"

The Little Custom Jordan is a mighty nifty job,
It's the peer of all the Big Ones
Sans the swank and sans the snob;
Chummy, clean-cut, gaze-compelling,
In a manner all its own:
You can hear the neighbors yelling
When you drive your Jordan Home.

Wheel base short, for City driving,
Hoo-dye carried, like a swing,
All dressed up in colors prideful
Like a bluebird on the wing;
Needn't slacken up for corners,
Bank her round the sharpest turn,
Game the Speed-cop who will follow
As the miles behind her burn!

Something different in her steering;

Like a coat you've learned to love
Fits, and yet no hint of slackness
Like a hand that fits its glove.
Hollywood from bow to bumper
That adorns her rumbled rear,
Eager, snappy, "up-and-at-'em,"

DASHING! DARING! DEBONAIR! —The Senior Salesman.

BUY A JORDAN

H. H. Fowler, 5430 Hollywood Boulevard

GLadstone 6309

Noted Author With Fox

(Editor's Note: I received in the day's mail a communication from Len Boyd. It seems Len has found an oddity—for Hollywood. So I am determined to let you read verbatim what he says about it.—Editor.)

By LEONARD BOYD

Modesty in the film business is rare indeed, and when located it's as noticeable as a fire siren. Otherwise I would never have given Burnet Hershey a second look. By way of introduction—Hershey is a young man just signed by William Fox to write originals. Just slipped into his typewriter desk without even a line of publicity, and will no doubt look me up and shoot me when he sees this.

Hershey is a successful writer at thirty, which is not at all astonishing. But when you hear how he arrived at his success you begin to marvel. Even Hershey won't repeat his experiences for fear they sound too fishy.

Eleven years ago Hershey, 19 years old, sailed for Scandinavia to cover neutral events for a string of Eastern papers. He was already a full fledged Manhattan reporter. Next we find him assigned to the French and American Armies as correspondent—where he participated in many engagements. He covered the Paris peace conference and twenty others since. All the little revolutions in Upper Silesia, Poland, China, Egypt, and Austria; governmental crises in Brussels, London, Berlin and Paris found him on the job with his little Corona.

He is a personal friend of Lloyd George and carried many state messages from this worthy. He was press-agent for King Constantin of Greece and visited the Kaiser in Holland and such other trifles.

Fiction magazines and stage producers have bought his material and now the movies have decided to turn these real experiences to good account by hiring Her-

shey to write a number of originals.

Welcome to the land of make-believe and see if you can't knock some of these "sure-fire" plots into kingdom come. So far as opportunity is concerned the surface is hardly scratched in the motion picture game! Anything really new will make producers perk up like spent hounds at sight of water.

LeRoy's Direction Wins Great Praise

The youngest director of the entire motion picture industry, Mervyn LeRoy, has been designated to direct that famous comic team, Sidney and Murray, in their forthcoming production.

LeRoy's first directorial attempt was with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes in "No Place to Go" and was of such quality as to warrant his being assigned to a new picture almost immediately.

Possessing a keen mind, a wonderful sense of humor and having years of experience around the studios, Mervyn is bound to become one of the foremost directors in the industry.

McMahon Now With DeMille

Henry MacMahon, press agent and exploitation expert, has been appointed to the post of director of publicity for the Cecil B. De Mille studios. MacMahon, one of the best known press agents in the motion-picture business, will take the place recently left vacant by the resignation of Barrett Kiesling.

MacMahon has been with the J. J. McCarthy organization for a number of years. He has handled publicity campaigns on several special pictures including several produced by De Mille. He has also been engaged in novelizing well-known pictures such as "The Birth of a Nation," and others.

The new publicity representative was one of the first writers to engage in the motion-picture press-agent work. He publicized several early pictures for D. W. Griffith, the old Vitagraph Company and others.

New Movie Craze

The avocado has hit the motion picture clan by storm, according to Harry Fisher, of the Hollywood Avocado Market at 790 North Vine street. The present sales of this individual market have assumed tremendous proportions, and at most any hour of the day or until midnight the cars of a number of prominent stars are to be found.

Mr. Fisher has been in the avocado business for some 17 years,

and in that length of time has naturally learned every angle of the business. His reaction on the present tendency of the motion picture industry to adopt the lowly avocado, however, is interesting.

Comparatively speaking, the avocado is new, and seems to be in the same position as the citrus industry of a few decades ago. The fact that in the year past the demand for avocados has surpassed the supply, however, indicates that it is soon to join the ranks of popularity of other California products.

Try This Just Once

Come in and get our suggestions for the preparation of the delight of epicureans, the

AVOCADO

and be assured you will thank us for our suggestion.

HOLLYWOOD AVOCADO MARKET

HARRY FISHER, Proprietor
790 North Vine Street Hollywood

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and our plans are complete to offer you the most select and attractive line of furs that we have ever had on display.

One point that is sure to please you is the high quality of our furs—and another—the extremely reasonable prices.

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Credit
to
Responsible
Parties

Paramount Signs Youthful Player

Sally Blane, promising youngster on the Paramount lot, has been signed to a new contract by that organization. Miss Blane, who has two sisters, all in pictures, danced her way into the movies about a year ago.

Sally's first work was as a sextet girl in the Wallace Beery picture, "Casey at the Bat," which was followed by a role as leading woman to Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in "Now We're in Dutch."

Apollo Theatre Reopens Friday

Following the recent rebuilding of the interior, the new Apollo Theatre, on Hollywood Boulevard near Western will reopen Friday, October 21, under the management of Mr. L. Swope, one of the best known—and best liked—theatre managers in California.

Practically \$25,000 has been spent in entirely redecorating the Apollo, and new seats and drapes have been provided. The latest innovation in storm doors has been installed, providing for exceptional comfort for the patrons of this popular playhouse.

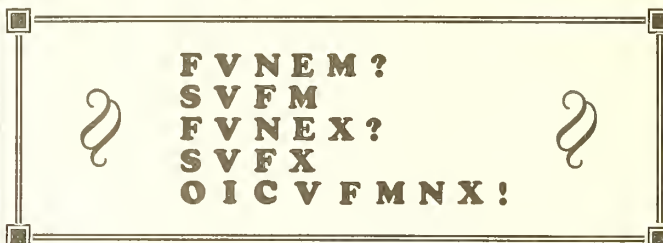
Logue Guides Fifteen Films

When Charles Logue completes the story supervision of "Fallen Angels" for Edward Laemmle of Universal it will make the fifteenth drama Logue has supervised for that studio during the past year. However, his service was terminated with Universal October 1, but he was held over long enough to complete the present script.

Logue is a newspaperman of long experience and has been in the film business as producer, director, writer and supervisor for eleven years. He wrote the scripts of "Ponjola," "The Man on the Box," "McFadden's Flats" and a score of other hits.

Logue stated he had no future plans to announce at present, but it is learned that he will move his typewriter to another large studio very shortly.

HAM AND EGGS and THE BREAKFAST CLUB



California boasts of many exceptional things, and will continue to do so, far greater than any other state in the Union. In this land of perpetual sunshine and flowers, it is not the unusual that becomes great, but rather an outward manifestation of the usual normal and healthy things, which in cloudy and murky places, seem to lie dormant.

There is as much friendship and loyalty in other places, but we believe that California is more conducive to the outward manifestation of these qualities than elsewhere. Famous amongst these is the success and glory of the Breakfast Club.

Of the struggles and discouragements of its notable founder, Maurice DeMond, not anything has been said, and that for the reason that within him burned the fire of true friendship and brotherly love. Looking upon all mankind as his friend, he knew that they could not and would not fail him. As a result of his faith we have the Breakfast Club, which in the short period of two years has become internationally known, and includes amongst its membership the finest, noblest and most representative type of men in all California.

Over fifty of the most prominent men in motion pictures are members of this unique club. Mr. DeMond has time and again proven himself one of the staunchest friends of the motion picture industry.

The Breakfast Club is:

A Temple without a Roof—A Shrine without an Altar—Not a Church, Not a Lodge, Not a Service Club—but the Club of Friendship and Brotherly Love—Non-Political, Non-Sectarian, Non-Partisan.

The Breakfast Club is more than a Club—it is an INSTITUTION.

Brown's Directing Helps Editing

The perfect director from a standpoint of editing a picture, is the tribute paid to Clarence Brown, now editing "The Trail of '98," by George Hively, film editor of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

"Too frequently," Hively explains this assertion, "editing a picture is unnecessarily complicated by any one of several causes. The thought which a scene is supposed to portray may be only partially expressed. The closeup needed to cover a title or clarify a situation has not been taken. As a result the editor spends many hours searching for some bit of film which might possibly be used to fill in the breach. And even after he has done his best, the picture may be jumpy in such spots. As a result, the story will not unravel itself smoothly to audiences."

"These difficulties never present themselves in cutting a picture photographed under Mr. Brown's direction. His scenes are invariably distinguished by continuity of thought and completeness of detail. Some of the most important and thrilling sequences of "The Trail of '98" will run for several hundred feet without a break. It will not even be necessary to 'cut in' a closeup to better explain the action. Naturally, such a picture, when the editing is finally completed, will be at once smooth and vivid, and the story arrestingly told."

In this connection it is interesting to remember that Clarence Brown's remarkable success as a director was prefaced by work as a film editor on several notable productions and he is, therefore, thoroughly familiar with the mechanics and requirements of cutting a picture.

Who's Going to Tickle What Lion?

"The best way to overpower a lion?" "That's easy," declared Wallace Beery in answer to a question from Raymond Hatton, with whom he is soon to start on a "Big Game Hunt" for Paramount. "I learned that in the circus. All you have to do is tickle the bottom of his feet. That makes him laugh so hard he couldn't harm a fly."

"But what do you do before he gets to laughing?" Hatton persisted.

"I watch," Beery responded. "You do the tickling."

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PARKING

GAS AND OIL

Additional Footage for "The Wedding March"

Von Stroheim is to shoot additional footage for his uncompleted picture, "The Wedding March."

That sounds more like a joke than a fact, but the truth of the matter is that it has been decided to make two pictures instead of one out of "The Wedding March," and in order to make this possible Von Stroheim will have to "shoot" additional scenes.

The construction of "The Wedding March" is such as to allow it to be quite easily made into two separate pictures. After much deliberation and discussion it was learned through a very reliable source that "the powers to be" had definitely agreed

upon this plan. If everything works out as arranged, the first showing of "The Wedding March" will be held before the final scenes of the second picture have been finished. The absolute confirmation as well as what the change of title will be, (if any), was unable to be found out.

If Von Stroheim goes about the shooting of these additional sequences in the same manner as he has with his previous pictures, he will then have to shoot additional scenes for the two parts of "The Wedding March" so that they will be able to present it in three parts. And if he shoots these sequences like he shoots, etc., etc., and so on ad infinitum.

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Be-Hanneseey Art Studio

1122 N. Western Ave.

HEmpstead 4105

Hollywood, California

Martha Sleeper: Watch Her

This exceptionally clever young lady will shortly sever her connections with the Roach Studios, where she has been under contract since she played her first part in the Our Gang comedies.

Possessing exceptional histrionic talent and a marked ability, to "point" her bits of business, Martha Sleeper's qualities are going to be a wonderful asset to her in feature length pictures.

While it is certain that her popularity would continue to grow in short reel comedies, Hollywood Vagabond believes that Martha Sleeper belongs in the "big league class." Her exuberant and snappy personality, combined with her ability to photograph like a million dollars, places her among the best bets of the season.

Martha Sleeper! Watch her!

Griffith Directing Spectacular Story

Film critics have always believed that D. W. Griffith is at his best when he has a spectacular background for his picture plots. In "The Drums of Love," Griffith's first personally directed picture for United Artists, the scenes are mostly laid in giant baronial hall courtyards alive with seething groups of nobles and peasant servants and soldiers. "The Drums of Love" is a romance of two brothers in a feudal country who fell in love with a captive girl.

Slav Tourjansky, who is directing John Barrymore in "Tempest," was associated in the organization of the Moscow Art Theater and for many years was one of the most successful Russian dramatists. He is perhaps better known in this country for his masterful direction of "Michael Strogoff," an UFA picture.

Corinne Griffith is putting the finishing touches to "The Garden of Eden," in which she appears with Charles Ray. Lewis Milestone is directing this story of French stage and society life.

AS INTERESTING AS A GOOD MOVIE

to watch your car picked up by the huge conveyors of the PAL System and carried between rows of trained men, who

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The Old Army Game

Not so very many years ago, one man visualized the "heavy," as a deep-jowled, heavy bearded, scowling individual, and for years this type was copied by every other producer, until someone depicted said individual as a tall, sleek, well dressed, dark complexioned man—and then it was a case of follow-the-leader.

A sex picture becomes a marked box-office success and then—like a mad onrush at Ellis island—the rest of the producers sit up nights figuring just how far they can go with their sex plays without bringing down upon their heads the wrath of the censor boards. For a time, and as it happened, a long time at that, sex plays became quite the thing, and again it was a case of "follow-the-leader."

Then came costume pictures, followed by sea stories, athletic pictures, etc., in each instance there being a definite and deliberate case of "follow-the-leader." Wallace Beery and his little compatriot, Raymond Hatton, "clicked" as a comedy-team and there followed a veritable stream of comedy (?) teams, or another case of "follow-the-leader."

And now we are on the verge of a series of underworld plots. The success of Von Sternberg's UNDERWORLD—and a well merited one at that—has been instrumental in transferring the "clutch" from the drawing-room to the "drawing-room" of the underworld—where the one who is last to draw is the first to go—or what have you?

Meanwhile the westerns go on—it seems—forever.

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The Star System

Quite a long time ago—oh a very long, long time ago, this eminent critique—George Jean Nathan—made some remarks, which he has probably forgotten by now, but which even though applied at that time to the stage, are now applicable to the silent drama, viz:

"Against this system and its personages I was wont to discharge profoundly manufactured dialectic and abuse, supported by what then seemed to me to be exceedingly sanguinary epigrams, deadly mots and bomb-like similes and metaphors." He continued to rave of how he disliked any person or persons who achieved stellar recognition, believing as he did that "the play's the thing." He would then write lengthy and scathing articles. But to quote him again: "and having thus performed upon these poachers and depredators, I would chuckle myself to sleep, and arise early the next morning to detect the death rattles and watch the star system roll over, gasp, and die. But each morning, much to my chagrin and utter incomprehension, the impersuasive stars and their system—for all my seemingly unsurmountable objections—appeared to get stronger and rosier. For the more assiduously and sarcastically I would lay to the night before with cutlass, machine-gun, cup custard, broom handle, dynamite, axe, old slipper, field pieces and pea-blower, the more I would hop out at suncrack to view the enormous stacks of corpses and be dumbfounded to hear only a peaceful, rhythmic and apparently very comfortable snoring."

And so, it might even be said of that unto today. Regardless of the upbraiding, denouncing and crying-down of the star system—it still lives and will continue to do so. None know this any better than the studio's executive heads themselves.

It is not the producer, not the director nor the minority, but the great American mob who unanimously point their finger and say who shall and who shall not be. I would like to quote the delightful Nathan a bit further: "The steadily increasing success of the star system is a tribute to the superior critical sagacity which the mob, as opposed to the so-called cultivated minority, on very rare occasions evinces. It was the American mob that got the proper measure of Maeterlinck while the minority was still extolling him as a second Shakespeare. The star system, at bottom is a sound and serviceable, a logical and natural, institution. And its frequent abuse may—as I see it—no more be brought as an argument against its fundamental worth, validity and integrity than the frequent abuse of the eye may be brought as an argument against the practice of reading. The star system has proved itself of undeniably sound commercial design—and whatever brings the theatre to prosper must in the end, though the end be far off, be viewed with critical satisfaction. And if on the more relevant side of artistic design the star system has been not always quite so uniformly successful, its measure of comparative artistic success has at least outweighed its measure of comparative artistic failure."

The above remarks were made by Nathan away back as far as 1919, and though directed at the theatre, one can readily see how applicable and logically they are to the motion picture star system of today.

As long as there remains the American mob. There shall remain the star.

AT THE MONTMARTRE

By MO MART

I have seen many lavish stage presentations and fashion shows—even those by the great DeMille (sic)—but I have yet to see one that could hold a candle light to the May Company fashion show which paraded for filmdom's elite at the Montmartre last week.

This applies not only to the gorgeous furs, glittering jewels and slinky evening gowns of rare material and design—but principally to the six young models whose feminine pulchritude enhanced and almost out shone the lovely articles they displayed. Among them were Joyce Clark, Estelle Elters, Miss Castleman and Bess Gerdt.

And it is dead certain if producers of Hollywood know their onions at all, these young ladies will find the ironclad studio gates opening to them.

* * *

Tom Mix, the well known star of horseoperas, and genial man-about-town, was feted by the Bachelors Club, at the popular Brandstatter Cafe. The occasion was a farewell party, for Tom is no longer a bachelor—Vickey Mix has returned from abroad. While she was gone the club opened its arms to Tom and kept him from temptations. Now they return him with sighs of farewell.

This was all brought out in a presentation speech, by that honest-to-goodness man and famous comedian, Ned Sparks, who presented Mix with a silver loving-cup—furnished through the courtesy of Eddie Brandstatter. Accept our condolences Tom!

* * *

At another lavishly decorated table we saw an assemblage that made our heart lurch with joy, for it was certainly a feast for the oculars. Shirley Dorman, charming ingenue of Famous Players-Lasky, was hostess to a number of Hollywood's youthful film beauties.

Like a group of fair daisies, delicately nodding and fluttering entirely unconscious of the admiration they inspired, it was indeed a tonic for the jaded appetites of old Mo-Mart. Would that I were psychic and could read the future of these youthful idols. But still I'd hate to read anything but serenity such as they enjoy now. However, I'd better tell you who they are, then further description is unnecessary. There were Ruth Biery, Grace Kingsley, Thelma Todd, Martha Sleeper, Joan Crawford, Ann Cornwall, Virginia Brown Faire, Polly Ann Young, Billie Dove, Pauline Starke, Nita Martan, Dorothy Dwan, Isabelle O'Neil, Francis Lee, Sally Blaine and Mrs. Don Alvarado. Among them were also those clever and charming scribes, Dorothy Herzog and Dorothy Manners.

* * *

One great reason why Montmartre has for many years, and likely to remain as the most popular cafe in the United States, is simply because of "Paul," the Maitre D'. Paul is always on the job, looking after the needs of his many friends of filmland. He knows them all by their first name, and of course everybody who is anybody knows Paul.

Jim Finlayson: Watch Him!

Finlayson, after four years with the Roach studios, decided to free lance. He was practically the life-saver for the super-cast two reel comedies which Roach made with Theda Bara, Ethel Clayton and Barrymore. Finlayson is destined to become one of the greatest comedians in motion pictures. Finlayson's 'one eye wink' will become as famous as Chaplin's feet, Keaton's frozen face, Hamilton's cap and Lloyd's glasses. He has the ability to make 'em howl—if you know what I mean.

James Finlayson—watch him.

Frederic Chapin Sells Skyscraper

For an exceptionally valuable consideration, Frederic Chapin has just sold to Cecil B. DeMille a skyscraper story which has been located in his mind for many years. Though originally but a few stories high, Mr. Chapin during the past years has added materially to building of the story, for which he has been highly complimented for his foresight by his brother realtors.

Chapin, as you might re-

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member, is the "daddy of bedroom farces," having written the first of this sort some sixteen years ago. He is also responsible for "The Night Bride," and "Soft Cushions."

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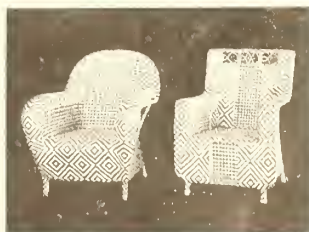
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INTRODUCING

Ned Sparks

An actor whose full ability as yet has not been recognized, but who is as sure to "click" one of these days as Hollywood is to keep growing. Possessing a cool and calm exterior, the fire of an artist is smouldering within Ned Sparks, and this dormant fire will burst forth one of these days—and how.

Marjorie Beebe

One of the best bets on the Fox lot. Just a "punk kid," that everyone on the lot loves and is plugging for one hundred per cent. Possessing an inherent ability to clown, Marjorie Beebe is going to be one of the greatest comediennes of the screen—just sorter watch the avoirdupois, Marge.

Carmelita Geraghty

Now with Sennett for over four months and growing stronger. With a wonderful training, good looks and a charming personality, this "Lil gal of Tom's" certainly ought to be a bell ringer.

Phyllis Haver

And speaking of performances in the making, I have not seen any of Chicago—but mark the prediction—if Frank Urson can succeed in making only a half-way good picture, this Haver girl is going to be the talk of the year. The part in Chicago was made to order for Phyllis, and if properly directed—well just you watch.

Lois Wilson

You may bob, you may paint, you may drink if you will,

But the role of the outdoor will stick to you still.

And after all her modernisms, this clever little lady finds herself back where she started from—in the leading role of a great outdoor picture. Well, being devilish was plenty fun while it lasted. No use, Lois—once you do one thing exceptionally well in this profession, you are rubber-stamped.

Jeanie Macpherson

Here is one young lady a lot of people would like to see change her association for a while. Many believe that she has, in a manner become circumscribed, and that away from her time-worn association, surrounded by new people and environment, she would accomplish greater things than even she ever dreamed of. Possessing one of the greatest feminine minds in the entire motion picture industry, there is but little doubt of this being more than logical.

Don Eddy

We do not know just how much authority goes with his new assignment as general manager of the Harry Langdon Corporation, but we do know that if given a chance, this Eddy boy can do things and he has more friends than Vicky Mix has diamonds to help boost him over the hurdles.

Claire Windsor

For years under contract to M.-G.-M. and was just amongst those present. Upon leaving this company she steps into roles that are going to make her famous all over again.

Al Martin

Knocked around Hollywood for years trying to tell people that he was a darn clever title writer, but they wouldn't listen to him. How he finally got them to believe him, and what's more, pay him, he has never divulged—but I do know that he is certainly writing some mighty swell titles—and they tell me that his titles are making good ones out of bad ones.

Charles Chaplin

Back in the land of sunshine where "real estate mothers specialize in subdividing great fortunes," he seems happy as ever. At the Ambassador Saturday afternoon, with his three musketeers, D'Arrast, Crocker and Bell, he bowed cordially and talked animatedly. After all—what's a mere million between husband and wife. Some fellows I know would give two million to get rid of theirs. Their names will appear in the next issue.

Robert McGowan

Director of Our Gang. A man of whom little is heard, but who to me is one of the greatest men in Hollywood. I doubt if there is another man in the industry possessing the soul and understanding that this man McGowan has. Did you know that ninety per cent of all those wonderful stories and gags which go towards making the Our Gang pictures so clever are the work of this man McGowan? Thars gold thar in the heart of that man McGowan.

George Bancroft

When I saw his performance in "Old Ironsides" I saw nothing at all to rave about—or to even make mention. This might have been due to the entire picture being such a "lousy" mess—excuse me for saying mess. But along comes this Bancroft fellow in "Underworld"—and Zowie—why he almost carries you away with his characterization. A performance that will live with me for a long time.

Fred Kelsey

Now playing the part of Mulligan, in Ralph Spence's "Gorilla." Heretofore just a good actor to be had for this part and that—but who is going to make a lot of casting directors sit up and take notice when they see what this Kelsey fellow can do when given a real opportunity. Step right ahead now, Fred.

Don Alvarado

With the opportunity of a lifetime to "knock-'em-dead" in "The Loves of Carmen," Don Alvarado slipped out of the picture at his greatest moment. At that I believe Raoul Walsh with a little more time devoted to this chap might have brought out a great performance—but from where we sat it looked as though Raoul had about all he could do in watching Dolores—and our little friend suffered as the result in not giving a more vivid characterization to a part where the anguished soul of a disappointed lover was fairly consumed of itself.

Ray Enright

Directing for Warner Brothers a picture called "A Girl From Chicago." DeMille makes "Chicago" and Warner brothers, not to be outdone, go him one better and make "A Girl From Chicago." Harry Cohen or Phil Goldstone will probably go them all one better and make "The Machine-Gun Girl From Chicago." Bring on all your girls from Chicago, but make 'em blondes if you don't mind.

Barrymore's Film Story of Cossacks

Hollywood, Calif. — John Barrymore's long-awaited next picture, "Tempest," has started in production at the United Artists studio.

The story deals with the rebellious Cossacks after the Russian revolution. Slav Tourjansky will direct.

No production of recent date had aroused more anticipatory enthusiasm than this new vehicle for Barrymore. As a romance, the noted actor expects it to excel anything he has ever done on the screen. All of the vivid color and wild adventure of the famous Russian soldier-riders will be faithfully woven into a strong dramatic background.

Included in the cast are Vera Voronina, Barrymore's new leading lady, Louis Wolheim, George Fawcett, Feodor Chaliapin, son of the noted singer, and eighteen character players of lesser importance.

Mary Pickford Plays a Bit

Unable to find someone to play a very important "bit" in his picture, Douglas Fairbanks finally selected America's Sweetheart, and when the picture is released thousands will be thrilled to view Mary in a vision scene in one of the most beautiful sequences of "The Gaucho."

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Because: **Grace Kingsley** has repeatedly gone out of her way to help the poor, needy and friendless.

Because: **Grace Kingsley** has at all times upheld the honor and traditions of the newspaper fraternity.

Because: **Grace Kingsley** for the above reasons and some several hundred others has more real friends than any other woman in California.

Because: **Grace Kingsley** is a true friend of the motion picture industry and pre-eminently a newspaper woman.

Helene Chadwick With Columbia

The parroted cry of "circumstantial evidence" twisted suddenly into a powerful boomerang furnishes amusing and startling situations in "Stage Kisses," Columbia Pictures latest feature which went into production yesterday with Kenneth Harlan and Helene Chadwick in starring roles. Albert Kelly, master director of subtle triangle situations, was selected by Harry Cohn to megaphone the picture. Other "Stage Kisses" players include Frances Raymond, Ethel Wales, John Patrick and Phillips Smalley.

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STUDIO TIME-TABLE

Edited by EDNA JO CARRICO

FOR TWO WEEKS BEGINNING OCTOBER 20, 1927

DIRECTOR STAR ASS'T DIRECTOR CAMERAMAN SCENARIST FILM TITLE PROGRESS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Clifford Robertson, Casting Director. Hours: 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone: EM-9133. Studio Phone: EM-9111

Robert Z. Leonard	Dane, G. K. Arthur	J. Howard	Dean	F. Hugh Herbert	"Baby Mine"	Cutting.
Edward Sedgwick	Haines, Crawford	Edward Brophy	Ira Morgan	R. L. Schrock	"West Point"	Cutting.
Victor Seastrom	Greta Garbo	Harry Bouquet	Oliver Marsh	Dorothy Farnum	"The Divine Woman"	Shooting.
King Vidor	Marion Davies	Taggart	Sartov	A. C. Johnson	"The Patsy"	Preparing.
W. S. Van Dyke	Forbes-Day	George Hippard	Gerstadt	Norman Houston	"Dog of War"	Cutting.
Harry Beaumont	Ramon Novarro	Dorian	Gerstadt	A. T. Younger	Untitled	Shooting.
Tod Browning	Lon Chaney	Sharrock	Waldemar Young	"The Big City"	Preparing.	
George Hill	John Gilbert			"The Cossacks"	Preparing.	

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., 5451 MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Fred Datig, Casting Director. Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-2400. Studio Phone HO-2400

Dorothy Arzner	C. Bow, C. Rogers	George Crook	Alfred Gilks	Hope Loring	"Get Your Man"	Editing.
John Waters	W. C. Field, Conklin	Otto Brower	H. Kinley Martin	Percy Heath	"The Side Show"	Shooting.
H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast	Adolphe Menjou	Art Jacobson	Harry Fischbeck	Ernest Vadjia	"Serenade"	Editing.
Gregory La Cava	Richard Dix	Bob Lee	Edward Cronjager	Staff	"The Gay Defender"	Editing.
Mal St. Clair	All-Star	George Hippard	Hal Rossen	Loos-Emerson	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"	Shooting.
Joseph Von Sternberg	Emil Jannings	Henry Hatheway	Bert Glennon	Lajos Biro	"The General"	Shooting.
Willima Wellman	Wray-Cooper	Dick Johnston	Henry Gerrard	Saunders-de Linuir	"Legion of the Condemned"	Shooting.

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, BURBANK, CALIF.

Dan Kelly, Casting Director. Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone, HE-1151. Studio Phone: GL-4111

George Fitzmaurice	Dove, Roland	Cullen B. Tate	Lee Garmes	Ben. Glazer	"Louisiana"	Shooting.
Marshall Neilan	Colleen Moore	Ben Skvey	George Folsey	Gerald Duffy	Untitled	Shooting.
Joseph Henabery	Astor-Hughes	Ed Landers	T. B. McCord	Bess Meredith	"Sailor's Wives"	Shooting.
John Francis Dillon	Richard Barthelmess	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	James O'Donaho	"The Noose"	Preparing.
Charles Brabin	Milton Sills	Ed Chandler	Sol Polito	Marion Jackson	"Shepherd of the Hills"	Shooting.
Albert Rogell	Francis, O'Day	Sid Rogell	George Benoit	Forde Beebe	"The Caravan Trail"	Shooting.
Harry J. Brown	Maynard, Gregory	Ben Critchley	Elgin Lessley	Arthur Ripley	"The Chaser"	Shooting.
Allan Dwan	Wilson-Warner			J. L. Campbell	"French Dressing"	Shooting.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. WEST ERN AVE., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

James Ryan, Casting Director, Joe Egli (Comedy). 7:30 A. M. to 10 A. M.; 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-3051. Studio Phone: HO-3000

Alfred E. Green	Olive Borden	Jack Boland	Joseph August	Marion Orth	"Come to My House"	Shooting.
Richard Rosson	Edmund Lowe	Park Frame	Frank Good	Harry O. Hoyt	"Baloo"	Shooting.
Arthur Rossen	Madge Bellamy	S. Hanberry	Berquist	Francis Agnew	"Free and Easy"	Shooting.
Frank Borzage	Gavon Farrell	Lew Dorrance	Ernest Palmer	Marion Orth	"Lady Crislingda"	Shooting.
Albert Ray	Collier-Russell-Pidgeon	Horace Hough	Wagner	Randall H. Faye	"Woman-Wise"	Shooting.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP., UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Victor Nordlinger, Casting Director; Harold Dodds, Asst. Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. Casting Phone: HE-3151. Studio, Phone: HE-3131

William Beaudine	All-Star	Webster	C. Stumar	Al Cohn	"Cohens & Kellys Paris"	Shooting.
Reeves Eason	Hoot Gibson	Deffebach	Neumann	Arthur Statter	"Western Suffragettes"	Cutting.
Fred Newmeyer	Reginald Denny	Ross	Fisher	Earle Snell	"Use Your Feet"	Cutting.
F. Harmon Weight	Jean Hersholt	Pasternak	Fryer	Charles Kenyon	"The Symphonies"	Cutting.
Paul Leni	Veidt, Philbin	Marchant	Warrenton	J. G. Alexander	"The Man Who Laughs"	Shooting.
Ross Lederman	Jean Hersholt	Reiter	John Stumar	Harry O. Hoyt	"13 Washington Square"	Shooting.
Albert Kelly	Glenn Tryon	Poley	Arthur Todd	Krusada	"Meet the Prince"	Shooting.
Geo. B. Seitz	Laura La Plante	Pasternak	Miller	Gladys Lehman	"Finders Keepers"	Shooting.
Tom Terris	Stone-Kerry	McCloskey	Robinson	Chas. Kenyon	"Foreign Legion"	Shooting.
Edward Sutherland					"Thoroughbred"	Preparing.
Harold Beaudine					"Fallen Angels"	Preparing.
James Dugan					"The Thing Ye Do"	Preparing.
Irving Cummings		McDonough			"Freedom of the Press"	Preparing.
Marion Nixon					"Heaven Forbid"	Preparing.
Alan Crosland	Millard Webb	Cox		Blumenstock	"Honeymoon Flats"	Shooting.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Lou Goodstadt, Casting Director. Phone: EMpire 9141; Casting Phone: EMpire 4131. Casting Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Rupert Julian	Jacqueline Logan	Fred Tyler	John Mescall	Clara Beranger	"Leopard Lady"	Shooting.
Elmer Clifton	Junior Coghlan	Gordon Cooper	Andriot	Clawson	"Gallagher"	Shooting.
William Lang	William Boyd				"The Night Flyer"	Shooting.
William C. DeMille	Rudolf Schildkraut			Clara Beranger	"Rip Van Winkle"	Preparing.
Donald Crisp	Emile De Ruelle	David Abel		Sada Cowan	"Stand and Deliver"	Preparing.
Frank Urson	Phyllis Haver	Roy Burns	Pev. Marley	Lenore Coffee	"Chicago"	Shooting.
Paul Sloane	Leatrice Joy	Scully	Arthur Miller	John Farrow	"The Blue Danube"	Preparing.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 SUN SET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Frank Kingsley, Casting Director, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-5128 Studio Phone: HO-4181

Lloyd Bacon	Monte Blue	Henry Blanke	Nordert Brodin	Harvey Gates	"Brass Knuckles"	Editing.
Henry Lehrman	All-Star	Frank Shaw	Ed Dupar	Graham Baker	"In Name Only"	Shooting.
Archie Mayo	Irene Rich	George Barry	Frank Kesson	E. T. Lowe, Jr.	"Beware of Married Men"	Shooting.
George Melford	Dolores Costello	G. Hollingshead	Hal Moore	A. Coldewey	"Glorious Betsy"	Shooting.
Nat Ross	Rin-Tin-Tin			Chas. Condon	"Race for Life"	Preparing.

COLUMBIA PICTURE CORP., 1438 N. GOWER, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Fred Beers, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HO-7940

Geo. B. Seitz.....	Holt-Revier.....	Clifford Saum.....	Joseph Walker.....	Harold Schumate.....	"The Tenth Hour".....	Preparing.
E. H. Griffith.....	Windsor-Bowers.....	Max Cohn.....	Ray June.....	E. H. Griffith.....	"The Cockade of No. 1".....	Preparing.
Robert Hill.....	Chadwick-Harlan.....	Clifford Saum.....	Joe Walker.....	Dorothy Hull.....	"Sage K...".....	Preparing.
Edward Laemmle.....						
Ernst Laemmle.....						

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO CORP., 1041 N. FORMOSA, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Freddie Schuessler, Casting Director. Jim Townsend, Assistant. Hours: 10 A. M. to 11 A. M.; 3 P. M. to 4 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-4176.

D. W. Griffith.....	All-Star.....	Vreeland.....	Karl Struss.....	Gerrit Lloyd.....	"The Drums of Love".....	Shooting.
Lewis Milestone.....	Corinne Griffith.....	Nate Watt.....	John Arnold.....	Hans Kraley.....	"The Garden of Eden".....	Shooting.
Chuck Risner.....	Buster Keaton.....		Jennings-Haines.....	Carl Harbaugh.....	"Steamboat Bill, Jr.".....	Cutting.
Slav Tourjansky.....	John Barrymore.....				"Tompos".....	Shooting.

ROACH STUDIOS, CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA
Molly Thompson, Casting Director. Hours: 1 P. M. to 3:30 P. M. Studio Phone: EM-1151

Robert McGowan.....	Our Gang.....	C. Oetze, Anthony Mack, Art Lloyd.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Fred Guoil.....	Max Davidson.....	George Stevens.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
Hal Yates.....	S. Laurel, E. O. Hardy.....	Len Powers.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
James Parrott.....	Charley Chase.....		Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.

CHRISTIE FILM CO., 6101 SUNSET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Dixie McCoy, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HE-3111

William Watson.....	Billy Dooley.....	William Holland.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	Sig Herzig.....	Untitled.....	Cutting.
Robert Kerr.....	Jimmie Adams.....	William Holland.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	Frank Conklin.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
William Watson.....	Bobby Vernon.....	Eddie Baker.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	H. K. Wells.....	Untitled.....	Cutting.
Wesley Ruggles.....	Fields-Conklin-Fazenda, Paul Jones.....	Boyle-Wheeler.....	Keene Thompson.....		"Tillie's Punctured Romance".....	Preparing.
Edward Sloman.....	Jimmie Adams.....	Bill Holland.....	Peterson-Sullivan.....		Untitled.....	Preparing.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 GAWER ST., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
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Arvid Gillstrom.....	Al Cooke-Klt Carson.....	Ray McCarey.....	Phil Tannura.....	Louis Sarecky.....	"Legionnaires in France".....	Shooting.
Wallace Fox.....	Bob Steele.....	Sam Nelson.....	De Grasse.....	Taylor.....	"Breed of the Sunsets".....	Shooting.
Leo Meehan.....					"Wall Flowers".....	Preparing.
William Craft.....	Tom Tyler.....				"Phantom of the Range".....	Shooting.

MACK SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 GLENDALE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
Studio Phone: OL-2181

Harry Tenny.....	Blily Bevan.....	Tenny Wright.....	Williams-Umholtz.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.
Alf Goulding.....	Daphne Pollard.....	Harry Connott.....	Ranahan-Jennings.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIO, INC., 7250 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
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—Wordsworth



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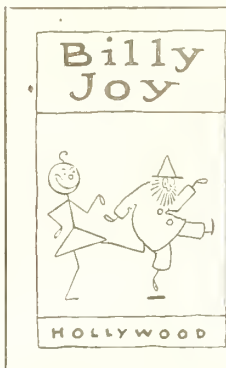
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Just a Little Boost!

Another marriage and Hollywood will be calling Chaplin a spendthrift.

—O—

Names which fascinate me:

Paulais,
Riviera,
Montmartre,
Finis Fox,
Smith.

—O—

First National recently sent out some pictures of Virginia Lee Corbin illustrating how Virginia exercised to "keep fit." Below one of the pictures was the following caption: "I find this one is a good thing for developing the muscles of the back and bust." O-o-o-H! Virginia, how could you?

—O—

Overheard. at. Henry's. famous rendezvous: "No thanks, I do not smoke, I'm a good girl."

—O—

Earl—e Fox reminded the audience at the premiere of Raoul Walsh's picture, "Just An Old Spanish Custom," that he was of Beverly Hills and NOT Hollywood. Bill collectors and insurance agents, please note.

—O—

.. "Folks we shall now retire to the chaise lounge and have our coffee served teah" — said Mrs. Jackie Coogan.

—O—

A young friend wrote Tom Geraghty that he would not accept his invitation to come to Hollywood—in fact, he wanted to stay very, very far away from Hollywood. He had heard all about this dreadful town—about its wild women and loose morals—why he had even heard about Musso and Frank living together and not being married. Wonder what this young friend would have said had he known that they were not even in love with each other.

Sid Grauman dropped in to view a performance at the Playhouse of the "Home Towners." He arrived about the first quarter of the opening act, and though the lights were dimmed, a friend seated in the row ahead recognized the world-famous impressario and leaning over to Sid remarked: "You're late, Sid, and you've missed the best part of the show—the Prologue."

—O—

A couple of hot-dog and orange juice stands might be added to the court of the Egyptian theatre. Anything to make the yokels from Iowa feel at home.

—O—

Speaking of prologues, I should like very much to know why Mr. Jack Laughlin, who stages the prologues at the Carthay theatre insists on having each and every member of the cast start shouting and screaming from the time the curtain arises until it descends. For sheer beauty the attractiveness of his prologue to "The Loves of Carmen" was only outdone by the maniacal shouting of the cast. Ye Gods.

—O—

Dempsey and Tunney are to fight again. Bye-and-bye I'm actually going to believe that those boys are angry at each other.

—O—

There's a new song that has been sung a long time: "Buy, Buy Pretty Baby."

—O—

Jimmy Finlayson, who is to play a leading role in "Ladies Night at the Turkish bath," is of full blooded Scotch parents. Jim recently opened three Scotch bakeries. Now listen, Jim—no fly specs for raisins.

—O—

As a master of ceremonies it has been generally agreed that George K. Arthur

would make a wonderful six-day bicycle rider. However that need never worry George—we all know that he sure can act.

—O—

I think I am going to give up wearing a dinner jacket when I go out evenings. They always mistake me either for a waiter or a member of the orchestra.

—O—

If you throw one pie and it makes 'em laugh, a thousand pies should make them howl. At any rate that must have been the basis upon which the Roach "gag gang" figured. In a recent picture, two of their comics actually threw three thousand pies at each other.

—O—

Special eye and ear entertainment.

Marion Nixon, Ambassador hotel.
Just Another Day, Arnheim's orchestra.

—O—

After viewing Von Sternberg's "Underworld," and finding it such a remarkable picture from a directorial point of view, I heartily agreed with all to whom I spoke of the well merited commendations which this young director was receiving. I then mused to myself what a wonderful gesture it would have been, and how much more he could have increased this kindly feeling which is being held for him had he refused the assignment to edit the picture of that genius Von Stroheim. If for nothing else but from a publicity angle it would at least have been a good idea.

—O—

Since a certain young actor is becoming so famous, realtors here and thereabouts are suggesting that you "sign this Rex Lease, please."

—O—

Heard on the boulevard: "There goes Tom Mix—the California play-boy."

Schenck to Europe

Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists, sailed last Tuesday on the Berengaria for Europe. While abroad the producer will study distribution and production problems with a view to applying some of the European methods to American production. It is expected that he will be gone at least three months.

Fred Niblo's Versatility

Fred Niblo has the distinction of being a cosmopolitan director, as each of his last five features have had a different locale and period.

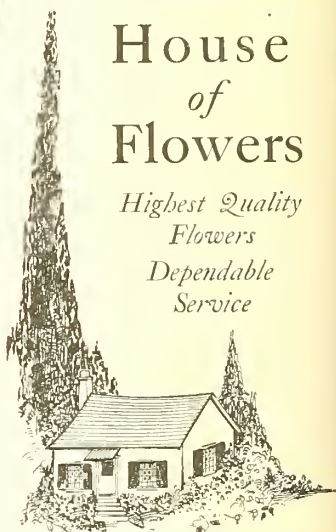
"Ben-Hur" was laid in Jerusalem and Rome; Norma Talmadge's "Camille" is a modern version of the Parisian classic; Austria is the setting of Lilian Gish' "Enemy"; while Mr. Niblo's next feature with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, "Flower of Spain," is a Dutch-Spanish story of the historic Siege of Gheut. Greta Garbo's "Temptress" is South American.

Moreover, each picture claims a different period—"Ben-Hur" at the beginning of Christianity; "The Temptress" in present times; "The Enemy" during the World War; and "Flower of Spain" laid in the sixteenth century. To prepare himself for such variety on the screen, Fred Niblo toured every English speaking country as a dramatic star before his advent into films. He was the first man to take a camera into Central Africa and the only person to make moving pictures within the sacred Kremlin in Moscow.

"To direct a foreign film, I would advise studying and living in that country before attempting to visualize it in pictures," declares Mr. Niblo.

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Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

(Sung Without Hiccoughs)

Hal Roach's aggregation of juvenile players — his "rascals," as he calls them—known as "Our Gang," are without doubt the most famous group of children in the entire world.

For nearly seven years, this group of kiddies have wormed their way into the hearts of the world. All of that time they have been under the direction of Robert McGowan, who has recently signed a new five-year contract with Roach.

The personnel of the "Gang," at the present time, includes: Jackie Condon, who has appeared in every comedy they have yet made; Joe Cobb, the roly-poly boy from Oklahoma, who is one of the favorites; Farina, the world's favorite chocolate drop, who has been a "gangster" since attaining the age of one year; pretty little Jean Darling, the blonde leading lady, who confirms the theory that the boys of the "Gang" are perfect gentlemen; Jay Smith, the angular boy with the freckles, who is rated as the "Gang's" daredevil; Harry Speer, a little newcomer who has all the earmarks of a tough young man; little Mildred Kornman, who at the sublime age of two, is almost a replica of Mary Kornman, her sister, who was "Our Gang's" first leading lady; "Wheezer," another two-year-old—this one a boy—who has just signed a long term contract; and last but not least, the old bulldog with the encircled optic, who is also under contract and an integral portion of "Our Gang," itself. His name is "Pansy."

McGowan, of course, is beset with fond papas and mamas, each of whom is certain that his or her young hopeful is the greatest living undiscovered "Gangster." Most of these parents base their belief upon the very evident beauty of their particular children. As a matter of fact, beauty is a handicap. McGowan would far rather see a child endowed with regular personality—a type, if you will. Above all, he refuses to consider a child of the so-called "theatrical" type.

"We are making comedies for 'regular' boys and girls," he says. "And for the men and women who have been 'regular' boys and girls. As a natural result, if we were to use the artificial, stagey type of youngsters, that artificiality and theatricalism would show in every move of the youngster. We positively do not care for 'pretty' or 'sissy' boys. We want them typical, rough-and-ready American boys, ready to give and take. We want the men and women in the audience to go back with us, to those remote days when they, themselves, were members of a neighborhood gang, to relieve those happy, irresponsible days."

As a matter of fact, there are at present no vacancies in "Our Gang." The cast is complete, as it were, and everybody is happy—excepting the doting parents of countless thousands of embryo Barrymores.

Also A Lot Of Scotch

October 15th, 1927.

Billy Joy,
Hollywood Vagabond.
Dear Billy:

Well, Billy, plenty water has run under the Brooklyn Bridge since the last time I penned you one of these here epistles, but I don't reckon you have wasted any sighs on the desert air, or whatever kind of air you have around there.

But don't be too hard on the boy friend, because it won't be long now.

This letter serves to introduce my boyhood chum and college pal, Weed Dickinson, who becomes Official Dispenser of This and That, and also Desean Dose, for my boy Harry. Weed is not only a handsome sonofagun, but a darn good guy. I expect you will get one of these nutty blue letters from him from time to time, but don't hold it against him. Blame it on me.

In bowing out of our happy fireside circle, please let me thank you for all the doggone nice things you have done for me and my boy Harry. I think we have had a little fun with this round table sort of thing, and I am sure Weed will keep it moving with accumulated wim and vigor.

At this point, just before bursting into tears, our hero was reminded of the one about the two Hebrews named Mike and Pat. Mike said, "My friend, I want you to know that I am a self-made man," to which Pat quaintly replied, "Thank God! That relieves somebody of a terrible responsibility."

So-long, folks. See you anon.

Yours for nothing,

DON EDDY.

Dear Mr. Joy:—Just so you'll know what it is all about, Don Eddy has become General Manager of the Harry Langdon corporation, and yours truly assumes his post. Glad to meet you-all. See you next week.

My letters won't be as funny as Don's, but the spelling is likely to be funnier. Note in the enclosed copy—"batchelor," second line, first page. And "indomitable," first line second page. But you know how it is with a new stencil they can't spell for a damn! Next week I intend to take it up with Our Mr. Langdon and see if he won't buy the outfit a stencil with a decent education.

WEED DICKINSON.

Miss Marie Prevost

the charming and talented actress, is noted for her exquisite taste in dress and for her magnificent costumes.

As well, she is noted for the magnificent condition in which they are kept.

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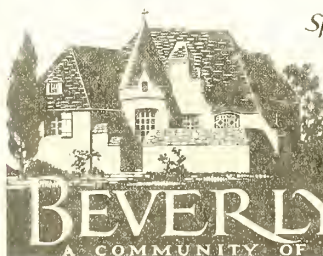
Hewson Handcraft Studios
2508½ West Seventh St., Los Angeles

Hollywood Reel Estate

By C. F. STOUGH

The time has long since passed when the interests of moving picture people were confined strictly to Hollywood. They are now to be found investing in projects and developments all over Southern California, ranging from individual lots to subdivisions, from acreage and trout clubs to immense estates, from modest homes to palaces, and in all types of income, business and industrial properties. It is the intention of Hollywood Vagabond to present timely articles on various phases of the development of Southern California, together with news items, and the carefully selected offerings of representative realtors, as affect people of the motion picture industry.

If we are able to serve you by bringing you in contact with opportunities for profitable investment, may we ask you, in return, to tell our advertisers you have seen their offerings in the Vagabond. By so doing, you will assist us materially in making these columns a bulletin board on which are posted the Southland's best investment opportunities.



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Helen Jerome Eddy Purchases Property

Together with a large number of other screen luminaries, Helen Jerome Eddy has purchased a piece of land on the Palisades, at Santa Monica, and is now preparing to build a petentious beach home.

Charles Ray Leases Home

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray have leased their palatial residence in Beverly Hills to Jerome K. George of New York City, and have taken an apartment at the Garden of Alla.

The Landys At Home

Mr. Benjamin H. Ehrlich, Chicago attorney for VARIETY, has just purchased a beautiful seven-room Spanish bungalow at 225 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, through H. P. Jenkins, 8001 Santa Monica boulevard.

Mr. Jenkins, in turn, has leased this home to Mr. and Mrs. George Landy. Mr. Landy is Publicity Director for First National Studios, and Mrs. Landy (Kathryn McGuire) has just completed a featured role in "The Girl in the Pullman," starring Marie Prevost.

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("Bob Roper")

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Mary and Doug May Co-Star

Word comes that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have abandoned present production plans.

What does this presage? Isn't Douglas Fairbanks, as a unit, still commanding the box office rental he did—say a score of years ago? Does America's sweetheart still drag the shekels from the hinterland as in days of yore?

Well the slowing up of both producers the last few years; as well as a few mis-fire productions would suggest that new and radical plans are afoot over on Santa Monica boulevard. Perhaps United Artist officials are doing a little supervising—a very popular term in Hollywood these days.

In view of these happenings it is reasonable to conclude that we may soon see a new cinema team on the film rialto, namely Doug and Mary. This was discussed sometime ago, but vigorously denied by the popular film couple. But now the time seems to be ripe for a combination of what has been two of the best box office names in the business.

No matter who gave birth to the idea, it is a good one. For who



Upon the return of Tom's wife to Hollywood, the Montmartre Bachelor Club, represented by Ned Sparks, presented a condolence cup to the internationally famous cowboy. Tom had heard "The Two Black Crows" and he kept his hat on so we'd know him.

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Proud Parents

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eschner delighted many dozens of friends in the motion picture industry several days ago by announcing, (in one of the cleverest birth announcements yet received) the "world premiere" of Albert Eschner, Jr., weight 7 pounds, 2½ ounces, destined for once, not to become a future president of these United States, but to follow in his dad's footsteps.

Albert, Sr., has earned himself a strong friendship and an enviable reputation in the building and loan industry and is connected with one of the largest organizations in the west. His work has been primarily with the motion picture industry, with the result that a number of the film luminaries and executives are large holders in building and loan.

wouldn't book a Doug and Mary opus, regardless of story value? Sid Grauman proved the wisdom of that when he recently booked a Pickford-Fairbanks doubleheader—both extremely mediocre stories.

While this may establish a precedence of a sort—a few other producers might take heed to good advantage. Some studios might even combine all their so-called stars into an all-star cast, and give new blood a chance.

Sophie Wachner

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Piece by Piece
TUESDAY
2:30 and
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Continuing Wednesday
2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

To convey the importance of this assembly we mention a pair of Massive Vases for which Mr. Brodsky refused an offer of \$10,000. There are also a number of rare Chinese Curios and Porcelains.



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This property is free and clear of any incumbrance, permitting a most desirable paying arrangement.

Mr. Benjamin Brodsky, the owner, sails for the Orient December 1st, which necessitates the immediate DISPOSAL OF HIS POSSESSIONS FOR WHATEVER They Will Bring

Dwell Amidst Surroundings Beautiful as This

There are eight principal rooms. Entering the reception hall one is immediately attracted to the spacious LIVING ROOM—which is 20 by 30 feet, ceiling is 17 feet high, emblazoned in lavish decorations costing \$4,000. The motif is strictly English, done in 12 coats of paint and gold. The massive cast stone mantel over fireplace at end of living room is inviting. From the French windows, eased in copper steel, reaching almost to the ceiling, a superb view greets you. Wonderful fountains adorn the front and rear of grounds. BEDROOMS—on second floor. Master bedroom, 19 by 20 feet. A feature is the staff border on ceiling, especially designed and cast at a great expense. Cast stone and concrete patio adjoins. All closets are cedar lined. THREE TILE BATHS—plumbing of the most modern type. DINING ROOM—One step up off living room with French doors opening to stone and concrete porch. KITCHEN—COMPLETELY TILED TO CEILING—Equipped with largest family size Champion Electric Refrigerator, standard combination range for electricity, gas and fireless cooker. Electric dish-washers installed. Not a detail lacking in this 1927 kitchen. BUTLER'S PANTRY—BREAKFAST ROOM—THREE CAR GARAGE—Doors operate electrically. Merely press button to open and close. Chauffeur's quarters are adjacent to garage. BASEMENT—contains Unit heating system electrically controlled, Crane water softener, De Luxe forty gallon water heater—the outstanding features are: Brick veneer, cast stone and concrete construction, hand wrought iron balustrades, all mahogany veneer doors, quarter sawed oak floors. The roof is fireproofed with asbestos shingles. There are 9,000 feet of electric wiring. Nothing has been overlooked nor has money been spared to make this home one of utmost comfort. THE GROUNDS—are 60 by 125 feet at deepest points, landscaped, fruit trees abound, avocados, orange and cherry, an abundance of flowers, underground sprinkling system. The information tabulated cannot possibly convey the ultra-perfection of this home. In a modern phrase, one could justly term it "a baby castle." Surely you will want to view it. Do so at once. You are welcome.

The Location

100 steps off Highland Avenue, just at entrance to Hollywood Bowl. 6826 Arbol Drive is 5 minutes walk to Hollywood Boulevard. Highland Avenue cars stop at entrance to Bowl. 2300 block. SEE AUCTION SIGN at entrance. CONTINUE SOUTH 100 steps to property.

At First Glance it is Apparent that the Furnishings are Worth While

THE MASTER BEDROOM SUITE of 10 pieces is a replica of a \$12,000 suite shown at a recent Chicago Furniture Show. Constructed of Mahogany, Rosewood and Walnut. Beautiful Solid Walnut Dining Suite of 9 pieces—Elizabethan period copy. Carved 2-piece Living Room Suite—Mulberry French Velvet and Freeze. 10x12 Royal Sarouk Rug, 13x18 Royal Sarouk and other Oriental Rugs in various sizes. Bric-a-brac Lamps, Art pieces of value, and occasional furniture that make a home attractive. Your inspection invited for further study of this fine furnishing. The refrigerator and electric range as well as hundreds of other accessories will be sold with the furnishings.

Mr. Brodsky Is Prominently Known in America and the Orient. Is Returning to China.

Where for many years he operated 18 moving picture houses, which he sold to the Chinese government, returning to California, becoming Vice President and General Manager of the Venice Consumers Water Company. Planning his retirement from active business he built and personally supervised this home where he intended to spend his remaining years amid the hills of Hollywood he loved so well, but important developments in China compel him to return at once, necessitating the complete liquidation of his holding. It is only natural to assume the call is urgent when one makes such a sacrifice. Needless to say that his many friends will be quick to realize the importance of this announcement.

A. H. WEIL
304-05 Bartlett Bldg.

AUCTIONEER
VAndyke 5517



Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

BILLY JOY, Editor and Publisher



Volume 2, Number 4

Thursday, November 3, 1927

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Kaiser to Enter Films

**The Former German
Emperor To Make A
Unique Film Story**

FAKED PUBLICITY STORIES BARRED

What is considered to be one of the most notable of film achievements of the cinema, was the signing of the former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany to a contract to produce motion pictures.

According to Hermann Schmidt, one of the members of a syndicate of prominent Germans and Americans, a story written by his Majesty and placed into continuity by a famous film writer, is ready to go into production within the next thirty days.

The story, according to reports, is in the form of a spiritual message to the world that will be of great benefit to civilization.

"It is a well known fact," declared Mr. Schwartz, "that many offers for the former Kaiser's services in the motion picture has been repeatedly refused for the reason that his majesty did not desire to give his message to the world at the time. And," continued Mr. Schwartz, "it was only through the intervention of President von Hindenberg and General Ludendorf were we able to impress upon his majesty the effect a film of this kind would have on all the nations."

It is rumored that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will distribute the film throughout the United States.



HARRY RAPF

In an Interesting Interview—See Page Six

**Associations Demand
That Publicity Agents
Restrict Copy to Facts**

ONE of the most drastic measures ever taken by the Press Association, is an order to their various branch managers to substantiate any colorful copy sent in on movie celebrities.

Several weeks ago, at one of the Wampas meetings, Gordon of the Associated Press cautioned the members of this organization to authenticate all news reports, otherwise the Associated Press and other associations would be forced to discontinue all picture news. The members of the Wampas organization heartily agreed with Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon stated that the United Press officials were aroused recently over a story regarding a "battle" between Albert Rogell, director for First National, and Edwin Carewe.

"Asinine exploitation stories on motion picture star and celebrities of the silver screen have become an extreme nuisance," was a statement issued by Campbell, one of the United Press. "We are," said Mr. Campbell, "more than glad to use legitimate news of the motion picture people, but when stories of the Ralph Ince variety are fostered on us, we must take steps to protect our members. "Dignity of screen news will elevate all concerned," continued Mr. Campbell, "and that is the type of news we want."

THE HOUSE WHERE "IT" LIVES

The home of Clara Bow in Beverly Hills is a small yet imposing bungalow of the California-Spanish type.

Of dull brown rough stucco, with red-tiled roof and simple lines it rests well in back of a broad lawn.

The somewhat somber lines, however, are broken up by broad-stripped awnings of black and gold.

Upon entering, one passes through an arched hallway into a spacious living room, by far the largest room in the house. It occupies almost the entire frontage.

The living room is what might be called quiet with the entire scheme of embellishment carried out by dark red drapes. Through another arch one may see the tiny music room.

On the left wing are located the guest rooms, all finished in white and mahogany. Miss Bow's rooms are at the extreme rear and are furnished in Colonial.

The favorite room of the Paramount star is the Chinese room. Nearly one-half of this is filled with a corner couch of brilliant red. The balance is furnished with rare pieces of Chinese furniture and art.

Through the front hall to the other wing is the dining room which follows in keeping with the living room, dignified by simple yet effective furniture. The red drapes are also used in the dining room.

Off the living room is a sun porch where Miss Bow spends many leisure hours overlooking the terraced green of the back lawn.



At the right, proves conclusively that Clara is an ardent radio fan.

Left—Quaint and antique furniture predominate throughout the entire house.



Below—A window nook creates an ideal home atmosphere.

Below—Solid comfort, yet extreme artistry prevail in the furnishings.



Above can be seen an exterior of Miss Bow's artistic Spanish home.



MAKE-UP THROUGH THE AGES



By
ART LEE

Sheba, desire of Solomon, fostered the growth of make-up from the throne of her queen regency.

Cleopatra, handmaiden of love, sold her body and face to the masters of make-up.

And Marie Antoinette, queen of vanity, laid her head below the raised guillotine because her box of make-up having been forgotten in the escape from the revolutionists, she returned to the palace and was captured and sentenced to death.

Born of such mothers, make-up has slept in the

boudoirs of all women for thousands of years.

And so today, the make-up has risen as a wave and engulfed the entire world with its overflow.

In the motion picture planet, make-up finds its culmination, its ultimate evolution through the ages to the present day. The actor and actress should realize its dominating importance.

Losing the correct application of make-up, the actor and actress lose their individuality—pursuance of character and beauty.

Like Sheba, Cleopatra Antoinette, the actress

should strive to emphasize her detail of beauty. Detail is delicate, reserved, interesting.

If the sweeping brush of time has passed over the face, make-up, with the proper use of grease paint mingled with the exact shades blended to an almost unseen manifestation will erase the lines.

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OVER ONCE

By Fuller Gloom

(With a flock of apologies to O. O. McIntyre)



A Day in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Diary of a modern Pepys: Up early to walk and to meet Norman Kerry, steady as Cleopatra's needle and madly rushing on his way to work. Upon turning a corner whom should blow loudly his foreign horn at me but Doug—Douglas Fairbanks, in case some of you yokels do not know who I mean. He insisted on me jumping into his Hispano-Sweeza (I cannot afford to spell the name correctly—they are not paying for this) and going to the studio with him to look at the "rushes" of the day before—"Rushes" is the motion picture lingo for the running of the pictures which have been taken the day before, and then "rushed" on the screen as it were. Much as I hated to disappoint Doug, I had to trip along as I had a breakfast engagement with Gloria and the Marquis—and a few other more or less important notables.

BREAKFAST, which prithee I enjoyed merrilee and then into a luxurious motor to the home of my good friend, Joe Schenck, where were gathered Norma and several financial barons, who incidentally rolled off my forehead like perspiration—it was a hot day and walking had—no that's wrong—I was motored—I almost forgot myself. In a very subtle manner it was brought about that I should be capable of writing some very remarkable titles, but those insinuations fell upon deaf ears—my present income is far too great to jeopardize by tackling a fickle job like that. However, as the years roll on I may settle in this most remarkable country and then by gads, I'll probably take a fling at the bally old task.

UPON departing from the Schenck mansion and lackadaisically sauntering up the boulevard, whom should I run into but—bless his heart—Charles Spencer Chaplin—my dear old pal Charlie. His hair a trifle greyer and his bank roll a bit shot to hell—but the same old Charlie—ah, yes—the same old Charlie. We discussed things hither and yon and then to "brunchen" with the world's greatest comedian—where he and I were the cynosure of all eyes—distressingly embarrassing.

CHARLIE and I were in the midst of a most engaging conversation

when whom should we be interrupted by but Adolph Menjou, Monta Bell (also a famous newspaperman), Ronald Coleman, Lon Chaney, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Geron, Teddy Sampson, Wallace Beery and others, whose names I cannot call to memory at present, but for which I hope they forgive me. I forgave them the interruption inasmuch as the warm manner in which they expressed themselves at seeing me—and Charlie, made me realize, more than ever what truly wonderful people these motion picture folks are.

TOM MIX, the idol of millions, sighted me and perforce dragged me from this midst to come downstairs and view his new motor. Such elegant simplicity I never saw before—a solid black motor, minus many of the garish refinements effected by a lot of the nouveau riche. Tom asked me would I care to go for a ride and since he insisted, it could not be passed over lightly, so I accepted.

WE dropped in unceremoniously at the homes of Gene Tunney's best friend—Jack Dempsey—Mae Murray, but left immediately when informed that the price was out—May McAvoy, Mabel Normand, Laura La Plante, Ruth Roland, Phyllis Haver and Claire Windsor. We would have visited several others but Tom forgot to remember to feed Tony.

LITTLE Hollywood cafes flatter real celebrities by listing dishes and sandwiches on their menus for them. It is intended to give the idea that those mentioned are regular patrons—some are—so would I. In a kidding manner I dropped the hint that they might name one after me, but—well he was such a dumb waiter he hoisted himself to bed with a rope and pulley.

SO to my suite at the hostelry where awaited me Sears and Roebuck, Mullen & Bluet, Gallagher & Sheehan, Lea & Perrins and Liggett & Myers, but a cautiously stifled yawn from me got over that I had a huge day, so they departed, leaving me to a nip of wine of rare vintage, sent to me by John Barrymore, my purple dressing gown and my moccasin slippers—a trifle from Bill Hart.

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A BIRD IN THE HAND

When the recent retrenchment wave hit the movie industry we found the producers scanning the salary lists with horror in their eyes. Artists were getting too much money—and artists were blamed for holding up the poor “producers” who were just trying to get along!

Perhaps the salaries were high in some cases. Nevertheless, it was not avarice on the part of artists, but lack of vision on the part of employers. Since the motion picture business started, producers have had a penchant for building up box office names—on optional contracts, then turning them loose because of petty differences—and later **BUYING THEM BACK AT THE ARTIST'S OWN PRICE**; after finding out their blunder.

Several recent cases of this sort brings this forcibly to my mind. Where will M.-G.-M. get a player who can photograph, act and command a following such as Claire Windsor recently deposed? We also hear on good authority that Sally O'Neill, one of the finest troupers in the business, is leaving the same studio because of a difference of a few paltry dollars. There is Rex Lease, an up and coming juvenile actor, whom F.B.O. let go and later hired back at many times the former figure. What about this Mr. Kennedy? Is this sound retrenchment?

Over at Universal there developed during the past year one of the finest supervisors in the business—Charles Logue. In spite of Logue's value an attempt was made to reduce his salary. This he refused and will no doubt go elsewhere at increased figure. It is probable that he may be purchased again by the same studio. Will Universal be guilty of this short-sightedness?

And perhaps Mr. Hal Roach can explain why Martha Sleeper, foremost film comedienne, was turned over to the eager bids of other studios. Also there is Lew Cody, and a number of other troupers who belong to the picture game, who must go to the stage and elsewhere because of the wavy eyesight of some producers.

There is an endless procession of names. It seems that motion picture executives can never appreciate their artists and other employees until they have been discharged and gone elsewhere at their proper value. Then comes the rush to get them on the payrolls again—and here begins the lack of economical sense.

Less dictatorial powers in the front office and more diplomacy and human understanding would do more to decrease the cost of pictures, and make for better efficiency and happiness all around than anything else. However, it is not likely to have such a situation develop until executive promotion becomes a matter of ability rather than one of inheritance—or social acquisition.

THEN CAME THE DAWN

Are Patrons Getting Tired of Motion Pictures And Want Other Forms Of Amusement?

We Think So and From Many Exhibitor's Reports the Public Think Likewise.—

One of the most widely discussed questions in the entertainment field today is the subject of Presentations. Many years before the “movie” made its appearance, the legitimate theaters throughout the entire country were doing a thriving and lucrative business. Road shows reported a landslide and even the street carnivals showed signs of ultra wealth. In fact, all pleasure seeking places reaped the harvest.

Then came the dawn (as some title writers express it) of a new era in entertainment. The “cinema” was introduced and brought to the attention of an exhilarated fun-loving public. At first, they did not accept it as entertainment. They were sceptical to a degree and it being something new, they patronized it curiously to the fullest extent.

A group of advanced business men with plenty of foresight of the future, realizing they had a competitive, original piece of merchandise to sell, quietly but rapidly bought in on it. Then, like magic, film theater chains began to spring up like a gold rush city and the battle for supremacy of a new entertainment started. You can call them “ink pots,” “shootin’ galleries,” or whatever you choose—they were the beginning of the greatest form of entertainment in the world, and as predicted by the favored few, served their purpose.

At this particular time, one of the shrewdest publishers in the country saw the possibilities of the motion picture and its ultimate ascendancy over all other forms of entertainment. I have reference to Sime Silverman, publisher and editor of “Variety.” In a series of articles, he warned the theatrical world as well as the performers that the day would arrive when the “movies” would replace their attractions—that it would ultimately mean disaster for legitimate theaters, including vaudeville houses.

There were a few who took Mr. Silverman seriously and they have profited immensely by it. But the majority thought it a good joke. However, Mr. Silverman practiced when he preached. He went ahead with his publication and made changes that would eventually conform to the change of things he knew was an absolute surety. Today, “Variety” is practically devoted to the cinema.

The next step taken by the “movie” group was a consolidation of the various small chains of “ink pots,” and they grew and thrived to such extent that the legitimate owners became panicky, to a degree. Eventually, pictures got bigger and better. Consequently, business hit the same stride. Road shows hardly made expenses and the box office of vaudeville theaters started to slump.

Not content with the class of buildings that were bringing untold wealth to them, the “movie” crowd decided to erect monuments to their greatness and foresight. From reports, there are many of these colossal theaters, each with a weekly box office return of not less than \$50,000, and a few that rate higher.

At the very peak of cinema theater building, the producers seemed to neglect their product and many of the so-called specials they were producing were quite distinct flops. Patrons grew irritated over the fact of paying out good money for poor entertainment and the attendance slowed up perceptibly. Box office receipts started to fall at an alarming rate of speed. Reports showed that pic-

(Continued on Page 5)



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THEN CAME THE DAWN

(Continued from Page 4)

tures were fast losing their previous astounding popularity in the smaller communities, also in some of the large cities. In order to bolster up an ordinary picture the picture houses decided on another innovation that would shock the morale of their competitors.

Acts, double and single . . . "tabs" with girls galore . . . jazz orchestras and what-nots . . . high-priced stage and grand opera stars—all were induced to supply artistic talent at fabulous salaries. If the pictures were poor the stage presentations were of class.

The larger cinema theaters had provided a great array of talent to uphold the dignity of their houses against inferior pictures. So did some of the smaller film-chain theaters, and it has been proved by increased rates and patrons that presentations pay. Competition of the "legitimate" theaters and "vaudeville" houses is a thing of the past. Organizations, systems and an exclusive monopoly (starting with "ink pots" and "shootin' galleries") have placed the cinema trend at the very top of financial success.

A new order of things now seems to be in the offing. The featuring of theaters—even acts and musical diversion as a means of distracting attention from the dross in the pictures . . . is a departure that speaks volumes.

Rest assured that presentations are here to stay and they are going to get bigger and better all the time. If the public demands it, give it to them for they are the ones that have to pay for it. The sooner the rest of the exhibitors realize this condition the sooner will they act and profit by it. I don't believe that the cinema group wanted to throttle competition. It was the survival of the fittest and it appears that the film crowd has survived.

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"FLASH"—THE WONDER DOG

"Personality In Dogs—Just As In Humans Is the Keynote to a Successful Career," says Harry Rapf, Vice President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and, an authority on the subject.

In this exclusive interview, Mr. Rapf talks about "Flash," canine star.....of his mentality.....intelligence.....and personality—the qualities necessary for a film success.

THERE are in Hollywood especially, many men and women with police dogs—highly trained animals upon which years of care have been lavished. Daily these owners besiege the studios, seeking for their pets an opportunity to convince executives that their own individual animal is another "Strongheart," "Rin-Tin-Tin," or "Peter the Great." In fact, it is estimated that there are almost as many police dogs seeking screen fame as there are children seeking the magic mantle of Jackie Coogan. Still, out of these countless canines, only three dogs have achieved stardom.

Personality, mentality, intelligence, in dogs, just as in humans, rules this, according to Harry Rapf, the man who first brought out "Rin-Tin-Tin" and "Peter the Great," and who has discovered "Flash," the newest dog star of

the screen and in Mr. Rapf's estimation, one of the most remarkable dogs in the history of canine acting.

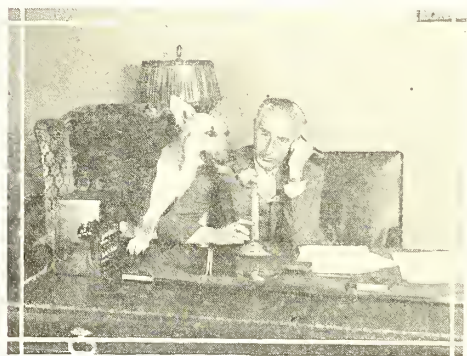
"Just as many people who look well to the eye do not photograph," says Mr. Rapf, "and do not reflect the three qualities, personality, mentality, intelligence, so it is with dogs. In fact, in my country-wide search for a new dog star, we gave exhaustive tests to no less than three hundred animals—all wonderfully well trained, perfectly bred—specimens that would take prizes in any show, and most of them were as intelligent as human beings. But—they lacked the one principal thing necessary to make the grade as a star. They didn't have screen personality.

"Flash was found to have it. When he is seen on the screen one doesn't consider

him as a dog—but as an individual. He has a distinct personality that forces itself into the consciousness of his audience. That is why, of all the dogs available, he was picked for stardom, signed under a long term contract at our studio and launched to fame. It is just the same as in the case of the human actor—except that the percentage of human beings having personality is far greater than the percentage of dogs. There are only two or three dogs in the world, I imagine, having this quality."

Mentality, probably, has something to do with this matter of personality, Mr. Rapf believes. Himself an

(Continued on Page 7)



"FLASH"—THE WONDER DOG

(Continued from Page 6)

expert on dogs, outside his knowledge of pictures, he holds that "Flash" has a far more advanced thought process than most animals.

"This dog," he says, "actually shows the power of reason. For instance, he can at command choose between the larger and smaller of two similar objects. And in trailing something lost, he will follow the trail of the person losing it and thus locate the object. In one case, a book, from which a page dropped. When his trainer told him this, he retraced his steps, going over first the man's trail, then, not finding the page, over his own trail until he found it.

"This is a clear case of reasoning. He reasoned that if he could not find what was lost on the man's trail, it must be on the trail he made circling back with the book.

"In another case, he rehearsed 'Flash' for a scene. The dog was supposed to get on a bench between an actor and a girl, shove away the actor and lay his own head on the girl's lap. The first time he did it, step by step, from command. He had to learn each move.

"The second time he needed no command. He hurried to the bench, promptly shoved the man aside—this time with his hind feet, and took his position.

"What he had done was reason. The first time he had to find out what was wanted of him. The second time he knew what to do—so he figured out the easiest and quickest way of doing it—hence the hind feet. In other words, he differentiated between the fastest and slowest methods of attaining a given object, which means that he applied his reasoning power.

"His memory, is enormous, understanding some fifteen hundred words, used in commanding him. His trainer, can couch a command in any combination of

words and he will understand it. The command, 'sit down,' 'squat,' 'park yourself,' all mean the same thing to him. And he really takes his command from spoken words, for he can understand and will obey even when his trainer is in another room, invisible to him."

"Flash" was born in Chicago, the son of an imported and highly trained German police dog. He has won some twenty-four prizes and awards in Eastern shows, and during the last Chicago radio show, created a sensation as the "Radio Dog" when he picked out different parts of a radio at the command of his trainer, William G. Seuer, Chicago dog fancier.

"It was during this show," continued Mr. Rapf, "that Mr. George K. Spoor, saw him and wrote me regarding 'Flash.' I sent for him and after a series of tests he was decided on as the next star of dogdom, placed under contract and in his very first picture, 'The Dog of War,' which is now in production, will absolutely prove the faith I have in him.

"Flash is three years old. light buff in color, full sized and magnificently built. He is fed three pounds of raw meat a day and during his life, has consumed over 1500 pounds or so of meat. "This, declares Mr. Rapf, "blasts a fallacy that the public ardently believes in, and which I have always denied—that raw meat makes a dog vicious. This dog Flash is as gentle as a kitten. As a matter of fact," continued Mr. Rapf, "meat is a dog's natural food—raw meat. It is not his food that makes him vicious, but his environments, treatment and training. Show me a mean dog and I'll usually show you where he has been ill-treated some time during his life.

"From what I have heard regarding the life of Flash," continued Mr. Rapf, "he has never been beaten. He never seeks a fight with other dogs—although if he is attacked, can put up a terrible battle. He has an acute curiosity combined with supreme confidence that he is safe when

his master is about. For instance, the first day at the studio, he inspected an electrical wind machines at great length, figuring out all its details. The average dog," continued Mr. Rapf, "would run on seeing these machines the first time. Cats intrigue him. He does not chase them, but seems curious as to what manner of animal they are.

"He has been taught," says Mr. Rapf, "that as long as he is near his trainer, he is safe and views the world with the idea that nobody wants to hurt him. Hence, he wants to hurt nobody. He makes friends readily with anyone that likes dogs. In fact, John Gilbert, after meeting him, remarked that he wished he could tell his friends as readily as a dog can tell his.

"The mentality of this animal," continued Mr. Rapf, "I believe, has something to do with his screen personality. A deep thinker usually has, among human kind, a sort of aura of personality that impresses itself on one. Why should not an extremely intelligent dog

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have the same influence? It is at least true that among all the dogs we have seen, personality and a super intelligence are combined in the only dog I think suitable for stardom. And that dog is "FLASH."

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I N T R O D U C I N G

Ruth Taylor

"The Little Girl With a Big Personality!"

That's the appellation Mack Sennett bestowed on Ruth Taylor. It seems that only a few months ago Ruth Taylor started on her rise to success via comedies . . . although she does not lay claim to cinema heights, she does attribute the majority of her success to the Mack Sennett comedy school. Sennett, realizing Ruth's charm, personality and ability, gave her an opportunity and she did not disappoint him. She played leads with Harry Langdon, Ben Turpin and other funsters on the lot. In the meantime Paramount was making a nation-wide search for a blonde type to play the part of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Ruth landed the job and now she has landed a contract with Paramount—a thing desirable.

Let's hope that there will be a new star in the cinema firmament when this particular feature is shown, and that Ruth Taylor will be the lucky girl.

Jacqueline Logan

Jacqueline Logan, who has had a vivid and varied career on the stage and screen, at one time during her life decided to become a journalist. Just how far this charming and vivacious artist climbed up the journalistic ladder, perhaps will never be known. Miss Logan told me that her short experience in the newspaper field taught her confidence and self-reliance and when she went to New York it was a toss-up as to what she would really do . . . newspaper work or the stage, and the stage won. Flo Ziegfeld, who has done much to glorify the American girl, met Miss Logan and was so impressed with her beauty that he gave her a part in the Follies. Then, a screen opportunity presented itself for her to appear in one of Johnny Hines' pictures. Her work in the comedy attracted Allan Dwan's attention, and, seeing a potential star in the rough, signed her for the feminine lead in one of his productions. The success she attained in her early screen work is past history. After seeing Miss Logan in "The King of Kings" and as the heroine in her most recent picture, "The Blood Ship," there is no question as to her starring propensity.

Olive Borden

Olive Borden, a captivating young Miss of exceptional talent and one of the cleverest feminine stars on the Fox lot, is now nearing the peak of her cinematic career. Her recent performance in "The Joy Girl," was one of the best features of this entertaining screen treat.

It is fortunate that Miss Borden is contracted to a producing company of the Fox caliber for the executives are lending every effort to make each succeeding picture of hers bigger and better. Also, the Fox organization should feel highly elated in having under contract a girl of Miss Borden's ability.

Lewis Milestone

Lewis Milestone is one of the youngest directors in the industry. He is also considered by the majority of producers as one of the best. Judging from the many successful hits he has turned out consistently, the motion picture fans will agree with the producers. Before Mr. Milestone became a megaphone wielder he had the reputation of being an exceptional film editor. During the long and tiresome hours, spent in the many cutting rooms, he determined to become a director and grounded himself thoroughly and efficiently in the fundamentals of the business, knowing that some day an opportunity would present itself. His very

first chance was "The Seven Sinners," and it proved to be an unqualified hit. The success this young man has attained by efficient and arduous work has established him in cinema fame.

Claire Windsor

"When one speaks of grace, refinement and beauty, one thinks of Claire Windsor."

This is the opinion of many of filmdom's most noted people and when one knows Miss Windsor the appellation is perfectly true.

Claire Windsor was born in a small town in the state of Kansas. Her childhood was spent in the middle west in a sweet, uneventful way. About eight years ago, she came to Hollywood and decided to go in the movies. Her struggle was about the same as the majority of girls and for many weary months she appeared as an extra girl. It was due to Lois Weber that Miss Windsor got an opportunity to prove her ability. A small but important part came up and Claire was called for it. She made good and received a contract to be starred. That was the beginning of her successful career in motion pictures. For the past six years she has appeared in some of the largest features produced out here. Her exquisite grace, refinement, beauty and ability are the crowning points of her success, which at this time in her career is becoming greater than ever.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

To have been acclaimed by critic and public as the "find" in theatrical circles, would probably cause a certain optimistic trend in the brain of most people, especially if they were quite young and unsophisticated. But, this is not the case of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. An old saying: "Like father—like son," aptly applies to this noted family . . . Senior and Junior.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., possesses all the finer traits of his Dad. He is a chip off the old block. He is sincere, direct, loveable and fired with the idealism of youth that cannot but help to assist him to the very pinnacle of professional success, which is rightfully his by attainment and birthright.

Hugh Trevor

The fad for picking unknowns to play leading roles in big productions seems to be in vogue now with motion picture producers here. Every day in the year opportunity knocks at someone's door and in this particular instance Hugh Trevor was the recipient. Until a short time ago, Hugh Trevor was a successful insurance broker in New York City, never dreaming, (when he took in a "movie") that he was fitted for a motion picture career. Then he met Leo Meehan, "ace" director for F. B. O. It was a natural thing for Hugh to listen and appreciate. Mr. Meehan was struck with an idea. "If you ever come out to Hollywood come and see me," Meehan said. Hugh swallowed hard and thanked him. "I think you would make good, Trevor, and would advise you to give pictures a trial." Trevor came to Hollywood and one of the first things he did was to look Mr. Meehan up. Both refuse to mention what they talked about but one thing is certain—Hugh was given a contract to play the leading male role in "Wall Flowers," a special that Mr. Meehan will direct for F. B. O. Hugh grabbed the opportunity to jump immediately to the top of the ladder, providing his work is outstanding and I do not believe that he will fail for his optimism is really sublime.

Hollywood Heart Throbs

There IS A Santa Claus

When a heart is broken on Broadway there is little left to bring solace to the anguished soul save snow and slush, towering structures of steel and concrete, the clatter and clang of the elevated, the incessant chugging of thousands upon thousands of automobiles and the willy nilly mad onrush of pedestrians, but when a heart is broken in Hollywood, there is sunshine and flowers, the verdant hills and the great spirit of freedom and love which permeates the atmosphere to help make one realize that "all is not lost."

Of course there are those who succumb easily to discouragements and disappointments, while happily, there remains those brave little souls that fight on and on—knowing deep down in their hearts that happiness will be theirs.

This is the story of Bess Wade.

A courageous little woman, who for the past eleven years has "bucked the extra game" with the varying success which unfortunately characterizes this fickle calling. Always on time, careful with her make-up, extremely courteous and polite, she has run the gamut of the hopes and aspirations which surge and beat within the hearts of those who hope to win fame and recognition in this glorious world of "make-believe."

And then came the day—

Capable, kind and understanding Fred Datig—pre-eminent of all casting directors, called before him this Bess Wade. Amongst many others he had chosen her for a part in a great picture—with a great star—to be directed by a great director.

Bess was in a trance—and leaving the studio in a state of ecstasy heretofore never experienced, she could recall nothing else but the final admonishment: "Now, Miss Wade, please remember that Miss Negri either likes you or dislikes you upon the first meeting, so please be careful not to do anything which might annoy her."

Annoy her! Displease her! Ye gods! Why she would cut her heart out rather than do anything that would take away from her this OPPORTUNITY.

And that night—Bess Wade prayed.

She prayed to our Creator that he guide her footsteps—that He just "give her a break" as a reward for the years she has patiently and willingly struggled—for the hours in which she has known want and deprivation.

And Bess Wade slept and—

Then came the day—

And the part—

And Bess Wade made good.

And a great star, this Pola Negri, paused amongst her many duties and directed the following letter to be written to—Bess Wade.

Personal Correspondence

Miss Wade
5319½ Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California

Dear Miss Wade:

Madame Pola Negri has asked me to thank you for your charming letter and for the two dainty little handkerchiefs. It was indeed kind of you.

Madame Negri asks me to tell you that you gave a most excellent performance and she will be happy to work with you again.

Yours very truly,

FLORENCE HEIR,
Private Secretary.

August 13, 1927.

Popular Orchestra to Return Soon

Vince Rose and his celebrated dance orchestra, including Jackie Taylor, first violinist, are coming back to Brandstatter's Hollywood Montmartre cafe.

The announcement has just been made by Eddie Brandstatter, owner of the cafe.

Rose and his orchestra are returning from New York City where for the past two years they have been scoring a noteworthy success at the Ritz Carlton and the New York Deauville club.

When the Montmartre was

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first opened five years ago the Vince Rose's orchestra was secured as the opening attraction and soon earned the reputation of being one of the foremost dance musical organizations in the entire country.

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PHONE EMPIRE 6111

Moving Picture Interests Purchase West Hollywood Real Estate

By C. F. STOUGH

THOSE familiar with the methods of real estate operators are convinced that the next jump in property values is going to take place in West Hollywood, and particularly along that part of Santa Monica boulevard between Crescent Heights boulevard and the eastern edge of Sherman.

In the opinion of experts, in the next twelve months, this district is going to experience the greatest development it has thus far had.

There are a number of factors entering into it.

One of the principal factors will be the opening and construction of the Eastbound roadway along Santa Monica through Sherman. The legal obstacles to the removal of the car barns in Sherman, which have blocked this development, have been practically cleared away, and construction of this important improvement should be under way in the near future. This will relieve the congestion in the bottle neck in Sherman, and will immensely increase the traffic which is now avoiding this stretch of Santa Monica boulevard as much as possible.

La Cienega is well toward completion, and in a short time will be open to traffic. This will empty a great volume of north and south traffic at the intersection with Santa Monica, and is bound to affect values there tremendously.

Some of the wisest investors among moving picture people have had their eyes on this district for some time and have been quietly purchasing properties along Santa Monica and La Cienega, in anticipation of this increase in values. Among those recently purchasing there, according to J. Paul Geraghty, prominent West Hollywood realtor, might be mentioned the Jackie Coogan interests, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, and many others who have secured large holdings.

Al Roscoe and his wife (Barbara Bedford) have recently purchased a twelve-room home at 4780 Bon Vue avenue, in Los Feliz Heights, in the hills back of Hollywood, through the J. Paul Geraghty Company.

Art Accord and his wife (Louise Lorraine) have just purchased a beautiful nine-room Spanish house at 816 Orlando, West Hollywood. The transaction was handled by the J. Paul Geraghty Company, West Hollywood realtors, who also sold Mr. Accord's country estate at Encino to Mr. James Gillespie Bishop, of 614 Elm drive, Beverly Hills. Miss Lorraine has also purchased a Spanish type home at 9030 Dorrington avenue for her mother.

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"Let's Go Fishing"

Lately, it appears that this topic is one of the most widely discussed affairs about the different lots. At Famous Players-Lasky, it is a common sight to see Noah Beery, surrounded by a group of nimrods, young and old, listening to one of Noah's fishing experiences. At Warner Brothers, Jack Warner and Darryl Francis Zannuck are biding their time for a jaunt up in Inyo County. Harry Rapf and a group of executives that rate among the best fishermen out here are never too busy to discuss game fish and their haunts. John McCormick and Mervyn Leroy, while both at the present time are deep in production worries are plotting and planning a much desired trip when their pictures are completed.

One of the best places to fish and where you can really enjoy fishing is at The Fisherman's Retreat, located at San Timoteo Canyon, Riverside County. Here is one spot where you can go, any time of the year, enjoy real bass fishing and don't have to pay for the fish you catch.



Young "Isaak Walton" with a morning catch at The Fisherman's Retreat

From all reports among the fishermen in the picture business, it is an ideal spot. Harry Rapf is quoted as saying that he caught bass on the lakes at The Fisherman's Retreat as fast as he could get them off his hook. Not only are fishing and hunting available but you can enjoy camping, hiking, swimming, boating, sparkling spring water, invigorating air, shade trees and delightful scenery at this ideal spot.

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Sennett Sends Snappy Shorts

Mack Sennett is now busy cutting his personally directed romantic-war comedy, "The Romance of a Bathing Girl," which he finished shooting last week. Sally Eilers, a new discovery, Matty Kemp, Johnny Burke, Alma Bennett, Carmelita Geraghty and Lionel Belmore play the featured roles.

Alf Goulding is working fast on his Mack Sennett girl series. Three days after he completed the third film of the series featuring Daphne Pollard, Carole Lombard and the Sennett beauties, he started shooting on the fourth picture.

Mack Sennett's "Smith Family" is still living its hectic life on the screen. Mary Ann Jackson, Ruth Hiatt, Raymond McKee and Lucille Miller are now working hard on a new two-reeler, as yet untitled. Phil Whitman is wielding the megaphone.

Billy Bevan recently spent an entire day buying clothes

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for his new Mack Sennett comedy in which he is co-starred with Vernon Dent. Alma Bennett and Dot Farley are playing the other featured roles. Harry Edwards, who has directed the starring team for several films, is again giving orders.

Casting Director At Social Affair (?)

Nora Lane, the charming brunette who made a distinct success of her last role opposite Fred Thomson in "Jesse James," has been chosen to play opposite him again in "The Pioneer Scout." Announcement to this effect was made today by Mr. Thomson.

"The Pioneer Scout" will be Mr. Thomson's second picture for Paramount.

Miss Lane has been in pictures less than two years. She first came to Hollywood to visit friends. The casting director of one of the larger studios saw her at a social function and suggested that she try for a picture career. Since that time she has had small parts in a number of productions. Mr. Thomson saw her in an FBO picture and signed her as his leading woman in "Arizona Nights," the last picture he made for that company.

Production on "The Pioneer Scout" is scheduled to begin November 1. It is the story of one of the daring men who guided wagon trains into the west following the California gold rush. It is an original by Frank M. Clifton. Lloyd Ingraham and Alfred L. Werker will be co-directors.

William Courtright, who played "Parson Bill" in "Jesse James," is the only member of the supporting cast chosen thus far.

Brilliant Opening for the "Gaucho"

The scenic wonders of the towering Andes and the famed Campo of the Argentine are being reproduced, and the dark-eyed laughing senoritas with nimble feet are being assembled in Hollywood, where Sid Grauman is preparing to introduce on a lavish scale Douglas Fairbanks as "The Gaucho," at the world premiere this coming Friday night in Grauman's Chinese Theater.

In anticipation of probably the most brilliant throng in the history of Grauman premieres as his "first night" audience to view Fairbanks' much heralded production. Grauman, as usual, is sparing no effort to provide even more spectacular effects than those which have gone before.

A dazzling electrical display will herald to Hollywood that the premiere is on, and for the first time in theatrical history a reception committee composed of the most distinguished men in the cinema world will officiate in welcoming the brilliant audience of stars.

In "The Gaucho," Doug, as a cowboy brigand, romps over the towering Andes and the garden palaces of the Pampas and Grauman promises something startling in scenic effects for the prologue spectacle.

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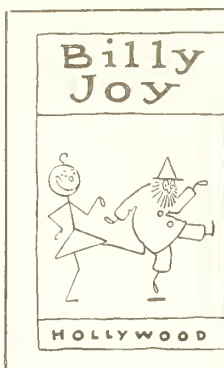
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Just a Little Boost!

If Dave Allen ever loses his address book I hope that I am the one to find it.

The only excuse I find for some prologues is that it affords honest labor for a lot of sincere and earnest people.

The inimitable Johnny Walker, gentleman about town and gay boulevardier, arises to remark that Hollywood Vagabond will never be a success—his name has never even been mentioned in any of its columns—My! My! We must remedy that at once—if not instantan—

Johnny Walker
Johnny Walker

Johnny Walker
Johnny Walker
Johnny Walker

Glorious Hollywood!

I love every subdivided hillside—every real estate sign—every pepper tree—that was and isn't—the livery stable "odeur" of Hollywood and Cahuenga—the smell of burning brakes over-the-pass—the glamour of the Montmartre—the thrift of John's cafe—the quaintness of Peter the Hermit—the searchlight spotted heavens of opening nights—the striving for Bohemia at Henry—(now being pronounced "OOnerie")—the politeness of Officer Reed, kiddingly known as "Cut-out-Reed"—Grauman's Mid-way—in the Egyptian court—and my evening drive to my home.

I would not trade one square foot of your scarred boulevards for a hundred thousand feet of any other place on earth.

Glorious Hollywood!

Metropolitan studios must be preparing for a good successful fire. One of the first official acts of its chief executive, Phil Ryan, was to organize a studios fire department.

If you notice any change for the better in the motorcycle officers here and thereabouts you have Tom Mix to thank for it. In no high-flaunting language Tom told them

a few things that will make them stop and think before they resort to some of the tactics they have employed in the past. And just what it takes to tell them, Tom has got—and plenty of it—no foolin'.

Incidentally Tom is taking the immaculate Ned Sparks away with him on location. Tom is determined to make a cowboy out of Hollywood's Beau Brummel even if it costs him money.

For years I have watched with interest the amazing growth of Peggy Hamilton's work and her increasing popularity, but never dreamed it had reached the proportion it has until just recently. The motion picture colony of Hollywood owes sincere tribute to this charming little lady.

You can't do that!

Jimmy Cruze, so his studio announces, unable to find a suitable lead for his picture, "The Red Mark," decided to seek an unknown. Nena Quartaro hearing of this—'tis said, paid the studio an impromptu visit. Lifting her chin—high in the air, she assumed an air of such importance that she completely hypnotized the studio gateman and walked through the studio portals. Access then to Cruze's office was simple and once she arrived, Cruze detained her until contracts were signed.

Believe the above or not, but I'm sitting for a street car.

The very idea of anyone

suggesting that Hoot Gibson ever would leave Universal—why Hoot is part of Universal—and Universal is a part of Hoot. Just a mere changing of name and Hoot could become one of the Laemmle family. Hoot already talks with an accent.

A treat for sore eyes was to see our old friend, Albert W. Hale, the veteran director, the other day at the Montmartre. Hale is a pioneer and aside from having directed three hundred pictures, amongst which were "The Prisoner of Zenda" with James K. Hackett he was instrumental in starting a lot of the present day stars amongst whom were, I believe, Norma Talmadge, Rosemary Theby, Leah Baird, Roscoe Arbuckle, James Cruze and E. K. Lincoln. Possessed of great creative power, Hale will undoubtedly find it an easy matter to again associate himself with the motion picture industry, either as director, writer of continuities or as an adapter.

The following intrigues me, n'est pas?

Richard Dix says that if he reads one day's accumulation of fan mail, let alone one single week's delivery, he wouldn't have time for anything else. How could he have made "Shanghai Bound" and "The Gay Defender." What was that crack you made? He should have read his fan mail—I ask you—is that nice?

Personally I think it's a cinch.

A caption under one of Jacqueline Logan's pictures reads as follows: "From Mary Magdalene in the 'King of Kings' to the role of a flapper in Cecil B. DeMille's 'The Wise Wife,' might be a difficult achievement in real life, but having given her such an assignment Mr. DeMille evidently places much faith in Jacqueline's versatility." So do we.

And while on the subjects of captions, one under a photo of Johnny Mack Brown says that he is

through with football, and that he will devote his life to art—and the movies. Roscoe Arbuckle does not like football either—he does not care for the thing they stuff footballs with.

A publisher of a real motion picture magazine told me that he had one whole day spoiled for him. He opened his accumulation of press agent mail and failed to find a single word about Colleen Moore.

The following caption appears beneath a strikingly beautiful photograph of Miss Leota Winters: "Don't go near the water, daughter! Of course, Leota Winters, the newest Mack Sennett bathing beauty, is somebody's daughter—"

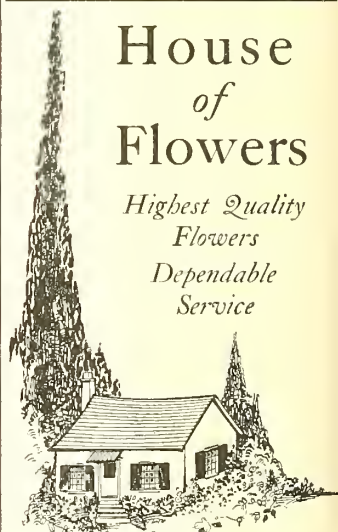
Gee! we're glad you explained that—we probably would have still been wondering.

From United Studios we learn, in part, the following: "Stripped to the waist, John Barrymore yesterday demonstrated his versatility as a motion picture star—" Why that's nothing at all—you should see John play tiddlewinks and roller-skate.

I have had the pleasure of meeting a girl who doubles for a star who does not contend that there are lots of scenes which she could play better than the star. That's a rarity—in Hollywood—if you know what I mean. The girl is Gladys White and the star is Pola Negri. Miss White has doubled for Miss Negri during the star's past six pictures, and tho "no man is a hero to his valet," Miss Negri is "a heroine to her double."

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Virginia Lee Corbin in "The Little Snob"

It seems that in making May McAvoy's next starring picture, "The Little Snob," Warner Brothers have surrounded the petite actress with an exceptional cast, according to the lineup announced today by Jack L. Warner. Robert Frazer will play the male lead. Clyde Cook will contribute to the gayety of the piece, and Alec Francis will be seen in a character role. John Miljan, Virginia Lee Corbin and Frances Lee will have the principal roles.

Metro-Goldwyn Signs Rex Lease

For four years Rex Lease has knocked along in independent productions, but at last the larger studios are taking cognizance of his acting efforts. Yesterday he was signed for the leading juvenile role in Colonel Tim McCoy's "The Texas Ranger."

He has already gone to work in what is no doubt his best role. He plays opposite the fair Joan Crawford and is under the direction of William Nigh. Rex it will be remembered was discovered by Finis Fox who selected him from the extra ranks for the lead in "A Woman Who Sinned." Just recently he completed two F. B. O. specials, "The Red Riders of Canada" and "The College Hero."

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Because: **Sid Grauman** designed the prologue so as to bring happiness to thousands who appreciate the fantastic and beautiful.

Because: **Sid Grauman** in his legitimate dealings with his fellow man has earned the public's esteem—a host of friends and accumulated great wealth.

Because: **Sid Grauman** is a showman—and a gentleman.

Film Editor Sets Record

Daniel Mandell, Universal film editor, is establishing a record for length of time spent on one picture and is believed at this time before the release print of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is shipped east, his time spent on editing this colossal production will surpass that of Lloyd Nosler's time for editing "Ben Hur."

Mandell was first assigned to this picture by Lloyd Nosler, supervising film editor, some months ago, but later finding the task too great for one man, Nosler assigned Gilmore Walker and Ted Kent who, in addition to his personal supervision, have worked diligently for the past seven months to reduce some 600,000 feet of film down to a suitable releasing length.

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FROM SOUP TO NUTS AT THE MAYFAIR CLUB

My hands and ears are terribly scratched . . . I have never been bumped into by so many diamond bracelets and jagged pointed marquis rings in all my life . . . not even at the famous bootlegger annual ball recently held in Chicago.

This last affair of the Mayfair was more than a success . . . It was an event! Harry Rapf was able to get the internationally famous Sophie Tucker to appear in person . . . not in a picture . . . and she sang . . . and HOW. Gracious woman that Sophie . . . responded to encore after encore . . . and she left them flat . . . still howling for more. Only one Sophie . . . taking orders from no one. Happy girl. Sophie pulls a surprise and introduces her "one and only son" . . . who sang . . . or sung . . . a song which she wrote . . . a whiz of a song at that.

She was followed by Sammy Cohen who did something or other . . . If Sammy keeps at it long enough he will finally succeed in making a perfect ass of himself. Bright boy this Sammy . . . but he pulled a fax pas last evening . . . the gang was still applauding Sophie . . . and he thought the applause was meant for him.

Then came more entertainment . . . a couple who danced . . . beautifully . . . gorgeously . . . fascinatingly, etc., etc., etc.

Norma Shearer—(Mrs. Irving Thalberg)—stroking the back of Irving's head as they dance . . . and we bet he loves it . . . The one and only American Beauty . . . Billie Dove . . . Fay Wray looking prettier than ever with Pat Powers seated next to her getting a mental treat . . . Shirley Palmer with the most intriguing "bob" I ever saw . . . Glorious Gloria at one table . . . the Marquis at another . . . later . . . both at the same table . . . there now . . . not what you thought. Charles Furthman . . . now a "big tomato" on the Famous Players lot . . . happy and . . . contented cows give contented milk. Winnie Sheehan, Raoul Walsh and Sol Wurtzel all in the one party . . . bet those two Irishmen stuck Sol.

Eddie Mannix becomes a Swiss yodler for the evening . . . he's probably hoarse by now. Eddie Sutherland drinking plain "gingeresh ale" . . . Edwin Carewe and his beautiful daughter . . . just like father and son . . . only different. Louella Parsons in a beautiful gown . . . and personality plus . . . Jimmy DeTarr. Estelle holding almost a flush . . . minus a Jack . . . Ona Brown . . . the incomparable Ona . . . radiant . . . happy . . . a guest of Sylvani Balboni . . . surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fox, lovely Alice Day . . . Marceline just across the way . . . Demmy Lamson's right hand man . . . Ruth Collier. Margaret LeMaire and the fascinating wife of that famous tragedian . . . Larry Semon . . . Miss Dorothy Dwan.

Marion Davies in white . . . her most attractive style of dress . . . and across from her John Gilbert . . . Alice Joyce . . . aristocratic . . . as charming as usual . . . Bob Leonard . . . dancing the Merry Widow with Gertrude Olmstead . . . Charles Spencer Chaplin . . . drinking pink lemonade . . . we thought he had finished The Circus . . . Barney Glazer and Carey Wilson . . . just a couple of boys who write scenarios for a pastime . . . and that

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clever little Miss whom everyone refers to as having such a brilliant mind . . . Dorothy Herzoy. We think her smile every bit as brilliant . . . well, nearly so, anyway. Seven come Heaven . . . Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell . . . and the Gaucho's remarkable son of the Pampas . . . Doug junior.

Mickey Neilan indulging in that great indoor pastime . . . neuromuscular activity stimulation . . . as highbrowly applied by that young genius . . . Don Ryan. Olive Borden with a scintillating gown that kept a lot of us on the ragged edge . . . and Lois Wilson . . . the girl from the great outdoor . . . indoor . . . looking like what it cost to make The Covered Wagon.

Kyrle Bellew with his charming Mrs. . . . and Montagu Love with a gracious little lady whose name I have forgotten twice . . . and that little dynamo . . . the fellow who makes you get up just when you're going to bed . . . who calls you a "big egg" and makes you like it . . . Maurice Demond. Hal Roach . . . without his gang. Mr. Flugrath's sweetest daughter . . . Viola Dana . . . and her equally charming sister . . . Shirley Mason . . . happily married to Sid Landfield.

Ruth Roland . . . and Ben . . . just like Sophie's son . . . 'jes follerin' her around. Vera Stedman . . . Very Steady . . . and the man who made Gower and Sunset famous.

The motion picture industry should be proud of this Mayfair Club . . . the supposed ultra-ultra of New York and elsewhere throw parties which would undoubtedly bring a blush to many of our motion picture folks who were in attendance last evening. I doubt if anywhere else one would find such an array of people who can do things, so wonderfully entertained in such a simple and wholesome manner. The Board of Governors deserve the utmost credit.

We were more than proud to again have been a guest.

~ KIDDIE COLUMN ~

Jane La Verne

One of the daintiest little contract players on the Universal lot is tiny Jane La Verne. Jane has a delightful bit in Reginald Denny's latest—"That's My Daddy."

Kit Wain

The Screen Kiddies seem to be a fertile field for phil-



anthropic organizations who are in search of children with exceptional talent.

Believing that little Kit Wain has musical as well as cinema talent, President Rawlinson of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music has presented him with a scholarship and a violin.

Kit boasts, and rightfully, of very good bits in DeMille's "King of Kings"; Charles Chaplin's "The Circus"; "The Claw," starring Claire Windsor; "The Silver Slave," starring Irene Rich; and the recent vehicle of Jacqueline Logan, "The Leopard Lady," directed by Rupert Julian at DeMille's.

Johnny Downs

Johnny Downs has just finished playing Milton Sills as a boy in Valley of the Giants at First National under the direction of Charles Brabin. Other recent parts of Johnny in "The Outlaw of Red River," "The Crowd," "Jesse James," and "The Trail of '98." When not in pictures he delights theater audiences in person with his clever vaudeville act.

Junior Coghlan

Junior Coghlan has one of his greatest screen opportunities in "Gallagher," directed by Elmer Clifton at the De Mille Studio.

Junior may be seen in local theaters in "The Country Doctor," starring Joseph Schildkraut.

Julius Molnar, Jr.

Julius Molnar, Jr., was cast for one of the most coveted juvenile roles in this year's productions—that of little "Gwynplaine" in Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs," which Paul Leni is now directing at Universal.

Julius, Jr., also played an important role with Irene Rich in "Silken Shackles."

Austin Jewel

There's one youngster in Hollywood who "doesn't want to be a policeman." This is Austin Jewel, playing the part of "Charles Gare," one of Belle Bennett's children in "Wild Geese," now being produced by Tiffany-Stahl.

Austin is a great little actor and does a great deal for the picture, "Wild Geese." He had an outstanding bit in Von Stroheim's "Greed."

Jackie McHugh

Jackie McHugh has just finished working in "Legionnaires in France," directed by Arvid Gilstrom at F. B. O. Studios.

"Big Boy"

"Many happy returns of the day" to "Big Boy," Educational's star with the heart-warming grin, for on November 4 "Big Boy" will be four years old.

He has been working before the camera since he was three weeks old.

"Big Boy's" latest triumph is "Angel Eyes," directed by Charles Lamont. Sharing cinema honors are his leading lady, little Lorrain Rivero, and the red-headed, beloved "Menace," Jack Levine.

Mickey Bennett

Mickey Bennett is under contract for "Tillie's Punctured Romance" at Christies.

Dolores Del Rio Buys Home

Dolores Del Rio is the latest motion picture star to acquire a beautiful Hollywood home. It is located in the northwest section of the city in the Outpost Estates, and follows the Spanish type of architecture; being low and broad, with walls of white stucco and a red tiled roof. There are 14

rooms and six baths. Perhaps the most distinctive room in the house is the big comfortable library, the main feature of which is a huge fireplace. Miss Del Rio's Louder is done in Louis XVI style. The bathrooms are the last word in luxury and modern equipment.

Ross Castendyck, architect and builder of 6644 Santa Monica boulevard, who is responsible for designing and constructing Miss Del Rio's home, has made an enviable name for himself, during his stay in Hollywood. Just before starting work on the Del Rio house he designed and built a residence for Edwin Carewe, noted picture producer. The Carewe house is regarded as one of the most artistic places owned by any member of the picture colony. It is located upon a hillside near Franklin avenue and Bronson. The residence has 16 rooms and nine baths and is surrounded by spacious grounds.

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STUDIO TIME-TABLE

Edited by EDNA JO CARRICO

FOR TWO WEEKS BEGINNING NOVEMBER 3, 1927

DIRECTOR	STAR	ASS'T DIRECTOR	CAMERAMAN	SCENARIST	FILM TITLE	PROGRESS
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Clifford Robertson, Casting Director. Hours: 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone: EM-9133. Studio Phone: EM-9111						
Robert Z. Leonard.....	Dane, G. K. Arthur.....	J. Howard.....	Dean.....	F. Hugh Herbert.....	"Baby Mine".....	Cutting.
Edward Sedgwick.....	Haines, Crawford.....	Edward Brophy.....	Ira Morgan.....	R. L. Schrock.....	"West Point".....	Cutting.
Victor Seastrom.....	Greta Garbo.....	Harry Bouquet.....	Oliver Marsh.....	Dorothy Farnum.....	"The Divine Woman".....	Shooting.
King Vidor.....	Marlon Davies.....	Frank Golden.....	Seltz.....	A. C. Johnson.....	"The Patsy".....	Shooting.
W. S. Van Dyke.....	Forbes-Day.....	Taggart.....	Sartov.....	Norman Houston.....	"Dog of War".....	Cutting.
Harry Beaumont.....	Ramon Novarro.....	Dorian.....	Gerstadt.....	A. T. Younger.....	"His Night".....	Shooting.
Tod Browning.....	Lon Chaney.....	Sharrock.....	Edward Cronjager.....	Waldemar Young.....	"The Big City".....	Editing.
George Hill.....	John Gilbert.....	Dave Howard.....	Percy Hildburn.....	Francis Marion.....	"The Cossacks".....	Shooting.
Edmund Goulding.....	Crawford-Murray.....	Chas. Dorian.....	John Arnold.....	Lucien Hubbard.....	"Rose Marie".....	Preparing.
Sam Wood.....	Norma Shearer.....	Henry Gerrard.....	Wm. Daniels.....	A. P. Younger.....	Untitled.....	Preparing.
William Nigh.....	Col. Tim McCoy.....	Friedman.....	Clyde DeVinna.....	Richard Schayer.....	"Texas Ranger".....	Shooting.
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., 5451 MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Fred Datig, Casting Director. Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-2400. Studio Phone HO-2400						
Dorothy Arzner.....	C. Bow, C. Rogers.....	George Crook.....	Alfred Gilks.....	Hope Loring.....	"Get Your Man".....	Editing.
John Waters.....	W. C. Field, Conklin.....	Otto Brower.....	H. Kinley Martin.....	Percy Heath.....	"The Side Show".....	Editing.
H. D'Abadie D'Arrast.....	Althea Menjou.....	Art Jacobson.....	Harry Fischbeck.....	Ernest Vajda.....	"Serenade".....	Editing.
Gregory La Cava.....	Richard Dix.....	Bob Lee.....	Edward Cronjager.....	Marion Jackson.....	"The Gay Defender".....	Shooting.
Mal St. Clair.....	All-Star.....	George Hippard.....	Hal Rosson.....	Loos-Emerson.....	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".....	Editing.
Joseph Von Sternberg.....	Emil Jannings.....	Henry Hatheway.....	Bert Glennon.....	Lajos Biro.....	"Road to Glory".....	Shooting.
William Wellman.....	Wray-Cooper.....	Dick Johnston.....	Henry Gerrard.....	Saunders-de Linuir.....	"Legion of the Condemned".....	Shooting.
Herman Raymaker.....	Brian-Arlen.....	Joe Crook.....	E. Schoenbaum.....	J. Walter Ruben.....	"Under the Ponto Rim".....	Shooting.
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, BURBANK, CALIF.						
Dan Kelly, Casting Director. Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Casting Phone, HE-1151. Studio Phone: GL-4111						
Marshall Nellan.....	Colleen Moore.....	Ben Slivey.....	George Folsey.....	Gerald Duffy.....	"Her Wild Oat".....	Shooting.
Joseph Henabery.....	Astor-Hughes.....	Otto Brower.....	Bess Meredith.....	"Sailor's Wives".....	Shooting.	
John Frances Dillon.....	Richard Barthelmess.....	Horace Hough.....	James O'Donahoe.....	"The Noose".....	Shooting.	
Albert Rogell.....	Francis, O'Day.....	Ed Chandler.....	Sol Polito.....	Marion Jackson.....	"Shepherd of the Hills".....	Shooting.
Mal St. Clair.....	Harry Langdon.....	Ben Critchley.....	Elgin Lessley.....	Arthur Ripley.....	"The Chaser".....	Shooting.
Allan Dwan.....	Wilson-Warner.....	Ben Critchley.....	J. L. Campbell.....	"French Dressing".....	Shooting.	
Merwyn LeRoy.....	Sidney-Murray.....	Ben Critchley.....	John McDermoth.....	Untitled.....	Shooting.	
FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. WEST ERN AVE., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
James Ryan, Casting Director. Joe Egli (Comedy). 7:30 A. M. to 10 A. M.; 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. Casting Phone: HO-3501. Studio Phone: HO-3000						
Arthur Rosson.....	Madge Bellamy.....	S. Hanberry.....	Berquist.....	Francis Agnew.....	"Silk Legs".....	Shooting.
Frank Borzage.....	Gaynor-Farrell.....	Lew Borzage.....	Ernest Palmer.....	Marion Orth.....	"Lady Cristillinda".....	Shooting.
Albert Ray.....	Collier-Russell-Pidgeon.....	Horace Hough.....	Wagner.....	Randall H. Faye.....	"Woman-Wise".....	Shooting.
David Butler.....	Helene Carrol.....	Leslie Selander.....	Glen MacWilliam.....	John Stone.....	"Big Skin".....	Shooting.
Ben Stoloff.....	Tom Mix.....	Clay Crapnell.....	Clark.....	Fred Myton.....	"Horseman of the Plains".....	Shooting.
UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP., UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.						
Victor Nordlinger, Casting Director; Harold Dodds, Asst. Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. Casting Phone: HE-3151. Studio. Phone: HE-3131						
William Beaudine.....	All-Star.....	Webster.....	C. Stumar.....	Al Cohn.....	"Cohens & Kellys in Paris".....	Cutting.
Fred Newmeyer.....	Reginald Denny.....	Ross.....	Fisher.....	Earle Snell.....	"Sporting Blood".....	Cutting.
Paul Leni.....	Veldt, Philbin.....	Marchant.....	Warrenton.....	J. G. Alexander.....	"The Man Who Laughs".....	Shooting.
Mel Brown.....	Jean Hersholt.....	Reiter.....	John Stumar.....	Harry O. Hoyt.....	"13 Washington Square".....	Shooting.
Wm. Craft.....	Glenn Tryon.....	Foley.....	Arthur Todd.....	Krusada.....	"Meet the Prince".....	Cutting.
Wesley Ruggles.....	Laura La Plante.....	Pasternak.....	Miller.....	Van.....	"Finders Keepers".....	Shooting.
Sloman.....	Stone-Kerry.....	McCloskey.....	Rose.....	Chas. Kenyon.....	"Foreign Legion".....	Shooting.
Robt. Hill.....	Edw. Laemmle.....	McDonough.....	Rigby.....	"Thoroughbred".....	Preparing.	
Edw. Laemmle.....	Ernst Laemmle.....	McDonough.....	J. G. Alexander.....	"Fallen Angels".....	Preparing.	
George Melford.....	Nat Ross.....	McDonough.....	J. G. Alexander.....	"The Thing Ye Do".....	Preparing.	
Millard Webb.....	All Star.....	Blumenstock.....	Lehman-Jacobson.....	"Freedom of the Press".....	Preparing.	
Wm. Wyler.....	Edward Sloman.....	Robinson.....	Al Cohn.....	"Heaven Forbid".....	Preparing.	
Henry McRae.....	Rex, (horse).....	Smith.....	Robinson.....	"Honeymoon Flats".....	Preparing.	
Del Andrews.....	Hoot Gibson.....	Deffebach.....	Neumann.....	"Anyone Seen Kelly".....	Shooting.	
			Boyce.....	"We Americans".....	Preparing.	
				"Wild Blood".....	Shooting.	
				"Wild West Show".....	Shooting.	
CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF.						
Lou Goodstadt, Casting Director. Phone: EMpire 9141; Casting Phone: EMpire 4131. Casting Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.						
Rupert Julian.....	Jacqueline Logan.....	Fred Tyler.....	John Mescall.....	Clara Beranger.....	"Leopard Lady".....	Shooting.
Walter Lang.....	William Boyd.....	George Barry.....	Frank Kesson.....	E. T. Lowe, Jr.....	"The Night Flyer".....	Shooting.
William C. DeMille.....	Rudolf Schildkraut.....	G. Hollingshead.....	Hal Moore.....	A. Coldewey.....	"Rip Van Winkle".....	Preparing.
Donald Crisp.....	Rod La Roque.....	Emile De Ruelle.....	David Abel.....	Sada Cowan.....	"Stand and Deliver".....	Shooting.
Frank Urson.....	Phyllis Haver.....	Roy Burns.....	Pev. Marley.....	Lenore Coffee.....	"Chicago".....	Shooting.
Paul Sloane.....	Leatrice Joy.....	Scully.....	Arthur Miller.....	John Farrow.....	"The Blue Danube".....	Shooting.
WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.						
Frank Kingsley, Casting Director, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-5128. Studio Phone: HO-4181						
Henry Lehrman.....	All-Star.....	Frank Shaw.....	Ed Dupar.....	Graham Baker.....	"In Name Only".....	Cutting.
Achie Mayo.....	Irene Rich.....	George Barry.....	Frank Kesson.....	E. T. Lowe, Jr.....	"Beware of Married Men".....	Shooting.
Alan Crosland.....	Dolores Costello.....	G. Hollingshead.....	Hal Moore.....	A. Coldewey.....	"Glorious Betsy".....	Shooting.
Ross Lederman.....	Rin-Tin-Tin.....	Chauncey Pyle.....	Ed Dupar.....	Chas. Condon.....	"Race for Life".....	Shooting.
John Adolfi.....	May McAvoy.....	John Daumery.....	Norbert Brodin.....	Robert Lord.....	"The Little Snob".....	Shooting.

METROPOLITAN STUDIO, 1048 N. LA PALMAS, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Individual Casting. Studio Phone: GR-3111

Spencer Bennet.....	Ray-Miller.....	Reinick-Storcy.....	Snyder-Reiman.....	Artur Graw.....	"The Warning".....	Cutting
Ted Wilde.....	Harold Lloyd.....	Gaylord Lloyd.....	Walter Lundin.....	Joe Bowgers.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
James Cruze.....	Nena Quartaro.....	Vernon Keys.....	Morgan-Hughins.....	Julien Josephson.....	"The Ted Man".....	Cutting
Luther Reed.....	Leon-Nissen-Wolheim.....	Fred Fleck.....	Harry Perry.....	Harry Behn.....	Hel's Angels.....	Preparing
Leo Maloney.....	Leo Maloney.....	Allen Watt.....	Edward C. Kuhl.....	Ed I. Beebe.....	Untitled.....	Preparing
Don Coleman.....	Don Coleman.....	Allen Watt.....	Edward C. Kuhl.....	Ed I. Beebe.....	"The Room".....	Cutting
Richard Thorpe.....	Ruffalo Bill, Jr.....	Wm. Schaeffer.....	Ray Reis.....	Ingram Burridge.....	Untitled.....	Preparing
Richard Thorpe.....	Wally Wales.....	Wm. Schaeffer.....	Ray Reis.....	Ingram Burridge.....	Untitled.....	Cutting
Smith-Johnson.....	Sandow.....	David Hampton.....			"Mardi the Man Killer".....	Shooting

COLUMBIA PICTURE CORP., 1438 N. GOWER, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Fred Beers, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HO-7940

Geo. B. Seitz.....	Holt-Revel.....	Ray June.....	"The Warning".....	Shooting
Tom Terris.....			Untitled.....	Preparing
Tom Buckingham.....			Untitled.....	Preparing

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO CORP., 1041 N. FORMOSA, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Freddie Schuessler, Casting Director. Jim Townsend, Assistant. Hours: 10-11 A. M.; 3-4 P. M. Casting Phone: GL-4176. Studio Phone: GR-5111

D. W. Griffith.....	All-Star.....	Vreeland.....	Karl Struss.....	Gerrit Lloyd.....	"The Drums of Love".....	Shooting
Lewis Milestone.....	Corinne Griffith.....	Nate Watt.....	John Arnold.....	Hans Kralcy.....	"The Garden of Eden".....	Cutting
Chuck Risner.....	Buster Keaton.....	Sandy Ross.....	Jennings-Haines.....	Carl Harbaugh.....	"Steamboat Bill, Jr.".....	Cutting
Slav Tourjansky.....	John Barrymore.....	Mayo-Bennett.....	Charles Roscher.....		"Tempest".....	Shooting

ROACH STUDIOS, CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA
Molly Thompson, Casting Director. Hours: 1 P. M. to 3:30 P. M. Studio Phone: EM-1151

Robert McGowan.....	Our Gang.....	C. Oetze, Anthony Maek, Art Lloyd.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
Fred Guoll.....	Max Davidson.....	George Stevens.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
Hal Yates.....	S. Laurel, E. O. Hardy.....	Len Powers.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Preparing
James Parrott.....	Charley Chase.....		Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting

CHRISTIE FILM CO., 6101 SUNSET, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Dixie McCoy, Casting Director. Studio Phone: HE-3111

Robert Kerr.....	Jimmie Adams.....	William Holland.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....	Frank Conklin.....	Untitled.....	Cutting
Edward Sutherland.....	Fields-Conklin-Fazenda.....	Paul Jones.....	Boyle-Wheeler.....	Monte Brice.....	"Tillie's Punctured Romance".....	Shooting
Harold Beaudine.....	Jimmie Adams.....	Bill Holland.....	Peterson-Sullivan.....		Untitled.....	Shooting
William Watson.....	Jack Duffy.....	Harry D'Arcy.....	Phillips-Jacquemin.....		Untitled.....	Preparing

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 GOWER ST., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Jack Votion, Casting Director; Rex Bailey, Ass't Casting. Hours: 10 A. M.-12 P. M. Studio Phone: HO-7780

Arvid Gillstrom.....	Al Cooke-Kit Carson.....	Ray McCarey.....	Phil Tannura.....	Louis Sarecky.....	"Legionnaires In Paris".....	Shooting
Leo Meehan.....	Scott-Trevor.....	Kerr.....	Phil Tannura.....	Dorothy Yost.....	"Wall Flowers".....	Shooting

MACK SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 GLENDALE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
Studio Phone: OL-2181

Alf Goulding.....	Daphne Pollard.....	Ray McCarey.....	Ranahan.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
Phil Whitman.....	Jackson-Hlatt.....	Harry Connett.....	Johnny Boyle.....	Staff.....	"Smith series".....	Shooting

EDUCATIONAL STUDIO, INC., 7250 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Eddie Kaufman, Casting Director. Hours: 8 A. M.-5 P. M. Studio Phone: HO-2806

Norman Taurog.....	Lloyd Hamilton.....	Harry Foy.....	Len Smith.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
Charles Lamont.....	Dorothy Devore.....	Sharpless.....	Wm. Hyer.....	Staff.....		Shooting
Harry Sweet.....	Jerry Drew.....	Eddie Mull.....	Dwight Warren.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting
Henry W. George.....	Lupino Lane.....	Philip McKenzie.....	Jay Turner.....	Staff.....	Untitled.....	Shooting

Two "Fallen Angels" Play Golf

While Charles Logue, the film supervisor, and Eddie Laemmle, the director, have been closely allied the last month in the preparation of "Fallen Angels" for the screen—it looks now like

they've come to the parting of the ways.

And all because of a point of golf ethics which came up in yesterday morning's session in Griffith Park.

It seems that Laemmle drove the golf ball into a hole—which later turned out to be a wild deer's track freshly made.

So Logue maintains the hole was not "made by a

burrowing animal" as defined in golf rules. So he insisted that his adversary could not lift the ball out, but must worry about knocking it out.

From last reports the pair are camped waiting for some good golf expert's decision.

Those who saw the preview of "Night Life" last week say the scene played by Mary Jane Irving, Dawn O'Day, and Audrey Howel was very good.

Artye Folz is now back in the city after a few weeks' absence and ready for those inimitable character comedy parts in which she excels.

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Ruth Roland to be Hostess

The "Wild and Woolly Hollywood" show, to be staged at the Baker Ranch Stadium, Saugus, Calif., on November 12th and 13th, under the auspices of Greater Hollywood Post No. 1508. Veterans of Foreign Wars has assumed rather gigantic proportions, and the officials of the show feel highly

being manifested in the four wonderful contests, and the Popularity Contest alone, will be the cause of great excitement. The winner of this contest will not only win a cash prize, but a movie contract as well.

There will also be the Three Type contest (Blonde, Brunette, Auburn), the High Diving contest and Bathing



Todd Brown, Commander; Herschel S. Lander, Senior Vice-Commander; Harry K. Kellet, Asst. Chief of Staff, Department of California and Nevada, and Captain Brady, of Veterans of Foreign Wars, Confer Distinction of Honorary Godmother on Ruth Roland

gratified over the very able and wonderful talent that has been obtained.

Some of the best riders and ropers in the west will be there, and the two days promises to be replete with thrills. Wild steers and horses are already on the premises, and it is understood that they are being fed "raw meat" until the day of their appearance in the ring.

There is great interest

Beauty contest, all of which will be put on in an elaborate style.

Ample provisions have been made to take care of the crowds. More than 18,000 additional seats have been erected in the stadium, and there will be ample parking space provided for those who come in automobiles.

Ruth Roland, the exceptionally prominent and popular motion picture star, is the official Godmother and will also act as hostess.

Hollywood Pencil Sketches

Charles Rogers cheering at the Stanford-U. S. C. football game was one of the features . . . Thelma Todd reading Gorky . . . W. G. Fields recuperating from a bicycle accident telling B. P. Schulberg he was glad it wasn't worse . . . Clive Brooke disproving the fallacy that Englishmen have no humor . . . William Austin is an able listener but cannot see Clive's point . . . Louise Brooks scanning the rotogravure section of the New York Times . . . Executives planning a hearty welcome for Thomas Meighan's return . . . Bebe Daniels gagging the script of her next picture . . . Adolphe Menjou playing tennis at Arrowhead Springs . . . Noah Beery praying for another role like he had in "Beau Geste" . . . Florence Vidor cutting dahlias in her garden . . . Richard Dix enjoying a "between pictures" surcease from grease paint . . . Fred Thomson glowing over New York reviews of his latest picture, "Jesse James" . . .

Renee Adoree in a colorful Russian outfit for her new picture, "The Cossacks." . . John Gilbert standing by admiring Renee . . . Lon Chaney in a grey derby and enormous diamond, eating sardine sandwiches at the studio cafeteria—and enjoying them immensely . . . Gwen Lee in a khaki-colored vest that she shows everyone as the latest from Paris . . . Cecil Holland, make-up expert, fastening crepe hair on a wax figure of Karl Dane for a trick shot . . . Frank Currier back after an absence of weeks—Marie Dressler throws her arms about Frank and kisses him—Frank admits it pays to take a vacation and be missed . . . Jimmy Murray comes out of the cafeteria with a piece of meat for his pal "Flash." The canine star sees Jimmy and shows his affection, bowling Jimmy over on the lawn . . .

William K. Howard telling Vera Reynolds the merits of his next story starring her. Vera beams and beams and appears quite contented over the fact . . . C. B., himself, watching a police dog on the lawn doing tricks. The Chief smiles and goes back to his desk on important business . . . Julia Faye on her way to the set smiles and speaks to everyone. This is one big reason why she is so popular . . . Phyllis Haver telling William Sistrom, general manager of the organization, how much she likes her part in "Chicago" . . . George Berthelon and Lou Goodstadt with their heads together. It looks like some one's going to be called on the carpet . . . Jacqueline Logan playing with a cub leopard. Gives it a good hug. Wish I were the beast . . . James Cruze talking to Walter Lang about the production "The Night Flyer."

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NOT to be outdone by any of the eastern cafes—which have, in the past few years, attempted to create larger and larger atmospheres and areas—Frank Sebastian has finally brought his far-famed Cotton Club at Culver City to a point where it can be rated as America's largest cafe.

This Mecca of the motion picture fraternity now boasts three large dance floors, and has a seating capacity of 2000 or more. A series of lighting effects, worked out by Mr. Sebastian and a number of lighting experts, has created an atmosphere of beauty that is indeed hard to equal. Spot light effects—purloined perhaps in the primary idea from the different motion picture studios—are used to great advantage and create an individu-



ality which concentrates attention upon the performers which fits in well with the general scheme of lighting.

A Creole review, with 40 entertainers, also claims distinction as being the only one of its kind in America,

as well as being the largest.

The quaint harmony of Mississippi river levees and the cotton fields is transferred from the old time Southern melodies to the more modern sentimentals.

Sebastian has well named

his Cotton Club "The King of Cabarets"—and judging from the large number of prominent motion picture stars and business men to be found there most any evening of the week, the name is well given.

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Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

BILLY JOY, Editor and Publisher

Volume 2, Number 5.

Thursday, November 17, 1927

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Will Schenck Return?

**"Personal Matters,"
It Is Rumored, Will
Keep Him Away
From Hollywood
Indefinitely.**

Will Joseph M. Schenck, the leading financial genius of the motion picture industry, return to Hollywood?

This important question is raging along the boulevard and through picture circles. Some seven weeks ago, when Mr. Schenck left Hollywood for New York and a European trip, he placed his entire affairs in the capable and efficient hands of John W. Considine, Jr., and departed with the intention of remaining away from Hollywood indefinitely.

At this time, there was a rumor that certain personal matters had arisen that had so affected his life and his general mode of living that he felt he could no longer "carry on" in Hollywood. Neither confirmation or denial of this can be obtained.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. Schenck will rescind his decision to forever remain away from the state of his adoption, for both state and the motion picture



ESTHER RALSTON
The Type That Makes Men--Gentlemen
See Page Six

industry can ill-afford to lose a man of his calibre.

Undoubtedly his absence means a sore loss to California, where he is a power in political circles and the motion picture industry.

IMPORTED TALENT A FAILURE

**"Directors, Stars and Authors—
No Exception," Says A Prom-
inent Producer.**

"Hollywood's 'foreign legion' is striking its colors; defeat stared them in the face and the hordes of foreign directors, stars and authors are mustering out."

This is the statement of a prominent producer—a man who believed in giving the other fellow a chance but found them wanting in our profession.

The film city has had its try at foreign talent. It has lost millions of dollars fattening lean European pocketbooks and kowtowing to intellectual false alarms who came to America to revolutionize the movies. Foreign brains proved to be made of putty, with few exceptions. Hollywood is through with experimenting. It is through with freak angle directors with continental views. It is through with emotional actresses who can cry real tears of temperamentality and writ-

(Continued on Page 19)

By John H. Dorsch

The Home of Milton Sills

First National Star

❧

WITH a home atmosphere of its own "that" intangible but nevertheless positive "something" that Milton has, is reflected in his home and its wonderful furnishings. The subtle appeal is present, the appeal that you instinctively know—is Milton's. And this appeal is more pronounced than ever when Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) says "This is a rare antique; that is an unusual piece from—" and so on through this great home and grounds. At each step and turn one encounters "that something"—particularly noticeably when Mrs. Sills pridefully suggests that you do not miss seeing Milton before leaving.

❧

Beautiful and Accurately True Spanish Architecture

SPANISH Renaissance to the smallest detail—many of the structural features were imported and are authentic and real antiques. Ornamental grill work and gratings, age-worn casings, with Mediaeval stained glass for windows, iron-studded doors, locks, knockers, latches, etc.—all are from Spain. The furnishings are exquisite and interesting, everything of the true Spanish motif, drapes, great chairs and couches, marvelous fireplace, also an unusual collection of books, bric-a-brac and art pieces. The estate covers seven acres between Beverly and Brentwood, situated to permit a view of countryside and ocean. Many rare trees and flowers abound. There is an orchard of several acres, altogether with its numerous buildings and home a setting of marvelous beauty.

❧

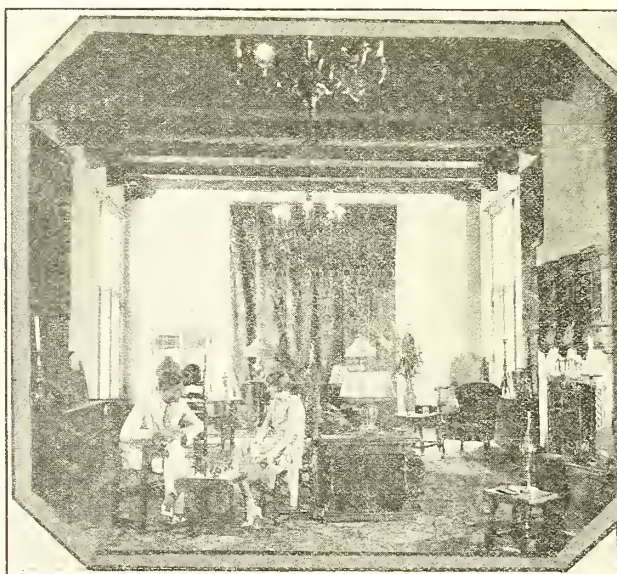
Thru eyes of love—
and gates of steel

A Glimpse of the Library

REACHED from the courtyard through the huge front door, you will note the beamed ceiling and elaborate fireplace. This room is an exceptionally fine example of that beauty and classical simplicity that exemplifies the true Spanish. It is here that friends gather and linger to enjoy the hospitality of their charming hosts.

THE LIVING ROOM

Where friends gather



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OVER ONCE

By Fuller Gloom



An Ode To "Odd"

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Diary of a modern Pepys. Up late, and tingled madly the bell for Marcel to burry my coffee (just an old Southern custom); my guzzle of orange juice and my sherry and egg—minus the sherry—and greatest of all the newspaper which contains the column of my favorite columnist and "otherwise" writer, O. O. McIntyre, affectionately referred to as "Odd" by those who know him—and likewise by a lot who would make you believe that they know him. Coffee, orange juice, a raw egg and "Odd's" (I'm one of the make believe) column—and I'm ready for the day—and the day seems ready for me.

HAVE you ever received letters from someone that you never met—and in such profusion that sooner or later you felt as though you knew them? Well—that's rather far fetched—well let's try again: Have you ever read what someone writes in such quantities that you feel as though you—well have you made a sort of mental picture of them? Well, perhaps that's not very clear either—but—well come over some afternoon and I'll explain what I mean. Anyway, I feel as though I know this fellow "Odd," and I believe that I like him a whole lot better than a whole lot of people that I really do know. And so, if the old saying, "you really cannot bate anyone that you really know" is true, then I should like him more than ordinarily, for, if I like him without knowing him, knowing him, I should like him a whole lot more. Aw hell, this paragraph seems terribly muddled to me, but—well I mean right.

I KNOW New York, and have seen practically everything that Mr. McIntyre (this is a formal paragraph) has seen, but he seems to tell me about things which I saw, but which failed to register until I read what he has to say about them, and then I get off into a morning's reverie—from which my secretary at the office rudely disturbs me.

However, it generally happens that Mr. McIntyre (still formal) has just written about being tolerant—and I immediately become tolerant. Then in my sweetest

dulce-forte voice I answer that I am—on my way—arriving about three hours later.

IN the last issue of my silly lil ole magazine which I call "Hollywood Vagabond," for no good reason whatsoever, I wrote, sorter kiddingly about all the great people I met, making out that I was "Odd" (there I go again being informal—and friendly like) and telling you—both of you who read it—including Finis Fox—about all the great people I met. Well, y'know, at the time I thought it was funny, but someone that knows this "Odd" fellow pretty well, Mickey Neilan, Joe Schenck or Will Hays, I've forgotten just exactly who, up and tells me that "Odd" knows more prominent people than Maurice Demand—and boy believe me—that is going some. I do know for a fact though, that Mr. Brisbane, the man who Mr. Hearst is working for, told me that next to himself he considered Mr. O. O. McIntyre the greatest writer of the present age. Whew! If you don't believe that that's a compliment try and think of a better one.

BUT what I'm fundamentally (yep—I looked that up and I spelled it right the first time) trying to get over to you is that fact that when a yokel or some other human being is pleased with the work of Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Billie Dove, Dolores De Rio, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Tom Mix, Vic McLaghen, Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks and a few hundred others—why they write 'em a "fan letter"—and as I'm in this here motion picture world (don't get jealous, 'cause I'm in it—but on the ragged edge), I have a sort of pet aversion to writing fan letters, so I wanted to take this sort of way to let both of my subscribers—including Finis Fox—and this great guy "Odd" (I'll have you thinking he and I went to school together) know—that as far as I'm concerned, Mr. Hearst can save a lot of money (which he can then waste by making pictures) if he will forget all the Chicago "minute men," the New York "suicide club" and all the rest of his news and confine himself to have this man

write more of his wanderings—of his going hither and yon, and of any darn old thing he pleases. I'll guarantee him that his circulation will not drop off one bit, and he won't have to give away any life insurance policies to get new subscribers.

INCIDENTALLY I might add that I really do not have to get to my office until 12 o'clock—and if "Odd" wants to write more than he does—well it will just suit me fine—and I know that I will never be missed—at the office—except on

the days when I am supposed to sign the checks—and even then—if they were rubber—they could stretch them to where I live—and they could bounce back—couldn't they?

WELL, I just have got to stop. Cecil—the great De Mille—in case you don't know who I mean—wants to speak to me—confidentially I guess he wants me to lunch with him—but can you imagine his embarrassment when I tell him that I will be there—on time.

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WE FOUND THAT OUT!

FOR every good picture made in Hollywood, there are four not so good. In other words, One Out of Five Has "It."

"It," according to the well known fictionist who popularized the word, is synonymous of personality, pep, attractiveness or drawing power, without which neither human nor commodity can be expected to sell.

Its absence in humankind is unavoidable; in motion pictures it is due to either neglect or ignorance. The producer leaves too much to chance or else doesn't know what it takes to make a picture such as the public likes and is willing to pay its money to see. More often, though, it is the former reason—neglect.

Hollywood is said to be in the midst of a production slump. Over production is given as the reason for the current curtailment of film making. The slowing up of studio machinery means loss of income to thousands of workers whose livelihood is dependent upon continued operation of the film plants. It means loss of business to Hollywood and a lessening of morale of all those engaged in the picture business.

The slump, charged to over production, is, in reality, due to over production of bad pictures, and bad pictures, as a rule, are due to lack of preparation and to hurried filming. High salaried stars and directors must be kept working at top speed, and the result is a product made under pressure, which, like a cake baked in a too hot oven, is soggy in the center.

An individual case, which is but one of many, is that of a picture now in the making at one of the larger studios. It was originally scheduled as a "special," but as the time allowed the director for filming was insufficient he became a week behind schedule. To make up the lost time, he was obliged to work his company day and night, putting the "special" on a "quickie" basis. The film, well begun, is now being rushed to completion without regard to quality or workmanship.

The answer, as we see it, is fewer and better pictures. More care expended in story preparation, more efficient production heads, the abolishment of so-called "supervisors," and vesting of more authority in directors who have proved their ability to make pictures that make money.

When this is accomplished, we believe over production will be a thing of the past. A high grade product never grows stale on the shelf.

With a Fence Running 'round

IN DAYS of yore the ambition of the average Broadway stage actor was to own a little chicken ranch on Long Island, there to settle down to a life of ease during his declining years.

The stage actor lived in a trunk, so to speak. His home, a hotel room; his pets, a canary bird, a couple of fish and a poodle dog. Quite natural, then, that he should vision a green yard and little white hens.

Times have changed. The stage actor of today aspires to fame in pictures. His ambition is to own a Spanish home in the hills of Hollywood, a shiny roadster, pepper trees and a Jap boy to brew his tea.

Many an actor has saved a lifetime for the chicken ranch. Real estate on Long Island comes high and Broadway has a way of eating up one's savings.

In Hollywood the average actor often earns enough in a few months to buy the home in the hills, and he finds living less expensive and more enjoyable.

California and the motion picture have brought stability to the professional. The actor, once a squanderer, is now a home lover. With success comes the desire to own the place in which they live—the craving for a permanent abode, which, after all, is primitive instinct.

The motion picture people of today are building for the future. They are creative—constructive. The influence of the home will be far-reaching in effect and eventually the entire film industry will benefit as a result.

Preview Shoppers

HALF a score of motion picture men and women of our acquaintance nightly shop for previews as a thrifty housewife would inspect the markets for bargains in soap or onions.

After phoning all the local show houses to determine whether or not a picture is to be previewed there on that night, they drive from one theater to another, watching for the searchlight that denotes two pictures for the price of one.

Theaters are willing and anxious to preview good films, since on the nights they are shown, attendance is boosted considerably. But the studio's editorial department, whose members' duty it is to try out the new pictures, seldom get a legitimate audience reaction when the spectators are, for the most part, professional people, engaged in the making of motion pictures.

We believe that the producers should get together and insist that theaters previewing films refrain from advertising the fact before hand. The picture should be "sprung" on the audience as a surprise. There should be no searchlight and no marquee display to attract the professional preview shopper.



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Brothers Under the Skin

An interesting fact in connection with the ever consistent work of Charley Chase, Hal Roach star, in short length comedies—and a fact that is rarely appreciated by an audience—is the fact that his comedies are made under the direction of his own brother, James Parrott.

A few years ago Chase was a director and Parrott an actor, but the inclinations of each urged a reverse of these positions. For a time, however, both were acting and as there was a strong family resemblance, added to the similarity in names, Chase decided to "make" a new name for himself.

Consequently he agreed to insert a pin between two leaves of a telephone directory, consenting to accept thenceforth and forever the name indicated by the pin point. "Chase" was the result and Charley Chase he has been ever since. For the past year Parrott has been

his director and his comedies are supervised by Leo McCarey.

Like so many successful comedians, Chase came to motion pictures with a vaudeville background. He is a native of Baltimore, Maryland.

Chase has just signed a new five year contract to appear in two reel comedies for Hal Roach, to be distributed by M.-G.-M. This, in spite of the fact that he was the recipient of very flattering offers from Robert Kane and M.-G.-M. to appear in feature length comedies.

Chase believes, with Roach, that the two reel comedy offers greater opportunity and is as it has ever been, the real foundation of the industry.

Chase's latest Hal Roach comedy for M.-G.-M. release is "Never the Dames Shall Meet," in which he is assisted by a trio of beautiful and accomplished young ladies, Edna Marion, Viola Richard and Anita Garvin.

New Flower Shop Opens in Burbank

As another addition to the already fast growing section of Burbank in the vicinity of the First National Studios, comes the announcement of the opening next Monday of the First National Flower Shop, directly opposite the studios on Olive avenue.

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When Dreams Come True

Dreams have an unpleasant faculty of vanishing, but fortunately they played an important role in Esther Ralston's career.

Not so many years ago, a golden haired baby toddled onto a stage in an old New England city to the accompaniment of an enthusiastic burst of applause. A little later, back in a small hotel room, this same baby cuddled up to her mother and asked numerous questions while looking through a picture book.

The baby of this story was Esther Ralston, now the detectable blonde beauty of Paramount pictures.

Like the children, who in certain parts of the world who are born to the purple. Esther Ralston did not have to seek her career. She was literally born to a theatrical life.

When other children of her age were lisping thru kindergarten and then running home for a romp in the nursery, little Esther was hurrying to a matinee performance. When other kiddies no older than she, were being tucked into their own little beds at the end of the day, the golden haired baby actress was being put to bed in a theatrical boarding house or was climbing into a train berth.

It was a hard school for the little girl who was later to become famous and from it, Esther Ralston acquired two abiding passions that were to have a great influence upon her future. One, and the greatest, was to be a success in her chosen career. The other, was to have a home of her own. She has reached both goals now and has set new ones to work toward.

During the days of her early childhood it was of a home that little Esther thought more than fame. She tells me that the odor of cookies, baking in the oven at some girl friend's home hurt her with an actual physical pang that she can still remember, even to this day.

Probably this dream of a home that would eliminate boarding houses and trains from the theme of things had its part in leading the golden haired girl to the films. At any rate, moving pictures afforded the ideal medium through which she realized both of her major dreams by having a successful theatrical career and a home at the same time.

Of course, this business of being born to a theatrical career has its compensations also. Learning to walk is quite an adventurous thrill to the average child. Ordinary walking was nothing to little Esther. Tight rope walking brought the real thrills.

Esther was taught tight rope walking at an age when

most children are still crowing over their first unaided dash from the chair . . . to daddy's knee.

One thrill that she experienced when she was five years old, almost brought an end to little Esther's career. It did end her acrobatic performances and thus saved another star for filmland's constellation. It happened while Esther was on a vaudeville tour with her parents. Her part in the acrobatic act the Ralston's gave, was to swing from the flying rings which her father, suspended from a trapeze, supported on a thong held in his teeth. It was near the close of an evening's performance and little Esther was having the time of her life as she swung about on the rings while the audience held its breath. Suddenly, something happened and the little girl plunged downward to the stage to lie there in a crumpled heap. They took her to a hospital and it was five weeks later when she left there, never to resume her career as an acrobat.

Five years old and a career ended! At an age when learning the alphabet looks like a life job to most children, this little girl was wondering what in the world she could do now that her first occupation was closed to her.

Later Esther began taking dancing lessons. So, between schools, and there were many of them as Esther continued to travel

with her parents, and after school hours, the little ex-acrobat worked at her dancing. Then came the proudest hour of her life when she was allowed to have a part in the new act her parents were staging. Her dancing was an important and popular part of that individual act, which consisted of dramatic sketches and once again, the world looked like a very promising place to this young lady.

Dreams have an unpleasant faculty of vanishing into thin air, however, and the golden haired dancing girl had another bitter disappointment in store for her. She had, with much difficulty, obtained the permission of her parents to take a small part with a New York production and then less than two weeks after starting on the great adventure, she had to quit it. A representative of the Child Welfare League saw to that. Esther was too young and so the schoolroom again claimed her. There were many days and nights, this little golden haired miss wished and hoped that the

darned old school house would burn down. All kiddies, at some time or other in their blessed little lives have wished the same and Esther was no exception.

Fortunately for Esther, angels are popularly imagined as beautiful creatures who invariably have long golden hair. As a girl of

(Continued on Page 13)

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Mr. Rock informs us that he intends to construct a tennis court, a swimming pool and also a stable. Mr. and Mrs. Rock are very ardent horseback riders and a pony is to be provided for their little daughter, Felippa.

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I N T R O D U C I N G

Josephine Dunn

Josephine Dunn, blonde beauty of many Paramount pictures, has had an extreme variety of life. Vaudeville and Musical Comedy are two very severe teachers. When Jesse Lasky, Vice President of the Paramount organization, founded his school of motion picture acting, among the very first that took active interest was Josephine. Her grace, beauty and intelligence created a part in "Firemen, Save My Child," starring Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. A small part in "Fascinating Youth," elevated her to an important part in "Rolled Stockings." She played in Bebe Daniels' starring vehicle, "She's a Shiek," and had an excellent part with Clara Bow in "Get Your Man." Here is a little girl that deserves an opportunity and if given it, will prove her ability. Hal Roach please note.

Betty Compson

Betty Compson has made many successful pictures and with all her success, never lost a disposition her friends of both sexes declare to be "the essence of sweetness and perfection." Betty's first appearance in pictures was with Universal. With all the praise showered on her by executives and critic, Betty did not seem to be happy and contented. Determined to avoid the "slap stick" variety of comedy, although it caused her much anxiety and really did retard her progress in films, it was the beginning of a new era in the picture game for her. There were days, weeks and months when she felt as though she had made a mistake but a determination to try for bigger and better parts, had its reward. It was the leading feminine role in "The Miracle Man." From that time up to the present day, her successful rise to Cinema heights seems like ancient history.

Phyllis Haver

Once again, Mack Sennett definitely convinces that his students can portray feeling in dramatic characterizations as well as comedy.

The very mention of Phyllis Haver's name is synonymous with comedy, however, the variety taught and dispensed by this famous "star-maker" is convincing proof of his school's versatility.

Phyllis served her apprenticeship on the Sennett lot and no less a personage than C. B. De Mille declared, that her work in "Chicago," is so impressive that she is destined to become one of the screen's most emotional actresses. Youth, ability, brains and beauty are Miss Haver's requisites to fame.

We predicted his long, long ago.

Louise Fazenda

"Laugh and the world laughs with you . . . weep and you weep alone."

This is the psychology of Louise Fazenda, the girl who helped make Indiana, her home state, famous as a producer of famous personages.

Louise is one of the most gifted and talented comedienne on the screen. Her success in pictures have been a series of heart-aches to obtain recognition. But when she finally, through ability, so impressed producers that she was the possessor of a new type of screen characterization, her success was an assured fact. Her most recent performance in "A Texas Steer," definitely stamps her as one of the screen's most famous comedienne.

Shirley Dorman

Shirley Dorman, a brunette type that any gentleman would prefer, even at first glance, surely is on the road to success. Her first opportunity to exhibit her charming personality was in "The Sensation Seekers," for Universal. So pleased was Carl Laemmle, Jr., with her ability that he gave her a greater opportunity in "The Collegiate Series," and Shirley did not disappoint him. A greater chance came when she was cast for an important part in "The Poor Nut." Then, Paramount signed her up and her most recent work was with Florence Vidor in her latest starring vehicle, "One Woman to Another." From all reports, Shirley Dorman is destined to become another Paramount find and she deserves it.

Lina Basquette

Lina Basquette has been described by a noted director as a "whirlpool of passion—emotion."

Gifted with the fire of youth, charming, vivacious and beautiful . . . a figure slim and well moulded . . . finely chiseled features . . . blue-black hair . . . luminous dark eyes with long curling lashes . . . a brilliant smile exposing teeth like pearls.

Judging from the many varieties of appellations bestowed on this beautiful creature seems quite appropriate. For this unusual gifted girl is slated for the leading feminine role in one of the most pretentious production to be made in Hollywood. According to all reports, she will be a sensation in it.

Conrad Nagel

Conrad Nagel has been termed the "unspoiled lover" of the silver screen.

In all his portrayals of screen characters, he has always given a characterization of typical youth and the unsophistication thereof and acclaimed by the public as one of the most popular leading men on the screen. To know Conrad Nagel personally, is an asset to anyone. He is kind, generous to a fault, lives according to his faith and always—a gentleman. The industry as a whole would profit greater if there were more of his calibre connected with it.

Fay Webb

"There comes a time in the lives of all young girls when nothing but a screen or stage career will complete their life-long ambition." This philosophy has been advocated by every scribe of national prominence and thousands of articles have been spread broadcast throughout the world by them. In fact, it has been worked into numerous scenarios and quite a few stage plays, but still it will not deter the ambition of youth. Fay Webb, the girl with the green eyes and prize winning beauty, confided to me that ever since she could remember, her greatest desire was for a cinema career. She dreamed of the time when she would play the leading lady, opposite Ramon Navarro, Jack Gilbert or some Prince Charming of the screen. All her waking hours were centered in this realm of make-believe and of the day when she would be a movie star. And now, Fay's life long ambition has been gratified to the extent that she is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Webb is the daughter of Clarence Webb, chief of police of Santa Monica, extremely pretty with all the photographic qualities and a wonderful physique.

The Battle of the Stars

By FINIS FOX

(Mr. Finis Fox, the screen author of "The Bad Man," "My Son," "A Woman Who Sinned," "Resurrection" and who has just finished "Romola" for United Artists, aside from possessing one of the finest minds in the motion picture industry, is a great student of human characteristics, and a careful and constructive critic. His angle of the greatest of evils which beset motion picture stars is worthy of deep consideration, and I sincerely hope that the presentation of this article from the pen of this gifted writer, will awaken certain stars to the full realization of the one great factor which may lengthen their permanency in the stellar firmament. The Editor.)

The fortunes of the stars ebb and flow like the tides of the sea, receding and flowing with the public's reaction to their performances as their pictures are released.

Only great screen personalities can survive a series of mediocre pictures. And even these luminaries will ultimately be engulfed unless occasionally they appear in a picture that has the surge and sweep and grandeur of a tidal wave.

Today, in Hollywood, many stars are drifting out to sea, drifting out in stories that are water-logged, in pictures that are floundering in a fog of mediocrity.

Ordinary pictures no longer attract the public, for the public, satiated with pictures that are just pictures, has become discriminating.

In this highly competitive era no actor, or actress, can rise above the struggling, ambitious crowd unless fortunate enough to secure a great part in a great picture; and then he, or she, must give a performance that plumbs the depths, and scales the heights, of emotional histrionism . . . a brilliant characterization that leaves its imprint upon the public.

For this reason, the stars are constantly engaged in a battle for supremacy . . . a battle to secure the best story, the most capable writer, the greatest director, the most artistic cameraman.

It is a desperate battle of wits, studio politics, social rivalries, and professional jealousies — the established stars fighting to retain their positions, to hold and increase their popularity; the embryonic stars using every strategic move to displace the popular favorites, to reach the pinnacle of stardom.

After all, the real crux of the situation is the story.

No star can rise higher than the story. A brilliant performance in a poorly constructed story is wasted.

The sophisticated, smart, wise-cracking type of story is on the toboggan. Human stories, vital and throbbing with life, are the kind of

stories now coming into vogue.

This means that there will be a general shifting of directors. The director, unable to grasp the deep emotions of life, and who resorts to physical, melodramatic clap-trap to hide his deficiencies, is doomed.

The public is fed up on hokum, sated with artificialities, nauseated with far-fetched situations that merely shock the senses and do not convince the mind.

It is hungry for the drama that warms the heart stirs the imagination, and mirrors the struggle of the soul.

The use of physical action in the big pictures of tomorrow will be used only as a means of expressing the drama of the soul.

In the battle for supremacy the stars who survive will owe their prestige primarily to the writers; writers capable of giving psychology, as well as dramatic treatment to a story . . . writers who understand human nature and are gifted with the screen technique necessary to tell a story in a symphony of pictures . . . writers who study the personalities of the stars and who know how to create dramatic situations that bring out the souls of the stars just as costumers study the physical contours of the

stars and design for them gowns that bring out the beauty of their forms and faces.

No star can hope to remain a star who does not sense this impending crisis; who does not realize that the vogue of vaudeville and prologues in the picture palaces is due to the failure of pictures to please the public; who does not awaken to the wisdom of Shakespeare that "the play is the thing."

And no star who does not insist upon the engagement of writers capable of bringing out his or her most intriguing qualities of personality in the treatment of screen stories can hope to escape interment in the cemetery of dead celebrities.

Tiffany-Stahl Productions

Jack Richardson. Rosemary Theby and Charges Clary have been added to the cast of "A Woman Against the World," an all-star cast headed by Harrison Ford and Georgia Hale, now in production at the Tiffany-Stahl studios.

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VETERANS TO STAGE HOLLYWOOD FIESTA

Plans already perfected before the time we went to press indicated that a mile-long list of "big names" of motion pictures would be added to the spectacular features of the "Hollywood Fiesta" at the Bowl Saturday and Sunday afternoon, which is to be given by the Greater Hollywood Post Number 1508, Veterans of Foreign Wars.

This big outdoor spectacle is being arranged to raise funds for the work of the Post, which is chiefly among disabled veterans. The Post has managed to do a good work for a long time without seeking charity funds. For disabled men whose physical condition prevents heavy work, the Post has secured, through the co-operation of motion picture executives, as much work as possible for them in military scenes of pictures being produced, and work of other light character. A sick fund and other benefits have

been maintained, and an office.

Some of the stars who were able definitely to give their promises of attending, and who have favored the disabled veterans' employment in pictures on all occasions, are Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Norman Kerry, Lewis Stone, Eddie Gribbon, Johnnie Harron, Edmund Breese, James A. Marcus, Lester Bates, Buddy Jamison and Ruth Roland, godmother of the Post. These celebrities and perhaps twenty more of prominence, besides a great cast of one thousand artists and five hundred beautiful girls, will participate.

The ceremony of raising the flag will open the show, with hundreds of players in colorful costumes marching into the stage area over the hillsides back of the Bowl. The setting of the "Fiesta" is a little Spanish town in the days of the Dons, and the program will consist of thirty or forty numbers in rapid-fire succession, closed with the lowering of the flag.

Introducing John H. Dorsch

"Who Knows His Homes"

The Vagabond announces with genuine pleasure the completion of a special arrangement with Mr. Dorsch, who, beginning with this issue, will edit THE FILM STARS HOME Section. Mr. Dorsch is particularly suited to fill this interesting post, his many years' experience as Display Manager and Furniture Advertising Writer qualifies him as an authority. He is in the "know" on what's what in Home Furnishing and Fine Homes.

With each succeeding issue of the Vagabond and through its pages Mr. Dorsch will conduct you through the homes of folks who are prominent in the motion picture industry, for within the film star's dwelling is the peaceful privacy that makes a home.

Intimate glimpses into this realm is truly an unusual privilege—for in these days of increasing interest in original sources no subject lends itself to a more absorbing study than does a visit into homes where originality in decorative schemes has its origin, where development of a technique in expression is vividly portrayed by the assembly of furnishings within these homes.

It may be fitting at this juncture to point out that Hollywood Vagabond readers will find The Film Star Home Section a pleasing departure from the usual descriptive articles of this nature.



John H. Dorsch

Sills-Kenyon and Gunning

Doris Kenyon, delightful and talented actress, will appear as leading woman for Milton Sills in "Burning Daylight," popular Jack London story, when the popular star starts work on the film version for First National Pictures.

Miss Kenyon recently completed the feminine lead with Sills in "The Valley of the Giants" and this marked her return to the screen after several months' absence owing to illness.

Wid Gunning will again officiate as producer and Charles Babin will handle the directorial reins on the new picture, which will take the company to the snow country for exterior scenes.

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Clever Alice Day Has Her Day

A valuable document in the form of a contract for a birthday present was the sensation enjoyed by Alice Day on attaining her majority, for the pretty little star was handed the leading role opposite William Haines. Jack Conway is to direct the story for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

With the gift, on the same day, came the good news that her latest melodrama, "The Gorilla," in which she played the feminine lead, would be given its world premiere at the Million Dollar theatre here on November 17.

Many other gifts flowed into her apartment at the Los Altos, where she resides with her sister, Marceline Day, equally prominent as a star, and her mother, Mrs. Irene Day.

The author of "The Gorilla," Ralph Spence, sent in a congratulatory wire expressing his delight at the manner in which she had caught the spirit of the heroine.

Before she started free lancing as a leading lady in dramas and comedy dramas, Miss Day was a featured comedienne with Mack Sennett.

Clever Author With Sennett

Edward Adamson, author and scenarist, now writing comedies and feature length scenarios for the Mack Sennett studio, has had a colorful life. He has been around the world four times and visited practically every port of importance on the face of the globe. Adamson has been a soldier, sailor, Canadian trapper and a South Sea Island refugee. He has a broad knowledge of foreign habits and customs. Many incidents of his travels are included in his screen stories. Adamson wrote "The Night Cry," "Shanghaied," "South Sea Love," and "Hero of the Big Snows."

Butler's Picture at the "Roxy"

Glowing reports are pouring into Hollywood over the wonderful reception accorded Dave Butler's first directorial attempt, "The High School Hero," which recently opened at the Roxy Theater in New York.

Prominent amongst the cast of Dave's picture were Sally Phipps, David Rollins, Nick Stuart and John Darrow. The entire Fox organization seemed exceedingly

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Weight's "Symphony" Is a Great Picture

Director F. Harmon Weight, who recently completed "The Symphony," one of Universal's finest pictures, was formerly a well known stage director and

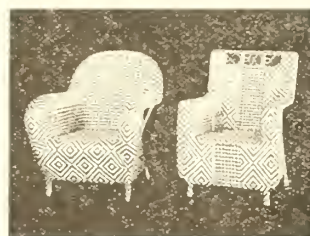
pleased at the success of this picture and have already started Butler on his second picture.

actor. He began his career as a young actor playing tank towns throughout the middle west. After several years, he quit the stage and started his film career. "The Man Who Played God," featuring George Arliss, was Weight's initial directorial effort. Among the other successful pictures he has made are included "Driscilla With a Million," "Forever After," and "Flaming Waters."

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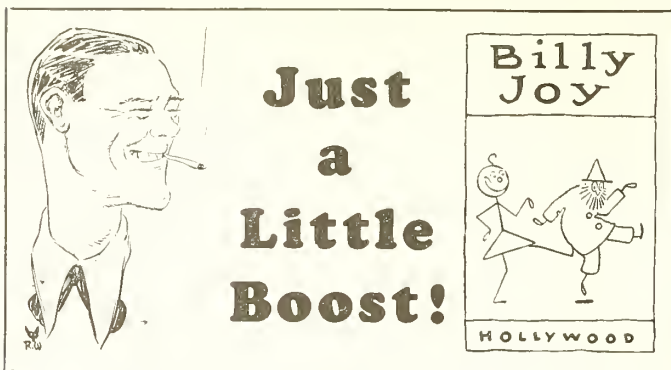
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Hollywood is getting to be more than famous—we are now setting the style in flowers. The House of Flowers devised a clever arrangement of three or six gardenias in a row to be worn in place of an orchid corsage and New York copied the charming idea immediately.

At any rate no one can convince us that Douglas Fairbanks was the cameraman on the Gaucho.

Shortly Jack White will be in a position to inject some original gags into his domestic comedies. Nay, Nay, Pauline.



Eddie Kaufman, connected with Educational comedies, writes in to inform us that we have erroneously rated him as a casting director—which is wrong—and also takes the time to inform us that Educational employs no casting director. We rush madly to make the correction. Eddie is really a big man on the Educational lot—and as they employ no casting director—we take it that they do their casting in a general sort of way.

Just wait until Victor McLaglen gets an appetite—

he'll show you what a "trooping fool" he really can be.

Jack Gilbert in "The Snob," May McAvoy in "The Little Snob"—now the field is wide open—whose going to play the lead in "The Big Snob." Send in your suggestions to the contest editor—you're supposed to leave me off the list.

The Breakfast Club uses the following line: "Bring your enemy here and make him a friend." A certain casting director remarked that he would do that but the Breakfast Club was not large enough.



The Gaucho gave Grauman The Groucho.

One of those pretty little things that are responsible for making weak men weaker, was heard to remark: "Oh! dear, I must rush right off to the corner and purchase one of those box lunches—my husband is bringing a guest to dinner."

Hollywood Vagabond

If the studios were as discourteous to theater owners as some theatre owners are to prominent members of the motion picture industry—insofar as according them slight courtesies are concerned when certain pictures of stars are showing—well they would get just what should be coming to them—the only difference is that when they visit a studio it costs the studio approximately one hundred and fifty dollars per person, while



when a star visits their theatre it costs them nothing but a word of welcome and access to the theatre without having to stand in line outside and be ogled at. For what the great stars have done for the theatres, they ought to be supplied with an engraved card which would give them carte blanche to any motion picture theatre in the United States.

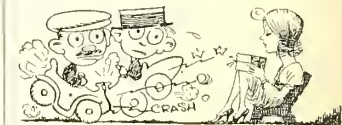
A certain prominent actor, on the morning following one of those "Glendale Nights," arose and looking at his face in the mirror, remarked: "Ye gods—my face—I thought it was a storm coming up."

Raoul Walsh ought to see Archie Mayo EAT—he'd never even evel speak to Vic McLaglen.

On these crisp cool afternoons can you imagine anything finer than to be able to drop into the Roosevelt hotel for a bit of tea—and White Rock—and a dance. Well—it won't be long now.

Carl Laemmle, 'tis said, paid \$225,000 for Broadway—his assistants had better not let him know that Broadway was once purchased for a string of beads.

"Guess what's in it?" used to be applied to hash—now to box lunches.



A studio news item has just reached me which reads in part as follows: "A springless cot, a bedraggled trunk, a battered chair and a broken down dresser with a flawed mirror are the furnishings in the room of the hero of "The Red Mark". Where do you expect to show production if you have sets like that.

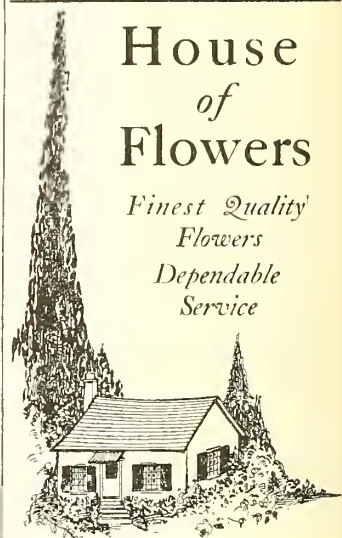
From now on Victor McLaghlen's contracts are to read: So and so many thousands of dollars per week—and EATS.



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When Dreams Come True

(Continued from Page 6)

thirteen, Esther was already beautiful and she wore her long blonde hair in curls that gave her an ethereal appearance. It so happened, that shortly after the arrival of the Ralston family in Glendale, California, that Esther was a visitor on the moving picture set of Lois Weber. Miss Weber needed an angel for her picture and Esther needed a job. The director saw the quiet, beautiful girl with the long golden curls and both needs were gratified and satisfied.

That was Esther's first experience in pictures. She had many after that; some that would outrival any dreaming Cinderellas and others that were equally discouraging.

After her part in the Weber production, there were days when she would go from one studio to another, seeking employment but to no avail. Then, she finally gained a foothold, playing bits and small parts . . . all teaching her a great deal of the mechanics of motion picture acting and a small steady income.

And then came the slump in the motion picture industry . . . suddenly and definitely. Studios closed down . . . contracts were canceled . . . there was not work for any one . . . and, the panic was on. It actually appeared as if Esther Ralston's career was at an end. During the months that followed, the girl lived on the little money she had saved. Although she made the rounds of the studios every day with her manager, they met with no success. At times she even considered going back on the stage and was preparing herself for this if the break in pictures did not come.

However, a "break" did come. Cecil B. De Mille, who was seeking a cast for "The Golden Bed," was having some trouble in locating his principal feminine lead. This was a tip and Esther decided to run it down. She waited in Mr. De Mille's outer office for two days trying to get to him and when she finally was ushered into the great director's office, she

was non plused for the moment. After a few words, Mr. De Mille told her he could not use her and the long awaited for interview was a closed incident in her life. When she passed out of the office and started towards the street, Herbert Brenon saw Esther and walking up to her, said: "I'm Herbert Brenon. If Mr. De Mille is not going to use you in his picture, there may be a part in my next one. If you will come over to my office we can talk things over."

The part was the mother role in "Peter Pan." You can guess the rest as far as Esther's success in this famous feature was concerned.

Then Paramount gave her a contract. She accepted it and has been with the organization ever since.

Miss Ralston was in constant demand with the company and was sent to New York to Paramount's Long Island studio when production activities in Hollywood were slowed down. She made numerous pictures in New York, the last of the series being with Richard Dix in "The Quarterback."

About this time, James Cruze started casting for "Old Ironsides," and selected Esther for the leading feminine role. Her work in this spectacle convinced studio officials that at last, the golden haired Esther was a star in her own right. Her last picture, "The Spotlight," is a fair example of what this charming star is capable of doing.

The career of Esther Ralston has been an extremely interesting one. She is now a star, but she has worked hard and faithful for that coveted position. With it all, she is just a dear, sweet, bit of loveliness who is entitled to all the good things of life. Her friends are many and judging from what they say of her there are not words enough in the English language to define her.

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James Parrott: Watch Him

A brother of one of the screen's most likeable and popular comedians, Charlie Chase—but we won't hold that against him. This young chap, Jimmy, is a director at the Roach studios—and he's turning out some of the greatest comedies ever made on "the lot that knows how to make 'em."

James Parrott, fundamentally a comedy constructionist, has been exceptionally well schooled in the art of making motion pictures, and altho of a quiet and retiring nature, he's going to make a lot of folks stand up and take notice—and laugh—and in comedies it's the laughs that count—even if titles have to come to the rescue of some of them—ask Beanie Walker.

James Parrott—Brother of Charlie Chase—Watch him.



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PARKING GAS AND OIL

"The Guy Who's Stubbed His Toe"

(Especially here in Hollywood, where illusions and little day dreams are so rudely shot to hell—where hearts ache and pine for comfort—we believe that the following poem if read and practiced—would do a great deal in helping make this place an even greater spot to live in.

Burr McIntosh, Hollywood's cheerful philosopher, recited this poem one bright, gloriously gorgeous morning at The Breakfast Club, and—well I'm just sorry for you if you missed hearing him.—The Editor.)

DID you ever meet a youngster who has been and stubbed his toe,

An' was settin' by the roadside,
just a-cryin' soft and low,
A-holdin' of his dusty foot, so hard
and brown and bare,

Tryin' to keep from his eyes the
tears a-gatherin' there?

You hear him sort o' sobbin' like,
an' sniffin' of his nose;

You stop and pat him on the head
an' try to ease his woes,

You treat him sort o' kind like, an'
the first thing that you know,

He's up and off a-smilin', clean for-
got he's stubbed his toe.

Now, 'long the road of life you'll
find a fellow goin' slow,

An' like as not he's some poor cuss
who's been and stubbed his toe;

He was unakin' swimmin' headway
till he bumped into a stone,

An' his friends kept hurryin' on-
ward, an' left him there alone;

He's not sobbin', he's not sniffin',
he's just too old for cries,

But he's grievin' just as earnest, if
it only comes in sighs,

An' it does a lot of good sometimes
to go a little slow,

An' speak a word o' comfort to the
guy who's stubbed his toe.

You know, you're not so sure your-
self, an' there ain't no way to know

Just when it's comin' your time
to slip an' stub your toe;

Today, you're bright and happy in
the world's sunshine and glow,

An' tomorrow you're a-freezin' and
trudgin' through the snow.

The time you think you've got the
world the tightest in your grip

Is the very time you'll find that
you're the likeliest to slip.

So it does a lot o' good sometimes
to go a little slow,

An' speak a word o' comfort to the
guy who's stubbed his toe.

—James Foley.

Ned Sparks Plays Inebriated (hic) Role

Many folks in the motion picture colony are anxiously awaiting the initial showing of Jimmy Cruze's picture, "On To Reno," in which it is said Ned Sparks does an exceptionally fine piece of characterization. The part is that of a fellow with one of those perpetual "buns," who is in Reno looking for his estranged wife. This ought to be a "sweet part" for Ned.

Wampas Choice Making Good

The Wampas have reason to be exceptionally proud of one of their choice of Baby Stars or 1927. By this we mean that clever little lady, Gladys McConnell, who has been with Harry Langdon for the past nine months, playing the lead in "Three's a Crowd" and "The Chaser." Incidentally the Wampas are due pretty soon to again make their choice of Baby Stars and Hollywood Vagabond knows of one that looks like one of the very best bets ever offered.

Hagerman Titles Dog Star Picture

Arthur Q. Hagerman, former publicity purveyor for the Hal Roach studios, but more recently free lancing as a title writer, has just titled a Pathefeature picture, "Marley The Killer." Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Blanche Mehaffey, Joseph Girard and Sheldon Lewis are featured players. This is Hagerman's second title job for the McConnell outfit, the first being "The Silent Shadow."

DAVE THOMPSON

Production Genius of First National

For one to go into details regarding the man, David Thompson, popular and efficient executive at First National Westcoast studio, they would discover a fellow who is a vertible, perpetual motion of energy. And it would really seem to be a waste of words as far as the public is concerned to tell of his producing complex. However, no one man in the industry has had such a volume of experience as this man Thompson.

Actor, producer, manager, clubman, experienced executive and withal, a man with a remarkable compelling personality—that's David Thompson, at present holding the important position of Assistant Production Manager for First National organization.

For four years, he has been associated with this company and has in that time, accomplished many important things in connection with the production of films and the handling of innumerable problems.

In the years during which he has been connected with the Motion Picture industry, he has been associated with Fox, Metro, World and other producing companies. Prior to this, he was a vaudeville artist. He has also written extensively for the vaudeville stage—sketches and the like, in addition to material for musical comedies and revues.

Mr. Thompson is a popular clubman and a former Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. E., of New Rochelle, N. Y. Locally, he is active in the 233 and other clubs. In benefit affairs he is almost always called upon and invariably delivers the goods.

Always a booster, a dependable friend and a man of highest character and attainments, David Thompson occupies a most enviable position in the film world which he can be truthfully said to adorn.

Miss Hedda Hopper

the charming and talented actress, is noted for her exquisite taste in dress and for her magnificent costumes.

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Prologues---or what have you!

(Owing to the fact that the Sid Grauman prologue preceding "The Gaucho" has created such considerable praiseworthy comment—the following notes on prologues might be interesting.—The Editor.)

Within the past few months we have listened—by manner of public print—to a number of discourses as to the relative value of pictures—with and without preludes, presentations, prologues—and what have you?

In our outer comment we have been typically "yes" to most of the criticism, witticism, and other forms of expert opinion which were offered. At heart, we have been thoroughly of the "no" opinion.

It is extremely easy to sit back and criticize the other chap for his mistakes; probably we all do that more than we should. That, however, does not change the fact that it would be better were we all to "tend to our own knittin'"—and let the other fellow tend to his.

Even Kenneth Beaton—with whom we had the pleasure of working a number of years ago on Seattle newspapers—the famed K. C. B. of the Hearst papers—sees fit to assert (in no uncertain terms) that prologues are an absolute nuisance—and that "even if a picture was good—he wouldn't like it."

We regard Kenneth Beaton as a master of prose—more than that, a master of the use of the English language in a form that is particularly appealing to the public. He is a wonderful chap—personally, and otherwise, but we fail to see why K. C. B. should set himself on a pedestal and decide for the theatre-going public its likes and dislikes.

Nevertheless, we are part of the crowd which is nightly to be found at the box-office of the many West Coast Theatres in Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Francisco, and other Pacific Coast cities.

We are sufficiently willing to accept "things as they are" to know that the public not only is willing to accept prologues—but that Harold B. Franklin, President of West Coast Theatres, and undoubtedly one of the most efficient showmen in the West, has struck the key-note of public desire in his presentations in all of his theatres. The prologue may not meet with the approval of all—but—

It seems to help pack the theatres to capacity every night, and it is a dividend-maker for the West Coast Theatres.

Other theatres which play to ordinary audiences, one finds no difficulty in obtaining seats when you want them—whatever the hour may be.

Perhaps the public is entirely wrong—and doesn't know just exactly what it wants—but as long as the dear public is expected to pay the revenue, to chalk up scores as to box-office value of pictures—it would seem to us that the policy of giving it what it thinks it wants is dam good business.

Ask the Man—Harold B. Franklin.

STUDIES IN MAKE-UP

By Doraldina

(Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of intimate notes on the subject of make-up from some of the elite of the make-up artists of the Hollywood film colony. Others will follow in each issue of THE VAGABOND—and will attempt to present the ever alluring theme of make-up as it applies to the motion picture industry.)

Probably the best way for one to judge the art of make-up is for one to start with a minute study of the skin. This may sound extraordinary to the amateur—or one who is not thoroughly versed in the art of make-up—or to one who has not yet discovered the fact that the basis of all make-up must of necessity revert to that study.

As an example, it is well to point out that make-up is based, primarily, on the texture of one's skin. The same make-up which would absolutely be perfect under a spotlight on the legitimate stage would appear absolutely hideous under the microscopic detail of the motion picture camera. That is—in the sense that stage make-up has ordinarily been accepted.

Probably a study of the skin would appear highly technical in the ordinary sense of the word. To the artist in the motion picture colony, however, it becomes a matter of acute study and one which is of vital importance in every day life.

The skin which we see is epidermis, or scarf skin. It is composed of numerous thousands of cells which disintegrate or die constantly. Nature has provided that when this scarf skin sloughs away so minutely it is not seen by the human eye and that new cells are born, if the skin is in a healthy condition.

Directly underlying this shale skin is the dermi—or true skin. The scarf skin has no blood vessels, but it has numerous fine cells which give it a smooth surface. Its object is primarily one of protection. The dermi is made up of millions of fine cells among which lie minute blood vessels, nerves, sweat and sabaceous glands. Immediately underlying this are the fat cells, and underlying the fat cells are these muscles which hold the contour of the face.

These figures may seem extraordinary to you; if you will study them over for a moment you will realize that they are of vast importance to you in the future—for they will mean entire success or failure to you, in your every-day make-up. In view of the fact that your make-up simmers down to a

matter of camera reflections—or, if you prefer, a matter of the reflections which are taken up by the light and in turn transferred to the camera lens you will understand why I bring them out to the extent that I do.

From 640 to 2800 pores are to be found to the square inch of the body. These are composed of hair follicles and ordinary pores. The pores function by removing water, toxions and poisons from the blood. They take in oxygen, and crudely speaking, they breathe.

The sabaceous glands are for oily matter which is ex-

(Continued on Page 17)

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INSURANCE OF STARS INTERESTING STUDY

(The following article was compiled by EDDIE SHAEFER, one of Hollywood's most able and popular insurance representatives.—The Editor.)

As a class, the motion picture industry, particularly its stars and executives, represents a greater pro rata amount of insurance carried than any other industry in the world.

To substantiate these facts, let me present a few facts that are generally unknown to those outside the industry: Gloria Swanson carries the largest coverage amongst the feminine sex in the industry with \$2,000,000, followed by Mary Pickford, with \$1,000,000, and Norma Talmadge with \$1,250,000.

Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky and William Fox are each covered to the extent of \$5,000,000—representing a total of \$15,000,000 as a protection on the lives of these three men.

In the \$1,000,000 class are to be found the names of Constance Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Will Rogers, Richard Thomas, Eric von Stroheim, Harold Lloyd, and several others.

John Barrymore at present carries \$2,000,000, while Buster Keaton carries \$1,250,000.

It has been generally estimated that the total insurance coverage of stars and executives alone in the motion picture industry represents a total of some \$100,000,000—in other words, a quarter of a billion dollars for the personnel alone, not counting the tremendous amount represented by studios, film, equipment, wardrobe, automobiles and the many other objects

which a picture studio naturally protects.

Formerly the policy was for the producing company to insure a star for a given amount on short term insurance—generally just the length of time necessary to produce one individual picture. This policy, however, has been changed to one whereby the producing companies generally insure a star or a director (and always its executives) for a sufficient length of time to cover the contract entered into between the star and the company.

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Find the Man!!

Colleen Moore Offers Big Reward for Man

John McCormick, producer of Colleen Moore's First National pictures, is devoting his efforts almost exclusively these days to the quest for a leading man to play the role of the British soldier-hero in "Lilac Time," which is to be a special George Fitzmaurice-Colleen Moore production.

Preparations for the filming of this big picture, which will not be completed until spring, have been under way for weeks. It represents the largest undertaking in the star's career.

A great opportunity awaits the man who is chosen to play opposite Colleen Moore. In fact, it is believed that it will almost guarantee future stardom to the fortunate actor.

Monotone Style To Be Popular

Hollywood has an "air" about it these days. Well-bred clothes, the sort of clothes that smart, sophisticated Englishwomen of fashion choose, are finding their place in the scheme of things along the boulevard.

Monotone costumes, or color schemes lightened by tones rather than contrasts, are meeting with high approval, according to Mary Astor, beautiful First National actress who is achieving a dictatorial position in such things.

Miss Astor deviated slightly from her rule of single-tone construction in wearing a frock of chartreuse green georgette, which boasted pleated tiers bordered with velvet of a deeper green, the velvet repeated in bands about the hips and a large bow on one shoulder.

The amazing feature of this ensemble was a silky looking chartreuse green suede coat, trimmed in cocoa ermine with a slit in the shoulder that permitted the bow of the dress to come through and show to good advantage on the wrap.

Miss Astor believes that neutral shades are especially

desirable for street wear by women who are well known to the public, because she says it is impossible to wear brand new styles at all times.

"Actresses especially have a problem in the matter of being well dressed," said Miss Astor.

"For some reason she is not expected to wear the same costume twice. Well, even Henry Ford's wife couldn't afford that extravagance, but the wise actress I believe, wears neutral toned-clothes when she appears in public, unless it is a special occasion, because then she is less conspicuous."

Pola Negri Gives Timely Tip on Hair

Short hair will never go out of fashion, but many women will welcome the news that it is no longer fashionable to wear one's crowning glory long.

Here are a few hints for those who contemplate the plunge. Let the side hair grow long first, keeping the back of the neck clipped as usual. While the side hair is reaching the pinning-back stage, it is not difficult to keep the ends curled and pinned closely to the head, thus eliminating the straggling ends.

When the side hair has grown long enough to be pinned in a roll at the neck, the back hair can then be allowed to grow. Keep this back hair curled until long enough to be caught into the coil with the sides.

Final Scenes Shot On 'Wallflowers'

Final scenes for "Wallflowers," the Temple Bailey story brought to the screen at F. B. O. under the direction of Leo Meehan, were filmed today. This picture, made from one of the most popular novels published this year, features a notable cast, headed by Hugh Trevor and Mabel Julienne Scott and including Jean Arthur, Lola Todd, Charles Stevenson, Crauford Kent, Mrs. Temple Pigott and Reginald Simpson.

KIDDIE COLUMN

Virginia La Mond

Throat whistling was a gift of nature to little Virginia La Mond, the talented child of much stage and screen ability. Virginia has been whistling since she was two years old and is so remarkable that she has attracted the interest and attention of Kellogg, the whistler of national and international fame.

A child unusually well developed mentally, of striking appearance, of French-Spanish blood that enables her to slip naturally and vibrantly into any Latin or Grecian role—who still remains an unspoiled, artistic, appealing child—that's Virginia.

She especially enjoys her work in pictures and has done colorful bits in "Upstream," directed by John Griffith Wray; "The Unknown," starring Lon Chaney, and "Now We're in the Air."

Virginia has done individual numbers for Fanchon and Marco and is a club entertainer much in demand. Besides her whistling, she is an accomplished little violinist, and her mother, a concert pianist, plays all her accompaniments.

Lou Ostrow

Regardless of nationality of the children—a monkey can give a school-teacher a run for her money.

Pauline Starke was playing the role of the school-teacher on the Tiffany-Stahl lot in their production, "Streets of Shanghai," with a large class of about fifty kimonoed kiddies.

An Italian organ-grinder came by with a monkey.

The children would not

play school—not even for a motion picture director.

So Supervisor Lou Ostrow did the typically American thing of supplying the pennies—while the pupils had a most hilarious "recess."

Mickey Bennett

Mickey Bennett's part in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" at Christie's is a lot of fun for Mickey—but it's pretty hard on the rest of the cast—for they say he's the "worst boy at the circus"—but they say it with a smile.

Eleanor Lacy

Elizabeth Kosik

Ed Molnar

The Hungarian festival at the First National Studios where Joseph C. Boyle is directing "The Whip Woman" gives little Eleanor Lacy, Elizabeth Kosik and Ed Molnar a chance to do some clever acting.

Gloria Killian

Christie's have just signed a contract with little three-year-old Gloria Killian—another blonde. There were so many baby animals in the picture that its working title was "Chang Junior." Gloria was hardly aware of the camera while the scenes were being shot. She was too busy cheering the seals while they bounced rubber balls around with their noses and was having too much fun riding around on the baby elephant. The name of the picture has been changed to "Holy Macherel." It will be one of the Jimmie Adams series of Paramount-Christie comedies.

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STUDIES IN MAKE-UP

(Continued from Page 15)

uded to keep the hair and skin soft. The blood vessels of the dermi are far more numerous in the skin and face and from this we receive the color of our skins. Both of these secretions are necessary to the health of the skin and the hair.

It is readily understood, therefore, that if we have poor circulation in the dermi, we have the reflection optically of a poor skin, both in color and texture and its health. The oils that cover the skin lie in very thin layers, and in some people they are hardly seen—while in others they are readily distinguishable.

It is natural to assume that this covering is a breeding place for the propagation of any number of germs which may light on the skin during the course of the day. This is probably one of the best explanations as to why we have abrasions on our faces and other parts of the body—other than those which nature provides for.

It is a well known fact, according to Dr. Garbo and

others of international repute, that the biggest difficulty encountered in the care of the skins of the Anglo-Saxon race is the necessity of allowing nature to take care of those skins without interference. The use of oily creams and other direct interferences has become international in scope and we may well learn that nature has planned far more beautiful effects than we can ever hope to attain—with the provision that she is not interfered with.

In motion picture make-up we must first learn that we have an accepted plan of light reflection to contend with. This in itself is being more and more developed with the use of incandescent lights and a more acute sense of photography. In the future we must plan to make our make-ups coincide with this development of photography—and for our own individual and selfish motives must see that we work in with the efforts of nature—rather than interfering with them.

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The above costumes displayed by Mary Astor were designed and supplied by Sophie Wachner, nationally famed modiste to the motion picture fraternity.

UPPER LEFT—A nude satin gown, with corsage of orange blossoms holding drapery; tiny row of pearls finishes the neck. This gown was used by Miss Astor with cap and veil as a wedding gown.

LOWER LEFT—A two-piece metal brocade gown piped in three shades of taffeta and embroidered with gold threads. A fan shaped plaiting of brocade finishes the neckline. The gown is worn by Miss Astor in a scene with Lloyd Hughes in "No Place to Go"—a First National feature.

CENTER—Miss Astor, First National featured player, has given this lace tea gown the name of "The Black Moth." The skirt is of black georgette crepe, shot with threads of silver and has a rhinestone buckle on a black velvet girdle.

UPPER RIGHT—A henna satin coat with blege fox collar worn over a small patterned metal brocade two-piece frock.

LOWER RIGHT—A Nile green chiffon full circular skirt, bordered with large chiffon roses made of same chiffon. The fitted bodice, with cape-like drape over the back, with corsage of chiffon flowers from the shoulder, complete a charm picture.

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Exclusive Movie Clientele

(Continued From Page 1)

ers with artistic word pictures of gutter types.

The day of the American has finally come.

With but a few exceptions, imported talent that infested Hollywood on the crest of an inflated ballyhoo—are through—rank failures.

In the directorial field the same is true with a more costly experience for the producer. While numerous Americans of proven ability were looking for work, the producers brought from Europe directors of unknown quantity and ability. Of the many that inveigled producers into fat contract and return car fares, very few were successful.

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VUNCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time there was a movie director who had started in the business when it was young and not so particular about the efficiency of its personnel, and in the face of hunger had braved the taunts of his friends that he might have eggs with his ham, or maybe it was bologna.

As the business grew and attracted box office names, the shuffle left the director on the bottom of the pack, where he remained, lamenting the fate that had made him unpopular.

Then one day while he was running off a picture that he had made in his youth, a spectator, who was unfamiliar with primitive technique, hailed the camera work as genius inspired, and the director was re-born as an artist.

The first picture on his new contract was shot through knot-holes in the stage floor and through wicker backs of rocking chairs. He put gauze on his lens to correspond with the foggy glass of his old camera, and when the film was given to the public they cried for more and his salary was doubled.

Now every morning the director has eggs with his ham, or maybe it's still bologna.

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Hollywood Vagabond

The QUALITY Filmpaper

BILLY JOY, Managing Editor and Publisher



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C. B. DeMille + F. B. O. — Pathe = ?

Something In The Wind

Unless we are very much staken the motion picture lustry is about to experience one of the greatest surprises that it has had in many a day. Indications are that the vaunted DeMille-Pathe-P. D. C. combination has reached the parting of the ways and there is to be an entirely new shuffling of the cards.

The low-down on the story seems to be that the Keith-Albee people have found the DeMille-Pathe project too expensive for their houses, and have decided to let "Pathe go on its own again," and form a new combination with F. B. O. that will give them their programme pictures at a price within their reach. The unscrambling of the eggs is to be accomplished by Keith-Albee relinquishing their block of Pathe stock, according to well-informed insiders.

William P. Gray, a man who is seldom mentioned as one of the powers, is in Hollywood for the first time and his presence can only indicate something of supreme importance. Mr. Gray is the dominating power in a great chain of New England theatres that extend from the suburbs of New York City to the farther-most boundaries of Maine and include some of the best theatres in America. In view

Continued on Page 2



SOL M. WURTZEL

Ten Years in One Job

(See Page Two)

The Cash Customer Sits In

With all the activity among the mighty ones of the industry, and considering the many rumors and rumors of rumors, there is one angle that we must not overlook, and that is that the cash customer is sitting in the game.

Not that we have yet reached the point where an intelligent outsider could make a gigantic film intellect see his point, but because the exhibitor has become powerful enough to put his ideas into execution. The old days, of making an exhibitor take nine bad pictures in order to get a chance at one good one, have passed and, with the growing financial strength of the big exhibitor, there seems to be a very definite trend towards control of production by the aforesaid exhibitor, who naturally knows whether or not a given type of picture will bring the cash customer to his doors, and thus the heretofore imposed upon, cash customer will have his innings. This thing of selling so-called super-productions on the strength of their titles has become passe and exhibitors have come to realize that one highly-touted bad picture can cost them thousands of dollars and they do not intend to be "the goat" any longer.

De Mille—F. B. O.?

(Continued from Page 1)

of the fact that Mr. Gray is such a powerful factor in the industry it is easy to see that his strength, thrown to any combination, practically assures success to that combination.

It is a well-known fact that when overtures were being made to Sidney Kent to join a certain group, who were then forming a merger, Kent hesitated on account of the financial condition of one of the participants and while he was hesitating, Zukor hopped in and signed him up to a five-year contract. Now, Kent is in daily conference with Gray and something is certainly in the wind.

Another man who rates high among the important ones of the industry is Henry Hennigson, considered one of its most capable production executives, and it seems that he will be tendered an important executive position in the new line-up, so it would seem that the new deal is going to make some very important changes.

Hollywood has probably never before seen such an imposing array of moving picture magnates. Among those already here are William P. Gray, Adolph Zukor, Nicholas Schenck, and Sidney Kent.

Elmer Pearson arrived yesterday and J. J. Murdock will arrive Monday. With this aggregation in town what might not happen?

Of course, this story is denied by some of the powers of the industry, and they say that nothing but California sunshine is responsible for the gathering of the clans. Well—we agree that a few rounds of golf in Hollywood is much better than snowballs in New York.

James Flood Coming Home

Bringing with him latest news from "the old home town," James Flood, the well known director, will return from New York next week following a month's sojourn in the metropolis. In a recent letter to William Beaudine, his brother-in-law, Flood states that New York is a dead issue insofar as motion picture production is concerned.

"The old studios are all closed and there's not a single company working here to my knowledge," he writes. "Hollywood will soon witness an invasion of stage artists who are desirous of making movie connections and this will be a pretty lonesome town for vis-

iting screen folk after the first of the year."

Both Flood and Beaudine were born and raised in the Bronx and they began their respective film careers as studio property boys there. Now they are famous directors, and neither is older than thirty-five!

Lina Basquette Wins Coveted Role

When C. B. De Mille starts shooting on his personally directed effort, "The Godless Girl," next Monday, a much talked-about picture, with a much talked-about star in its title role, will swing into production. Lina Basquette, who has the stellar part in this film, was chosen for the role out of a list of seventy-five feature actresses who were striving to obtain the same position in the cast.

The part marks the highest step in the ladder of success which Lina Basquette has climbed in the past few weeks. In that short space of time, she went up from featured roles to a position among the first ranking stars of the movies.

The picture itself has been talked about more than any other film of the past year has been, before going into production. Opposed by the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, and heartily endorsed by film officials, churchgoers and believers in God everywhere, the picture has been the subject of an enormous amount of discussion.

An Artist to His Finger Tips

One of the real sensations of the current offerings in the way of prologues is Borrah Minnevitich and his Harmonica Band.

Borrah, not so many moons ago, was a Boston newsboy with a predilection for making a harmonica "lay down and roll over." He discovered that there was real music in the lowly mouth organ, and proceeded to gather around him a gang of boys who, while not as proficient as Borrah, could make the average harmonica

perpetrator ashamed of himself.

After practising for a few months on all of the popular music they found that there were still unsounded depths for the harmonica and they decided to go in for real music. The result is little less than astounding and it would seem that Borrah and his band will be a standard attraction for a long time to come.

Josephine Borio Signs With M.-G.-M.

Because of her excellent performance in "The Cosacks," now being completed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Josephine Borio has been signed by the studio officials on a contract for five years, according to the announcement just made at Culver City.

As Tafka, the sister of John Gilbert, the petite little ingenue adapted herself so perfectly to the character and gave such an outstanding bit of acting, that she secured the attention of producers. Offers of contracts were the result; but the fair Josephine decided to accept the bid of M. G. M.

Trento Rejects D'Annunzio's Offer

Guido Trento, who is playing the heavy role in "Lady Cristilinda," now in production at Fox's, under the direction of Frank Borzage, has just turned down an offer from D'Annunzio.

In his own country, Guida Trento has the distinction of creating roles in original productions of several of D'Annunzio's plays and he is a close friend and admirer of the poet. D'Annunzio has recently organized his own company to tour Europe in stage productions of his plays and has been urging Trento by cable to return and join his company. But honored as Trento feels by the offer, he needed no deliberation to decide to cable a refusal, for he feels that henceforth he wants to devote all his time and interest to film acting in Hollywood.

Sol M. Wurtzel the Boy Who Made Good

Ten years in the motion picture industry is almost enough to entitle anyone to service stripes, but when a fellow holds down one job for ten years and that job one of the most important, it is about time to 'decorate' him.

In most of the studios the tenure of official life is so short and uncertain that most of them have been designated as the "officer of the day" so that when one of the really important executives of a really important organization, sticks on the job for years it is something to marvel at.

Ten years ago William Fox needed someone to preside over the destinies of his West Coast interests and after carefully surveying his organization he chose a young fellow who had been with him for three years and had already shown the stuff that makes successful executives. Sol M. Wurtzel was given the title of General Superintendent of Fox's West Coast studios and started for California.

When Sol landed in Hollywood the Fox studios consisted of three stages on the west side of Western avenue mostly surrounded by alfalfa fields and not even a sidewalk in sight. Today the Fox studios cover many acres and the boy who started thirteen years ago at \$15 a week has grown even faster than his job.

Sierra Pictures Buy "It's a Gift"

Dale Hanshaw, president of Sierra Pictures, returned last week to Hollywood from a New York sales meeting. Immediately on his arrival he purchased an original comedy drama, "It's a Gift," from Hal Hall and Richard Philip Israel, as a starring vehicle for T. Roy Barnes.

Sierra Pictures have been extremely lucky in their choice of stories, and this latest purchase would seem to be in line with their other offerings.

STUDIO GOSSSIP

One of the great spectacular productions of the coming year will be made by Tiffany-Stahl under the direction of George Archibald, who has been signed up on a five-year contract. This will be a story glorifying the Irish police and the locale will probably be in New York. This would seem to offer some great opportunities, as heretofore the Irish have been made the butt of jokes and horseplay rather than to show them in an heroic light.

At the last minute, word comes from the Tiffany-Stahl lot to the effect that Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collier will make "The Tragedy of Youth," under the direction of King Baggot. This combination ought to assure a real box-office attraction.

Reginald Barker is getting ready to shoot about December 1, on a thriller based on the coal miners' strike in Colorado.

Mr. Harry Braxton and his charming wife, who is none other than the famous Viola Brothers Shore, have signed up as a writing team to do titles for Tiffany-Stahl and are now working on "The Haunted Ship," a story based on Jack London's "White and Yellow."

Francis Hyland is tearing his hair over a new police story but has it almost licked into shape. It would seem that the police were going to get a lot of publicity in the net few months.

Olga Printzlau is doing a married life story that will go into production shortly.

Kerry Clark is burning the midnight oil on a crook story that will probably cause some of the cash customers to have bad attacks of goose-flesh.

Phil Whitman is now finishing "Smith's Benefit," a burlesque on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Mack Sennett studios. As soon as the cameras stop clicking, Whitman will take his megaphone over to the Billy Bevan-Vernon Dent set. Mary Ann Jackson, Ruth Hiatt, Raymond McKee and Magnolia are playing the leading roles.

Daphne Pollard, Billy Bevan, Carole Lombard and Dot Farley have started production on "The Girl from Nowhere" at the Mack Sennett studios. This comedy, being directed by Harry Edwards, is a sequel to "The Girl from Everywhere." Miss Pollard's first motion picture.

Richard Dix, Malcolm St. Clair and a company of 65 people have just returned from Victorville, California. They have been in the Mohave Desert town for five days making exterior scenes of Dox's new Paramount starring picture, "The Traveling Salesman."

Dix has not been riding camels. Neither has he been proving himself a high-powered salesman by selling sand in the Sahara. Rather, he has been working in scenes which show him, as a struggling golf-suit salesman, meeting on a transcontinental highway a party of tourists which included the girl with whom he falls in love. The desert sequence will be the opening of the picture.

Included in the company headed by Director St. Clair were Claude King, Myrtle Stedman, Maude Turner Gordon, Lige Conley and Tom Maguire. Members of the cast who did not go on the trip but who started working Monday in studio scenes are Ford Sterling, Wade Boteler and Philip Strange.

What is the real color of Jean Hersholt's hair?

That question is often asked by movie fans, and the answer is now forthcoming.

During the years he has been before the camera, Hersholt has always worn a wig or has powdered his hair. He wears a wig in his new role in "Abie's Irish Rose," a Paramount production. In "The Secret Hour," in which he appeared with Pola Negri, Hersholt used quantities of white powder to color his locks.

But, off the screen, Hersholt's hair is dark brown. His eyes, by the way, are blue.

Edward J. Montagne, scenario editor-in-chief of Universal, has started work on the huge forthcoming production schedule and is at present supervising the preparation of "The Last Warning," with Al Cohn writing the scenario. This story is one of a large group secured by Montagne a few weeks ago in an extensive buying trip in New York.

The Hal Roach studio is the latest film plant to equip themselves with a set of the new Mole-Richardson incandescent lights, according to latest information. The Mole-Richardson incandescent light is the newest phase of motion picture illumination.

One of those "tough breaks" happened to Helen Thomas, who came back to play in comedies after two years' absence. On the second day in which she appeared with Anne Cornwall and Jack Duffy in a comedy of college girls' football, being directed by Robert Kerr, Miss Thomas emerged from a scrimmage with a broken leg. She will be at the Sylvan Lodge Hospital for several weeks.

At present writing Maurice Murphy is the only boy on a run of several weeks—"The Shepherd of the Hills," directed by Al Rogel for First National.

Paul Teien is now trying to catch up with some of his back lessons in violin, dancing and the many other accomplishments in which he is perfecting after a series of pictures in close succession, including "Our Gang" comedies, "Rachel" at Lasky's and "The Dream of Love at United Artists."

Patty Falkenstein was Irene Rich's little daughter—"Janet" in "The Silver Slave" that Howard Bretherton is making for Warner Brothers.

Part of the discord in "Honeymoon Flats," which Millard Webb is directing at Universal, is due to little Jackie Combs. They claim Jackie is naughtier than Snookums himself.

Little Muriel MacCor-mac, a nine-year-old native daughter, holds a very high record of achievement for her young years, having begun her picture career at the age of two and since having played the child featured role in more than forty productions. Among the productions in which she has played are: "Penrod," "The Sky-Rocket," "Sparrows," "Grandma's Boy," "Poor Men's Wives," and the "King of Kings," in which she played the part of the blind child for Mr. De Mille.

She is also known for her readings and songs over KHJ, having broadcasted with Uncle John for the past year and a half. Her sixth birthday was celebrated at the station and it was the first birthday party to be given over the radio. During the filming of "Sparrows" at United Artists, Mary Pickford entertained the children in the picture in honor of Muriel's seventh birthday with a lavish party on the lot.



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Young eyes searching souls—
Searchlights swinging in the
dark—*

Boring bullet holes.

*Newsboys screaming secrets—
Throngs with eager ears—
The old are young again and lose
Their foolish daytime fears.*

*Lights spot up the buildings—
Forming checker boards—
Pleasure lifts a finger and leads
Away the hordes. R. A. W.*



Miss Mable McCane Guest Of Ona Wilson Brown

Miss Mable McCane, formerly a vaudeville headliner and musical comedy star, is a house guest at Ona Wilson Brown's ranch.

Miss McCane was the star of "A Broadway Honeymoon" and of "See You Later." The latter was one of the outstanding musical successes of New York and Miss McCane has just received an offer to do it in Los Angeles.

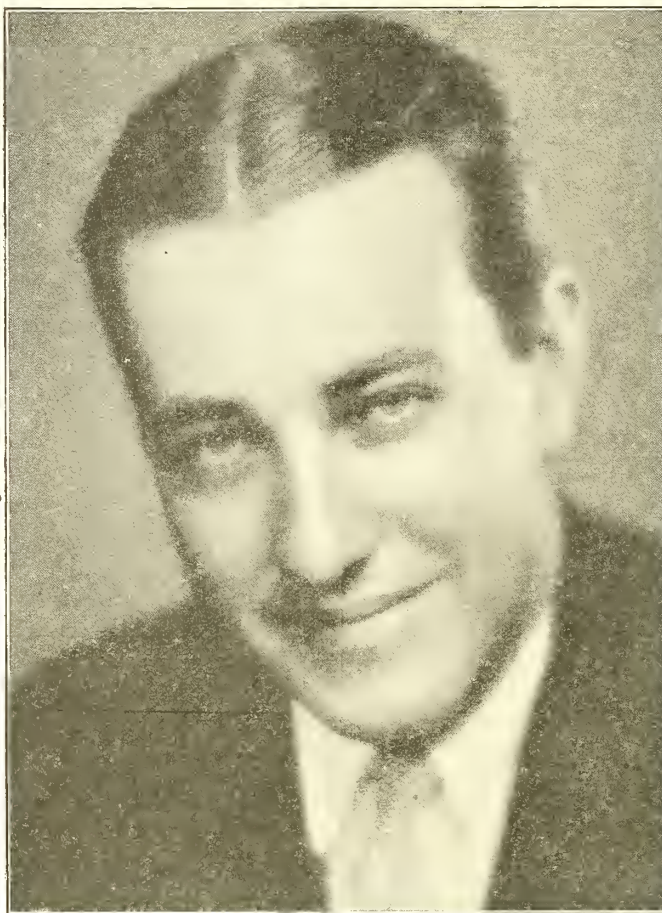
"Scooter" Lowry

A Clever Kid

Footlights or Kleig lights—they're both the same to "Scooter" Lowry, the little Irish lad who has delighted thousands of theater and cinema patrons all over these United States of ours. His clever dances always "click" and he's the keenest little Bowery tough on record.

"Scooter" is a Cliff Edwards prodigy; but Hal Roach spotted him in a movie contest in New York City one day and had him brought to Hollywood—special delivery.

Now, his routine seems to be first the vaudeville stage, then the movie set, and so on. The movies win today, though, and "Scooter" is doing one of his inimitable clog dances in Charlie Chase's current picture at the Roach Studios.



"PROF." MOORE

With a host of friends and leading one of the best dance orchestras on the Coast, "Prof." is slowly but surely helping make the Roosevelt hotel one of the most popular rendezvous of the motion picture fraternity.

The Saturday luncheons and afternoon teas at the Roosevelt have sprung into instant favor and the very best of crowds are gathering there weekly.

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Richard Wallace Back From N. Y.

The unobtrusive return of Director Richard Wallace from New York, following in the immediate footsteps of the arrival in the film city of Richard Rowland, president of First National, is causing much conjecture.

Approximately two weeks ago, Wallace, in company with Producer Sam Rork, for whom he directed Will Rogers in "A Texas Steer," departed for the eastern metropolis to attend the opening of this picture. Negotiations, it was learned, are now pending between Rork and Roxy for the premiere to hold forth in the latter's beautiful edifice.

However, the sudden return of Wallace, in view of the fact that both he and his wife, who accompanied him, planned on attending the football fracas in Chicago next Saturday, has given old Dame Rumor much food for thought. It is known that First National is exceedingly anxious to have the young director make another picture for them and whether a conference with Rowland, started in New York, is to be completed here has not been learned.

Wallace, who is best remembered for his direction of "McFadden's Flats," "Syncopating Sue" and "The Poor Nut," is understood to have secured an option for the film rights of a current successful stage play now showing in New York and from reliable authority it was learned that he terminated his eastern visit to personally influence the western executives to purchase it for his next directorial effort.

Paulais

The Commissionaire for the Paulais Company, who recently returned from Europe, says that he was very fortunate in securing some exquisite Italian ware to be used as containers for holiday candies. He also managed to get a very novel line of the famous Tony Sarg boxes that will appeal particularly to the fastidious shopper.



Big Sticks at The Little Club

I WAS the outward manifestation of "what the well dressed man should wear" when I made my appearance at the outer sancto-sanctorum of the internationally famous "Little Club," which meets just ever so often at the Ambassador hotel. Incidentally, I might add that I had gone just a bit further than what the ordinary mode of the hour decrees and I had attached to the buttonhole of my dinner jacket, a gardenia—Oh! Gosh!—that was a master stroke—Naive as hell, these Hollywood sheiks.

And then—right before my eyes, I saw a sign—which read—Admittance to Members Only—and I shuddered—and with great fear and trepidation, I wondered what was going to happen to me—for not being a member, I was destined—so it appeared—to "not be admitted," and for me to not be admitted when I was scheduled to throw a party, would be nothing short of disastrous. But—according to the standard of the very best Westerns I was saved—at the edge of the precipice, as it were, by the timely appearance of the house detective—with whom I was more or less very well acquainted—he having cautioned a few blonde friends of mine—guests at the Ambassador—that they could not entertain their gentlemen friends (flatterer) in their rooms. Well, as I was saying, the detective told the major domo or whatever else you might choose to call him that I was oke—and inasmuch I was on tap to separate myself from some five or six perfectly good dollars,—excluding cover charge and accelerating accoutrements such as ginger ale and white rock—it was then and there definitely decided to let me enter the portal of missing wives and husbands.

Well — after much "smooching" and what goes with it—there I was absolutely—all by myself—in person—inside the "internationally famous Little Club"—and my first glimpse was enough—well you can understand, fully, just how I felt when my gaze first rested upon the inimitable Colleen Moore and her husband—pointed out to me by one of the captains. Marshall Neilan,

with his ball and chain, Blanche Sweet—and the Patent Leather Kid (pardon me). Mr. Richard Barthelmess, with his adorable wife-to-be.

I was so awed and thrilled I almost missed a high sign from that prince of good fellows, Norman Kerry. Norman was beckoning to me—madly—to come hither and join him in a nut sundae—which I did—but can you imagine my embarrassment when I discovered that Norman's nut sundaes had a tremendous wallop in them—well, you could have fanned me with a mint julep—but honest I was—so—s-u-r-p-r-i-s-e-d I could have died—then and there.

WELL, after about three or four nut sundaes with Norman—or it possibly might have been five—my party arrived and I hastened to join them—almost trampling over Paul Bern—one of the most gifted writers in the entire motion picture colony—and with him was—gather real close as I must whisper this—the adorable Joan Crawford—

Over at a table surrounded by a seemingly multitudinous number of Hollywood sheiks was Gloria Gordon—a charming girl—just visiting—with absolutely no inclination whatsoever to enter the movies—and everyone in the place trying to sign her up—regular Hollywood contracts were offered her galore—but she spurned them all—what can the matter be?

THE Little Club must have considerable drawing power, inasmuch as Earl Burnett, leader of an orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel, was a casual visitor—Earl seems to stand "aces" with a number of people in the motion picture fraternity—that is, I would infer as much, as I noticed him patting several of the female stars on the back in a more or less intimate manner. Earl, no doubt, can call many of the prominent ones by their first names.

MERVYN LEROY, the "Diaper" Director of Distinctive Directorial Dollar-Getting Pictures, was among those who know which is the proper knife and fork. His delectable fiancée, Edna Marion, is so proud of Mervyn that she manifests it outwardly—and they look

too gloriously happy together for words. (That last line sounds as tho it had been written by "Stella.")

HOWEVER, as usual, Ona Brown's birthday party (this was about the eighteenth party given for Ona for her Birthday) was the outstanding success of the evening, and Ona's gang was there in full force. If Ona wore pants instead of panties I am sure she could run for Mayor of Hollywood and win.

ZAZU PITTS, the girl whom Cecil B. DeMille referred to as having no "IT," was evidently having the time of her young life—and were it not for the fact that the waiters started to undress the tables, Zazu might still be there.

BEING rather delicate and easily embarrassed myself I decided that it was about time to shove off, so paying a final installment on an eleven-dollar hat which now has cost me about thirty-five dollars I developed an acute case of paraly-

sis in my right arm, thereby letting someone not as quick a thinker as myself, pay the check and check up on all powder puffs, compact cases and other such what-nots.

AT any rate, I saw the size of the check, and suggest that the management supply the waiters with several Little Clubs—it would make the shock not nearly so great if one could be rendered unconscious before—instead of after.

BOBBY MACK informs me that he has been re-christened by two of our best re-christeners. Tod Browning calls Bobby the Sheik character man and Clarence Brown calls him Bobby Goodluck. What some of the ladies call him is not fit to be printed in this great journal of uplift.

WELL—goo-night — I must be over to Fox's early in the morning for waffles and coffee.

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Courtesy

In our last number we commented on the lack of courtesy shown some of the leading stars of the profession when they sought to attend a pre-view or perhaps see a picture that had already attained distinction. We did not intend to stir up a fight of any sort but from the number of letters and telephone calls that we have received it seems to be a mighty sore subject with some who sit in the seats of the mighty.

Perhaps we are wrong in putting the blame on the theatre owner personally, for it is hard to believe that a good business man would deliberately do anything to harm his own business, and after hearing from half a dozen prominent actors and actresses on the subject, we did a little sleuthing for ourselves, finding that in nearly every case the offender was some flunkey with a peanut brain and an inflated opinion of his own importance.

Nevertheless, the owner cannot be entirely absolved from blame as the man he hires is his mouthpiece and if he hires nincompoops he must expect to shoulder the responsibility.

It is not too late to remedy this condition and the wise theatre owner will take steps to see that no more stars are humiliated at their houses. We still think our suggestion to provide recognized stars with annual passes was a good one and will keep on talking about it until somebody suggests a better one.

Have a Heart, Mr. Director

The good will of his company is one of the director's greatest assets. Morale is the key to co-operation and the "chiefs" popularity with even the lowliest of his employees is often the secret of his success.

Absolute loyalty cannot be bought with dollars and cents, but kindness, consideration and an even temper will win admiration, respect and faith of fellow workers.

The other night we watched a well known director making a difficult scene, in which appeared some three or four hundred extra people. They had worked since morning and were wet and tired. It was then half an hour past quitting time, but the director was anxious to get the scene which would complete work on the big set.

Did the extras complain? They did not. The director was popular with his "boys and girls" and realizing his difficulty, they gave the best they had, thereby saving the company several thousands of dollars.

The director of whom we write is known as one of the "regular fellows." He never "bawls out" his people or the members of his staff. If things go wrong, he calmly goes about righting them. He is considerate of those in

less fortunate positions than his own and shows appreciation for work well done. The man's name is William Seiter. He makes pictures for Universal.

On the same lot are many other directors whose popularity is well merited. William Beaudine, Millard Webb and Edward Sloman are on the extras' "preferred list."

Each studio has at least one "popular" director. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has William Nigh. DeMille has Paul Sloane. Metropolitan, James Cruze, Hal Roach, Fred Guiol and James Parrott. Fox has David Butler, a newcomer to the directorial ranks, but already hailed as an ace and unanimously elected to the extras' club of "regular guys."

Of course we don't want to give the impression that these are the only regular fellows in Hollywood, for there are many more of same calibre, but it is interesting to note that the popular directors are, without exception, more than ordinarily successful in their work. Success does not always make a man a regular fellow, but the "regulars" invariably are, or eventually will be, successes.

An Open Letter

Mr. C. C. Burr

Mr. Johnny Hines

Burr-Hines Enterprises,

Hollywood, aClif.

Gentlemen:

Knowing the "fair deal" you have always given the public by the production of clean and amusing pictures, and the fair deal you have always given your employes and associates, I am appealing to that same sense of fairness in our contention over the use of my name.

My mother having been an admirer of Edna May, the famous actress, named me Edna May Cooper. During my six years as an actress, three years as a contract player and three years as a free lance, I have become known in the studios and to hundreds of fans as Edna May and when your contract player, Miss Edna Adams, uses the name of Edna May much confusion is caused at the studios and in the minds of the fans.

As the young lady has not yet appeared in a screen role, I can't see why some other name would not do just as well. Why not explain the situation to the fans and let them name her?

Should Miss Adams continue in pictures I feel that she would find the confusion of names just as detrimental to herself as it now is to me. Won't you see the justice of my request?

With best wishes for the success of Miss Adams, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) EDNA MAY COOPER.

Note.—We are not entirely familiar with all the details of the contention between Edna May and the Burr-Hines organization, but it seems to us that somebody has overlooked a bet in not adopting Edna May's suggestion about letting the fans name Miss Adams. Here is a situation made to order for a smart press agent and all they are getting out of it is a lot of bad feeling.—Editor.

You're Welcome

A recent issue of Variety commented on the fact that a picture house in San Francisco had stated in its house organ that their band leader who is also their master of ceremonies had "stolen the show" from a woman star who was making personal appearances. Variety's representative "fell" for the ballyhoo and sent the story to New York as news, but good old Sime Silverman, wise in the ways of press agents and shady publicists, happened to catch the story and substituted one of his own that put an entirely different light on the subject. More power to you Sime.

Will Hays survive Beaton's unmerciful onslaught?

—o—

At a local hospital the other day a little chap whose precious life was slowly ebbing away told his nurse that there was only one thing in all the world he desired and that was "if they would only let him see Tom Mix."

You never heard of a dying kid asking to see the president of the United States, nor Andrew Carnegie, nor Henry Ford—but but Tom Mix—my, my! Just think what that must mean to Tom—and we know that Tom Mix will never do a single thing to destroy the adoration and adulation of the millions of kids—who even with their last breath "Jes' wanta see Tom Mix."



—o—

Now that Jackie Taylor and Vince Rose are back in Hollywood and at their old stamping ground, Eddie's Montmartre, things look a bit more like they used to. Chorus: "You went away too far and you stayed away too long."

—o—

The police board never thought of it or they could have asked the new police applicants the following question: "If you see a crowd of good looking men surrounding one lone girl, who is the popular girl?" Its a cinch that they all would have answered "Claire Windsor." Right—step up and get your gold-plated badge and traffic cards.

—o—

And our little friend Jimmy Starr was given only one hundred dollars for a title. The lousy pikers—look what Gloria, Mae and Pola had to give—and take.



—o—

Have you "laid in" your Xmas supply of ginger ale?



This waking you up at 4 o'clock in the morning with a telegram reminding you to be sure and not miss the opening of so and so's picture at so and so's theater, is just a lot of hooley. They could only add to this gigantic impudence by sending the wire collect.

—o—

An actor friend of mine says that he does not know why some folks change their style of saying hello when they ride in different makes of cars. It seems they have a "bow and a smile" in a Ford, a "bow without a smile" in a Cadillac; just a "nod" in Rolls Royces—and in a Hispano Suiza—well, you're not even among those present.



—o—

Well, no matter—I love Hollywood—Glorious Hollywood.

—o—

The postmaster at Eagle Rock writes and asks what can he do when his pipe goes out. I wrote back telling him that he might:

Stop reading post-cards—
Write a scenario—
Call a taxi—
Take a drink—
Give a dinner party—
Subscribe to Hollywood Vagabond—
Have his face lifted—
Mow the neighbor's lawn—
Get a wife—anyone's—
Sass a cop in Glendale—
Lick a stamp—
or—
Try and light it again with a trick lighter.

I haven't received any reply from him—as yet.

Cecil B. DeMille, the author of "Paradise Regained," was at the Ambassador the other evening with one of his many assistants, or secretaries, or what have you. The scrutinizing eye of "the man who made bath salts popular," rested upon a man whom he thought would be an ideal type for his net picture. He, forsooth, or forseeth, sendeth hurriedly (well, that's unnecessary; they all hop up when "Cee Bee" snaps) his eager secretary over to this particular man to break the news to him that he was discovered. Imagine the man's disappointment when he could not accept "Cee Bee's" kind offer—explaining that inasmuch as he had the affairs of First National studios to look after he would have to decline with regrets Mr. DeMille's flattering offer. The man was none other than Al Rockett, the other half of those exceptionally clever Rockett boys. At that, we all think DeMille showed his usual good judgment.

—o—

A young actor, to whom fame brought wealth and its attending luxuries as well as being listed "among those present who knew the proper knife and fork to choose," wrote to the Breakfast Club and suggested that inasmuch as he has never acquired the habit of eating breakfast, he thought it possible as well as probable that they might reduce the membership fee for him. I'd like to know what he'd write a New York supper club—but would be more interested in knowing what they would write him.

One of my many charming neighbors is the venerable and exceptionally capable character actor, Mr. Tom Ricketts. I hear him outside now—he's whistling for his dog as I write this. I often think of him—and of what a blessing it is to be able to grow older—gracefully—as he is doing. He has a "clear eye," a clean mind and heart and a most happy aptitude for his work—out here where evenings are balmy near the foot of the hills, on a street that they've overlooked in their "digging up process." we're mighty proud of our Mr. Tom Ricketts—a wonderful neighbor—a lovely friend—a great actor—and a Chesterfieldian gentleman.



—o—

Archie Mayo, "the world's biggest motion picture director," paused between mouthfuls to tell me that he has caught pyorrhea twice from letting youngsters of fond parents kiss him. Don't worry, Archie! Nine out of ten have it!

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THE HOME OF AILEEN PRINGLE---M.G.M. STAR

By John H. Dorsch

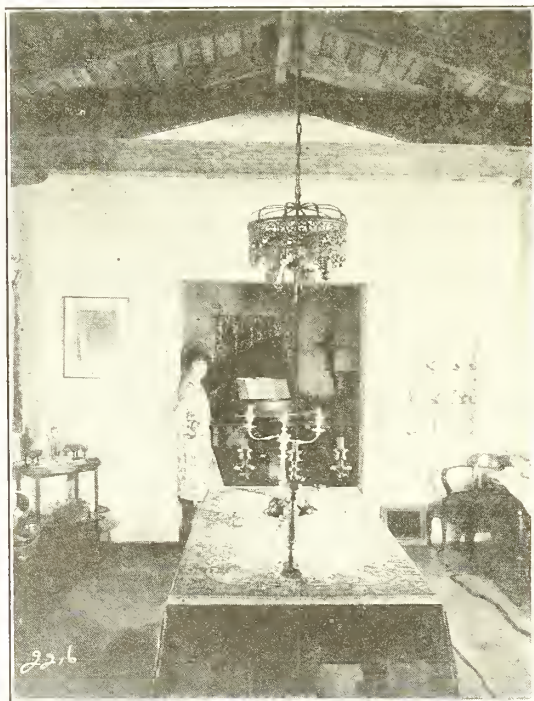


SINCE the architecture must have a name, we shall call it true Californian—meaning Spanish design. It seems but natural to find this home nestled on the hillside overlooking the ocean—and so it does. One can hear the splashing of the waves on the sandy beach just a hop, skip and jump from her front door. Indeed it is a gem in an exquisite setting. The house is well appointed, containing eight rooms. The furnishings are unique and delightfully different. Miss Pringle's discriminating taste is revealed in their selection.

A winding flagstone path leads to the entrance—into the circular reception hall, bewitching in contour and decorations—and then into the living room. This delightful room is inviting with its bright color harmony and tasteful furnishings. Here, Miss Pringle's good taste finds expression in the many interesting antiques—among them some very rare Chinese pieces, vases, pottery, scrolls and pictures. A wonderful grille adorns the fireplace. The hangings are exquisite.

The dining room smiles a welcome with its simplicity of arrangement, adhering closely to the Spanish motif. Note the handhewn timbered ceiling. A fine refectory table adorns the center. Quaint chairs complete this clever room.

Bedrooms are on the upper level, reached by circular stairway with ornamental wrought iron balustrades. After viewing the extremely beautiful furnishings we retrace our steps down the stairway and through the house to the garden in the rear. It is here Miss Pringle finds an inspiring occupation which brings its reward with blossoms of many beautiful flowers.



AND when Miss Pringle, with beaming smile and hearty handshake, bids you call again—it's then that you realize the intense pleasure of having met a charming and gracious hostess whose supreme thoughtfulness for her guests is reflected creditably in her home and its surroundings.



Viola Gets a Headache

Viola Dana is the center of an international confab at Columbia studios.

The petite actress, who is playing with Ralph Graves in "So This Is Love," is surrounded by a cast of players who represent practically every country on the globe.

Miss Dana herself is of French-German descent, while her leading man, known on the screen as "the typical American youth," is a descendant of a British line. Other nationalities furnishing atmosphere in the production are Russians, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Italians, Spaniards, Hebrews, French, Irish, Scots, Germans, Czechoslovakians and Scandinavians.

"When we all got together during the shooting of the tenement scenes it was like a League of Nations conclave with all members present," laughed the little actress. "Each person spoke his own language. And how! It

was a miniature Tower of Babel and no interpreter present. Poor Ralph and I would end each day with a violent headache and a distinct dislike for foreign languages in the mass."

Frank Capra, the young Italian director who did some good work on recent Harry Langdon comedies, is handling the Columbia production. The plot revolves around Miss Dana as a little tenement girl with million dollar aspirations and is said to have an unusual, O. Henry-like climax.

May on Vitaphone

May McAvoy, Warner Brothers' star, is now busy in recording her voice for the vitaphone arrangement of "The Lion and the Mouse" in which she assumes the stellar role. Lloyd Bacon recently completed the direction of this picture, which Warners adapted from the famous old stage play by the same title.

Rapid Fire

The rapid-fire courtship of Neal Burns, veteran comedian, and Joan Marquis, Christie comedy girl and former musical comedy actress, was culminated this week when the pair were married by Father Welch at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Hollywood. Al Christie and the studio girls gave the bride a shower preceding the wedding. They will have a very brief honeymoon in Northern California.

Babe Gets Fat Part

One of the "fat" parts of the big production of "Tillie's Punctured Romance," now being filmed by Edward Sutherland, goes to Babe London, who has been assigned the role of the Strong Woman of the Circus. This is the character with whom W. C. Fields does most of his romancing in the picture.

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INTRODUCING

Frank Reicher

If he were a lot older we would say he was a "gentleman of the old school," as his charming manner is surely reminiscent of older and more chivalrous days. He came to the old Lasky organization as a director in 1915 and in the succeeding two years directed five two reel pictures, but the last few years have invariably found Frank before the camera instead of behind it. When one calls Frank Reicher a Character Man, the appellation means something. His last three pictures show three very different characters. As the French General in Beau Sabreur he delineated a military man, patriotic and fierce. In the Fox-Jack Ford picture, as yet untitled but originally called Grandma Bernle, he characterized a gentle old schoolmaster, futile but lovable, and in his latest role, that of the Austrian General, Baron Von Statzen, he portrays an old roue, wicked and despicable.

In other words, Frank Reicher is a finished performer, a polished actor and a man we are proud to call our friend.

Betty Bronson

Back in East Orange, New Jersey, Betty heard that Paramount was going to film Barrie's "Peter Pan" and that they were looking for a particular type to play the leading role. A forlorn hope it seemed but Betty and her mother

packed up and came to Hollywood. After many weary days of waiting they managed to reach the officials of the studio and Miss Betty was given a test.

This test, along with hundreds of others, was sent to Sir James and, wonder of wonders, he selected Betty.

When the time came to film the picture, Betty made good and since that time she has gone on and on, adding to her fame with each succeeding picture, until she is now one of the outstanding figures of the film world.

Adolphe Menjou

Several years ago a dejected looking actor was sitting at a table in a Hollywood cafe. He had been a soldier. His war record was excellent and he had come to Hollywood by various means. It is even said that he had beaten his way across the country. Arriving in the film capitol he had been obliged to work as an extra and pay days were few and far between. While he sat there thinking that perhaps there might be better professions in the world, a certain man, famed for his quick perception, happened to pass by. He looked at Adolphe and then came and sat down with him. As a result of that chance meeting Mr. Menjou was given a role in Charles Chaplin's "Woman of Paris." The characterization Adolphe gave in that picture is now history and it seems to have been his big opportunity.

Mary Brian

Of all the pulchritudinous little girls that ever left Dallas, Texas, flat, Mary is probably in the very first line. She was beautiful when she lived in Dallas and still rates as one of the beauties in filmdom. Mary and her mother came to Hollywood and tried to "make the grade" in a

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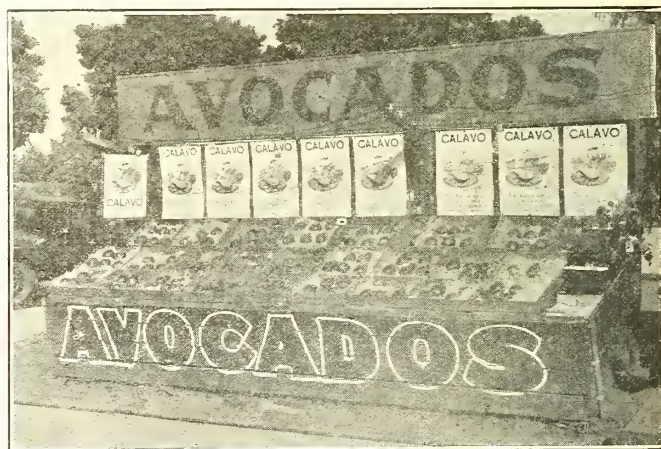
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number of studios, but as her experience could best be represented by zero, she made little progress in even seeing the studio bosses. Feeling sure that she had the necessary talent she finally managed to get a chance with a lot of other girls in a revue at one of the Los Angeles theatres. Not long after the opening night a well known casting director sat in the first row. One look at Mary and he sent her a little note asking if she cared to make a film test. That test was responsible for her being given the role of Wendy in Peter Pan. Thus Sir James Barrie's whimsical play introduced two new faces to the screen—Mary Brian and Betty Bronson.

William Bakewell

Billy "broke in the movies" solely on his own merit; his first bit was the role of a bell-hop at Fox Studios and he has just finished a part in Norma Shearer's "Suits and Cloaks." His "big picture" was with Belle Bennett in "Mother." Since then he has played in "The Magic Flame," featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky; with Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut in "The Heart Thief"; and the juvenile lead in Universal's "The Shield of Honor." In view of the fact that his first success came with Belle Bennett, it seems most significant that he has just signed with F. B. O. to play in Miss Bennett's forthcoming starring vehicle, "The Devil's Pedigree"—same star, same director, James Leo Meehan—with whom he started on the upward grade—but now a more experienced and popular juvenile actor, William Bakewell.

Ruth Taylor

When Anita Loos was looking for some one to play the part of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" Holly

wood's best guessers had picked every one but Ruth. Miss Taylor had reached an impasse in her chosen profession. She had spent two years on a comedy lot and at the expiration of her contract decided to try for better things. She sat back and waited and the days stretched into weeks and the weeks stretched into months, but still no one sent for Ruth. When Miss Loos happened on Ruth's picture in an old copy of the Studio Casting Directory she at once summoned the casting director. That is about all there is to say, for Ruth Taylor was given the job without further ado and a new name was added to the constellation of stars.

Jack Holt

Jack Holt has been described as a man of courage and action.

About eleven years ago, an independent producing company was making a thriller in the northern part of the state, but the shooting schedule was at a standstill. The cause—the leading man absolutely refused to ride his horse over a twenty-five foot cliff into the treacherous river below. Holt, who had been prospecting up in Alaska happened by at this moment. He heard the argument and requested that they allow him to try the feat. The director smiled as Jack proceeded to do the stunt. Cameras clicked as horse and rider went over the cliff and into the stream.

From that day to this, Jack Holt is still a man of courage and action. He has taken chances all his life and the former cow-puncher, civil engineer, adventurer seems to be still looking for "action."

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KIDDIE COLUMN

By EDNA JO CARRICO

Johnny Downs

They called Johnny Downs "The All American Boy" when he was a member of "Our Gang"—and the name has just naturally "stuck."



Johnny didn't get a diploma when he graduated from the "Gang," but he got something that he prides more than any diploma he may possibly ever get. That's a ring that the Gang's beloved director gave him the day he was leaving—bearing the inscription: "J. M. D. In memory of 'Our Gang.' Robert McGowan."

Most American boys are satisfied if they can sit in an audience and watch Tom Mix on the screen; but Johnny boasts the good fortune to have portrayed this famous western hero as a boy in Mix's "The Outlaw of Red River." "One reason I especially liked to play Tom Mix as a boy," said Johnny, "is because his hair is straight, like mine, and the worst job I've ever had to do in pictures is to have to get in a chair in a beauty parlor and have my hair 'fixed' so it will look curly. That's the only time I've ever earned my salary—the rest of it is easy."

Since Johnny was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., he felt at home when he got to play around in the snow while on location with Clarence Brown's company in Colorado, where they were filming "The Trail of '98." "I bought my first sled in Colorado," he told me, "and it was the last one they had in the store. I had a pony to ride on that location trip and I've talked over a lot of radios, but while we were there we had some program! Can you imagine Karl Dane, Polly Moran, Ralph Forbes and Harry Carey broadcasting from a box-car? That's just the kind of program it

was and nobody minded the scenery."

Johnny has to be continuously busy—swimming, hiking, kicking a football around—just busy. "On a movie lot we have a lot of fun while we're waiting, but on a vaudeville tour I never know what to do before my act comes on."

Johnny has a never-failing memory for the people he works with on a set and goes around with the attitude that "we're all friends."

Courteous, congenial, interested and interesting—he's typically "The All American Boy."

Mary Jane Irving

Mary Jane Irving has played bits and parts in pictures ever since she was two years old, but has never played in a comedy. She has played more emotional roles than any other child in pictures.

Mary Jane will soon be old enough—she is already pretty enough—to play ingenue parts. She has never had a lesson in dramatics in her life and doesn't need one.

She is in junior high school now, and has never gone to a private school. This was a little hard to believe because of her charm of manner, ease, refinement and poise. But it seems that Mary Jane has been cast in a number of pictures with Miss Anna Q. Nilsson, an actress of rare charm and nicety of manner. "Miss Nilsson is one of my favorites, I guess you would say. I have always wanted to be a little bit like her. And I know I've learned a lot just from watching her act."

She remembers a lot of famous people when they were just beginning. For instance, she said, "Why, isn't it funny to think that William Haines was once an understudy for Antonio Moreno? And that John Gilbert used to think he was born to be a scenario writer?

The Southwark Fair of Old England Lives Again at Universal

Like the famed Dutch painter, Rembrandt, who spread his paints on the canvas with a lavish brush, Director Paul Leni builds the settings for his pictures with an eye to their richness and color.

The scene of the Eighteenth Century Southwark Fair in "The Man Who Laughs," which Leni is now directing from the novel of the same name by Victor Hugo, is a marvel of beauty and realism. The set covers a large area of ground, as much as a regular circus would, on the back lot at Universal City. The booths where goods are sold, the side-shows, the freaks, and the hand-run amusement devices that are now supplanted by the mechanical contraptions of an amusement park, all are there, as in the modern resort counter-part.

The Universal casting office has also worked wonders in assembling more freaks than are found in a regular circus. The hunchback is there, giants, mid-gets, ape-men, five-legged cows, trained fleas, elephants and other weird, live things who will all be companions for a few days while the picture is being made. Strange objects of nature that are only found under the huge tents of a circus or the roof of a side-show wander about at the foot of the majestic Hollywood mountains in the bright California sunlight.

With Leni's well-known attention to detail, every object and person in this motley crowd does the right thing at the right time while the camera clicks off the film. Like the general of an army, the director watches everything prospectively and gives his orders through the assistants.

"The Man Who Laughs" is one of the most stupendous productions undertaken by Universal in the past few years. Mary Philbin and

Efficiency With A Vengeance

It seems (or should I say appears; however, take your choice; you're welcome to both of them) that one of these so-called "efficiency experts" on the DeMille lot came to a very prominent director and explained how much money could be saved if, at the end of the day's normal work, the director would arrange to "take" just one more shot on a set that he, the efficiency expert, would have all lined up and ready to go. To this the director readily assented, and through his assistant made all his necessary arrangements.

At the end of the day the director and all of his people assembled at the "set" which the efficiency expert was to have all lined up and ready to go—"so that a lot of money could be saved," and lo! and behold—like the proverbial cupboard, the set was bare of any lights. In desperation the director turned to Harry Carr, the right-hand column man of old man Chandler's Times, and pleading, asked him what on earth he should do, to which the inimitable Carr replied: "I would get mad and shoot the d—d scene in the dark."

Sennett Makes Changes

A general shift in directors has been made at the Mack Sennett studios. Harry Edwards, who has been directing Billy Vevan-Vernon Dent troupe, will wield the megaphone on the Sennett girl series. Alf Goulding, who has been the big boss on the girl comedies has taken over the directorial reins of the "Smith Family" company. Phil Whitman, who has been with the Smiths for several pictures, will direct Bevan and Dent.

Conrad Veidt enact the starring roles. A supporting cast includes such players as Olga Baclanova, Brandon Hurst, George Siegmann, Stuart Holmes, Josephine Crowell and others.

New York Discovers California

A recent issue of a theatrical publication carried a half page ad containing an open letter from William Morris stating that he had opened an office in Los Angeles in charge of Walter Meyers, with full authority to act in all contracts, etc. This is just another straw that shows the way the wind is blowing.

For many moons Hollywood has been the world capitol of the film industry and, except for a few Film Barons (maybe it should be spelled barrens), this fact has been recognized by the world; but now even the said Barons are beginning to see the light and the great executives are right now preparing to move their entire organizations to Hollywood.

In addition to the film industry, the whole theatrical world has at last awakened to the fact that Hollywood is destined to be the Art center of the world and in days to come Highland avenue and Hollywood boulevard will take the place of Forty-second street and Broadway in song and story.

Bill Morris' mind is usually working about 30 days ahead of his competitors and we hope the day is not far off when he will come out and join us for keeps. We'll promise to show him an even more beautiful spot than Camp Intermission.

Paste This In Your Hat

In talking to a well known star, who has risen from the ranks of the extras, I was very much impressed with the evident earnestness and sincerity she showed concerning her chosen profession. I could not help but remark to her that she acted as though her own money was invested in the picture then being made. She stopped short and said smilingly, "something more important than my money is invested in every picture I work in." Then with a little laugh that had just a suggestion of heart-ache in it she said: "I have always tried to put a bit of 'me' into everything I have ever done, and when I was an extra I think I tried even harder than I do now to give my director every possible assistance. If I were called upon to offer advice to beginners in this profession I think I would put it in the form of Commandments.

- 1.—Be punctual.
- 2.—Be courteous.
- 3.—Have your make-up as near perfection as possible.
- 4.—Remember that you are a part of the picture.
- 5.—Never leave the set without permission.
- 6.—Don't smoke on the set or if you do so see that there is no chance of the smoke getting into the range of the camera.
- 7.—Remember that some executive may be watching your work.
- 8.—Remember that most contracts are signed in INK.
- 9.—Remember that the day of SOCIAL prestige in advancement has passed.
- 10.—And last but not least remember that consideration for the lowliest member of the cast or the staff may pay big dividends in the future.

This, she said, was her decalogue and it seems to have been efficacious. The Lord knows that we don't want to "preach" to anybody, but it wouldn't hurt you a bit to "paste this in your hat."

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The Birth of a Rumor

By JIMMY STARR
(Without Apologies to Anyone!)

Time: The Present.

Place: Hollywood.

Reason: None apparent.

Enter a perfectly legitimate statement regarding an actor and a producer. It reads like this:

Silbert Larrymore severed his connections with the Perfect Pictures Corporation this morning.

* * *

Enter this same story ten minutes later.

"Say, didja hear about Silbert and Mose Mootsa over at the Perfect Pictures? Well, lemme give you the low-down. Silbert had bin tryin' to get more jack. an' he thought he was pretty good, but old Mose was thinkin' the other way—and let him go—just like that. Gave him the bounce, positively!"

* * *

Enter the same story thirty minutes later.

"Listen, dearie, I just heard about Silbert Larrymore over at Perfect. Old Mose, the louse, won't pay for his mustache wax and what do you think. Silbert busts right in the highly polished den of that cheap skate—I should know, dearier, he tried to paw me—and tells old funny-face that his pitchers ain't so forty and that unless he gets a \$1000 week raise pronto he's gonna quit. Well, cold pan just looks in his bank book and chokes. So Silbert gives him the fingers at the nostrils and walks out. Can you beat that for nerve?"

* * *

Enter the same story an hour and a half later.

"Vell, Sam, it vas terrible, honest to hot carbons. Never did I see such a battle. Not since they took 'What Price the Big Parade.' Never did I snicker that Mose was such a scrapper. Vell, honest to Kleig lights, I ain't seen such a mess-up since Sarah got me with a blonde. Mose just went right up to this hair-oil king Silbert and twinkled his nose and then he said: 'Bum actor what you think you aren't. Don't get so fresh with a he-man business man. I'm tellin' you, have you got manners, or am I?' Vell, Sam, it was more than terrific. You gotto treat actors that way to make 'em understand the pitcher business, ain't it?"

* * *

Enter the same story four hours later.

"Hello, publicity director. This is a reporter on the Daily Scream News. I just heard that your big star, Silbert Larrymore, basted Mose Mootsa in the nose with a gin bottle when they was having a jazz party in the private office with a couple of baby stars. Aw, don't give me that line. I got this straight from one of the dames what was there when the whole thing happened. Now, open up, or will I have to print the story and worry about denials afterwards? Come on, didn't I fix it with the movie editor to give you plenty of publicity last week? Didn't I get the city editor to run a couple of your lousy news photos? Come on, give in and let me have the real low-down. How did Silbert get his black eye? Why did Mose hurry off to Palm Springs to read a story—if nothin' happened? All right, stick to your story, kid; I'll stick to mine!"

* * *

Enter the same story a week later.

"Funny thing, I was just reading a notice which says that Silbert Larrymore had signed with the Celluloid Film Company to be starred, and Mose Mootsa says he thinks he made a mistake in not signing Larrymore up for another long term.
(Curtain.)

Bob Steele Completes Another Western

Bob Steele, F. B. O. star, has just finished "The Man in the Rough," with a cast including Marjorie King, Tom Lingham, William Norton Bailey, Jay Morley and others.

The outdoor shots were made in the beautiful San Bernardino mountains and Director Wallace Fox says he thinks the location is one of the best around Hollywood.

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*Other nights will come to me
Other nights of bright romance
Shining as a sun drenched sea
Filled with little quips of chance.*

*Other nights will find themselves
Other moons will light my way
To the hill-top where the elves
Guard the road to yesterday.*

*Other nights may bring new things
Other dusks may bring another
Still your heart throbs beat like
wings
Fanning flame I sought to smother.*

RALPH ALLISON WOLFE.

(Note.—We make no claims to erudition, particularly when it comes to judging poetry, but these few lines come as near to our idea of poetry as anything we have read lately. Ralph Allison Wolfe is a well known artist and cartoonist who has recently come to Hollywood and this is the first bit of poetry he has published. We hope to be able to print more of these little gems in the future.)



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Cal Essey

6364 Santa Monica Boulevard
GRanite 9124Bert Roach and Stanley Laurel
———Watch Them

Roach and Laurel are under contract to Hal
Roach—

And

Hal Roach is Mrs. Roach's oldest and smartest
boy—

And

Hal Roach knows good bets in motion picture
talent—

And

Hal Roach has decided to "team" Laurel and
Roach—

And

Hal Roach knows that they are "sure fire" and
Hal Roach knows that they will add greatly to
the bank roll—

And

Hal Roach can then afford a few more polo
ponies—I believe the poor boy has to struggle along
now with about twenty-nine, which is hardly enough
—and another yacht—he has only one now, and that's
liable to burn up any day—and, oh!—a few of the
necessities—five or six more autos, a new drum and
an assortment of those hand-painted cocoanut shells
which good drummers use.

But watch Stan Laurel and Bert Roach—they're
going to make you howl with laughter—both are art-
ists—gems—that laid idle and dusty—and along
comes Hal—and one puff—and they're all bright and
shiny and ready to go.

Bert Roach and Stan Laurel—watch them.

Kirk—A Great Fellow

One of the real fellows of Hollywood is my old
friend and buddy, A. M. (Kirk) Kirkland, of the
DeMille lot. Kirk first saw the light of day on a
ranch in Arizona, but he has been kicking around
the studios of Hollywood for sixteen years, and any-
body who doesn't know Kirk can scarcely lay claim
to knowing Hollywood. Although he has been climb-
ing over beams and crawling through the flies of
many of the studios for years, there are mighty few
of his friends that realize that he has labored under
what would be to most people, an insurmountable
handicap.

When he was a little fellow he tried to dispute
the right of way with a locomotive and came off
second best, with the loss of a foot, but one has to
know Kirk mighty well before it can be noticed. He
almost passed the army inspection when he tried to
enlist to "do his bit" during the war, but they finally
got onto him and threw him out.

Many times they have tried to make an assistant
director out of Kirk, but as his salary rates about
twice that of a novice director, he says he will continue
to struggle along with a hammer and a saw. However,
I haven't a doubt that as usual when some new
"expert" arrives on the scene he will soon learn that
his one unfailing source of information and advice
is our old pal Kirk.

Last, but not least, I want to say a word about
Kirk's family. If some of the carping critics of
Hollywood morals and lack of home life could look
into his little home they might alter their opinions.
Kirk has a wife, two wonderful kids and a great little
Pom Spitz called Pal and altogether they make a
great family.

Peter Is Worried

Peter the Hermit, who
treads the streets barefooted
says he may be misinformed
but it looks to him as though
some of those millions of dol-
lars' worth of jewels lost by
the movie stars, according to
their press agents, have
really been buried in Holly-
wood boulevard. He says
they are digging up the
boulevard in so many places
that nothing else would ac-
count for it and if he stubs
his toe again he is going to
sue the city.

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Corinne Griffith, one of the most beautiful women in motion pictures, was born in Texarkana, Texas., of non-theatrical parents and received her early education in the public schools of Texarkana, but was later sent by her parents to a finishing school in New Orleans.

Her choice of a screen career was really more or less accidental. She didn't grow up with any idea of going into motion pictures, as so many actresses have done; in fact, she had no desire for a public career. She always loved the theater and always had a strong interest in the silent drama, but it was an impersonal sort of feeling.

Music was to have been Miss Griffith's means of self-expression. She was to have studied in New York and Boston under the best teachers and then take several years abroad to complete her career, but before any of these roseate dreams of travel and music in the capitals of the old world world could come true her father suffered severe business reverses and the family resources collapsed. Suddenly, and without much warning, it was not only necessary to abandon her ideas but to get out and assist in earning a living.

Like many girls, Miss Griffith was without any particular training for battling the world. She had not progressed far enough with her music to make it provide for her, and she knew nothing else that seemed to offer a means of earning a livelihood. She had relatives in California and, following Horace Greeley's advice to youth, came to Los Angeles. The West was kind to Corinne Griffith, for she had been on the coast but a short time when an accident, trivial in itself, blazed a way just when she needed it most.

"I was with some friends one evening," said Miss Griffiths, "and it was suggested that we take in a dance. Santa Monica offered the most romantic spot for an evening's entertainment, and during a marvelous waltz that my escort and I were enjoying I suddenly became aware that something unusual was going on. Had I known that a Brunette Beauty Contest was in progress I would perhaps have walked off the floor, but as we danced around the spacious crowded floor near one of the orchestras a gentleman came over and asked us to join a small group of dancers that had been selected by a process of elimination. To make a long story short, much to my surprise and amazement, my partner and I won the first prize. Among the judges was Rollin Sturgeon, then a director for Vitagraph, and after quite a conversation he offered me a small part in one of his productions. Needless to say, I accepted.

"I played one or two small parts with Vitagraph and then appeared in two with Earle Williams and one with Harry Morey. They cast me in wild 'vamp' roles at first, which I consider an excellent training, as I have since appreciated; for, without previous stage experience, it would have taken much longer for me to get over my stiffness and awkwardness before the camera. But these 'vamp' roles proved just the right thing to loosen me up and make me forget myself.

"I remember in one of them that I wore my first long train—with a mingled feeling of pride and worry. It looked very decorative, but also very dangerous, and I was in con-

tinual fear at first lest I trip on it and embellish some highly dramatic scene with an inglorious fall that most certainly would have changed the picture tempo from drama to burlesque."

After playing three or four supporting parts in Vitagraph productions during her debut year of 1918, Miss Griffith was then starred in "What's Your Reputation Worth," and followed that with "Divorce Coupons" for the same concern. She tells me that she remained with Vitagraph for five years and then was signed by Samuel Goldwyn to star in Elinor Glyn's story, "Six Days." Next, she made the screen version of the Robert W. Chambers novel, "The Common Law," for Selznick Pictures.

First National Pictures claimed her for the next three years and under that banner she made some of her most famous successes. A long list of triumphs there includes such productions as "Black Oxen," which definitely established this clever and versatile actress as an exceptional artist in make-up as well as an emotional actress of the first water. Box office successes as well as artistic triumphs like "Single Wives," "Love's Wilderness," "Declassé," "Classified," "The Marriage Whirl" and "Mademoiselle Modiste" raised Miss Griffith to the very pinnacle of success.

Her most recent pictures since she left First National to produce for herself, under the banner of a United Artist release, were "Into Her Kingdom," "Syncopating Sue," "The Lady in Ermine" and "Three Hours," and have been more than convincing.

Like many others of her contemporaries, Miss Griffith is a sort of part-time Californian. In recent years, the star has divided her time between Los Angeles and New York City, but now she has settled down in Beverly Hills, where she has one of the most pretentious and modern homes in the city of the elite.

Though there is something almost exotic about her beauty, the actress is far from being a hot-house type. She is deeply interested in yachting and, following the death of Thomas Ince, she purchased from his estate his eighty-foot schooner, renaming it "The Wanderlust." As much time as she can spare from her production plans and work at the studio, Miss Griffith cruises along the coast of Southern California. She is an ardent golf fan (can play a corking game at that) and a horsewoman of no mean ability. Her kennels contain some fine pedigreed specimens.

Miss Griffith reflects in her personality a love of the beautiful that has been impressed upon her screen work and has made of her one of the most popular stars of the day.

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Ramon Romeo Goes With Paramount-Lasky

For a beginner who has been in Hollywood less than a year and a half Ramon Romeo, energetic bundle of enthusiasm, has done pretty well for himself. Starting as a press representative for Charles Ray, Michael Curtis, Edna Murphy, Ivan Moskine and other well known cinema celebrities, he soon branched out into scenario writing—and in less than a year has already written original stories and adaptations for three of the biggest companies in the industry—De Mille, Universal and Paramount-Lasky.

Discovered by Jeanie MacPhearson on the DeMille lot, he was given a contract by DeMille to write "The Crimson Nation," a colorful story of the Seminole Indians in the Florida Everglades, near Palm Beach.

From DeMille's he went to Universal to assist Edward Montayne and Irvin Willat on the adaptation of "The Big Gun," super special, and also wrote an original here, entitled "Keep On Dancing."

Now he has been signed by B. P. Fineman of Paramount-Lasky to write a series of original stories that may form an important part of next season's program. He was signed to this contract after one day of negotiations. B. P. Fineman is known as one of the shrewdest business men in Hollywood and the fact that he signed young Romeo on such short notice speaks well of his original ability. A few years should find him handling a megaphone and decorating Hollywood boulevard with a Rolls-Royce—if he keeps his head and listens to Papa. He has yet to learn to say "Yes" and mean it!

Ramon Romeo has accomplished in one year what it takes some people ten years to do in this here Hollywood.



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YARD FROM PORCH

One Hundred Years Of The Cinema

By ALFREDO VERRICO

It's a century! This 1927 marks the closing of the first centennial cycle of the cinematic era. The discovery of the "Magic Disc" prompted Mr. Platteau in the first step of its development and materialized in what was known as the "Zoothropos."



ALFREDO VERRICO

This toy may indeed be recognized and accepted as the herald and forefather of the Cinema.

In 1885, Reynaudi first succeeded, with his "Prinoscope" in shooting some drawing upon the screen causing Marey to essay a further exploitation, consisting in the substitution of photographic images. Still, the photography of the "movement" was yet roaming in the chaos of the unthinkable and it was hardly to be designated "moving pictures" until Edison gave us his invention in 1895.

However, twenty-five years ago the cinema was still a toy. A wonderful toy, which caused our infantile eyes to open widely, gazing as if we were seeing a supernatural phenomenon when the forerunners of the present great organizations showed the first films at the provincial Fairs.

True enough, the first cinema-hall was opened to the public in Vienna, in the year 1897, but it only lasted for a few months and then, after several years, there began to be a slight demand for such entertainment.

In our present days the cinema is a universal and formidable instrument of mutual intercourse since it has proved to be a language accessible to all humans regardless of their idiom and culture. Civilization neither knew in the past nor shall know in the future a better and more immediate means of suggestion and efficiency. Poetry, music, eloquence, books, newspapers all of them find a limitation of their power in their own and sole means of expression and diffusion. While the image inspired and exalted by the suggestive influence of the cinema, reaches every heart, brain and soul throughout all human senses, by the greatest gift the Creator ever granted to His creatures—the eyesight.

Furthermore, since the cinema was rescued from the laboratory of mere scientific research and ceased to be considered solely as a toy for the pleasure of children, it has become one of the most powerful industries in the world, in which fabulous capital is invested. It has its own cities and an enormous army of employees; it absorbs multifarious and complex artistic activities; has its own literature, banks exchanges and laws. It has its history, glorious and nefarious, and even its own war trophies. In fact during the world conflagration, the cinema as a means of propaganda proved to be a powerful weapon, both of offense and defense.

Briefly, the cinema is Art in the most wide and wonderful meaning of the word. It is painting, sculpture and architecture, poetry and dream, romance and novel; comedy and drama. It is mechanic, astroscopic, physical and chemical science.

Several days ago in conversing with Guido Trento a distinguished Italian actor, at present playing the heavy role in "Lady Christilinda," we were particularly struck with his remarks which we thought were a bit unusual.

"The cinema," said Mr. Trento, "has got us accustomed to all prodigies. Nothing seems impossible for it. There is no obstacle which could in the end resist its gigantic power. It ignores and dares all technical difficulties and forces its way forwards through every line of progress. Upon a tiny film it has superbly conveyed the eagle's above the clouds as well as the life of the bottomless sea. It has rebuilt civilization, stormed the inaccessible pinnacle of the mountain, conquered the mysterious abysses and carried off the secrets of the frightful jungle. The cinema has made visible the infinitely small and synthesized the infinitely large; has decomposed the movement, in its fundamental elements; has become a newspaper, a document, a witness and often a harbinger. Moreover, the cinema has assaulted the dramatic and lyric theater and may succeed in making it one of its most conspicuous victims."

The cinema indeed, alike all conquerors, could neither affirm itself nor win and spread over all boundaries without causing some victims. In fact, in the same way the newspapers and magazines have wound

(Continued on page 19)

FRANKIE DARROW

Child of the Tents and Rings

Born in the romantic glamor of the "big tops," where self-reliance and sacrifice are easily learned in the bitter school of necessity, Frankie Darro, soon after he learned to walk began the rigorous and versatile course of training which within a few years brought him to the fore as one of the leading child stars of the screen. . . .

Frankie first saw the light of day as it filtered through the flapping canvas of the Sells-Floto circus tents. At this time, his mother and father, both from families of note in the amusement world, were with this show as acrobats, doing an act under the stage name of "Seigrist and Darro." Consequently, Frankie was taken completely into the life of the circus as a baby and was immediately adopted as the special protegee of every performer and water boy in the big show. . . .

Nothing was too good for Frankie in the minds of the circus people, who doted upon the youngest addition to their community. Every troupier with his colleagues in training the child in the secrets of his profession. Of course, his training as an acrobat was a natural occurrence and began under the tutelage of his parents. Frankie, at two, was flying about the rings and bars and doing back flips and other turns with the agility of an old timer. At three, he was appearing with his parents when they switched to vaudeville. . . .

But the early education of the child was not limited to acrobatic work. From the clowns of the circus he learned comedy and tragedy, too, for as every one knows, the life of the clown who exists through his funny antics and ribald actions, is one of the most tragic in the world. The animal trainers taught him to know their beasts and love them. The ponies, horses and dogs were his comrades and he had one little monkey as an especial pet. . . .

When this young protegee of the flapping canvas and the flaring posters was four years old, he came to Los Angeles with his father and mother, who were doing their act on Orpheum "time." Mrs. Darro, whose family has been prominent in international theatrical circles for four generations, suffered a nervous breakdown, and physicians advised her husband that she must rest in California for at least a year. To give up this stage work was a blow, both from the financial standpoint and because Darro had been born and raised in the theater. But here little Frankie stepped into the breach and proved the man he was.

His training in the circus, combined with his natural

Thespian talent, admirably suited Frankie for motion pictures, and his father realized this, while at the same time he knew that the road to screen fame was no bed of roses. But Frankie, with the aid of his father's knowledge of things theatrical, soon came to the notice of film executives and was booked to appear in "Judgment of the Storm" for the Ince studios.

All he needed was an opportunity to prove his worth, for with his heritage and early environment behind him, Frankie could not help but be an actor, even at the age of four years. The stage was in his blood and had fostered him since birth. Already he was an old troupier. Such phenomenal success attended his appearance in the Ince picture that he was immediately signed for a featured role in Metro's "Half a Dollar Bill." Then followed a long list of pictures with most of screenland's celebrated stars, and in two years he was called to F. B. O. to make a great hit as one of Tom Tyler's "Pals." When he was cast for this part, Frankie knew little or nothing about riding horseback, but a few weeks of intensive training was all he needed. His skill on the flying rings of the circus

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Whims of Movie Stars Made Public at Last

At last the truth about motion picture stars has been revealed through the novel expedient of a youthful feminine interviewer, and the real heart desires of some of the prominent players have been laid bare.

The girlish inquisitor, whose name does not need to be mentioned, became tired of reading what the press agents said about their stars and determined to find out for herself. So she traipsed out to Universal City with a gold edged Bible under one arm and a notebook under the other.

The first person she encountered was the blonde Laura La Plante. "Miss La Plante," said the young girl, "what is your greatest heart's desire, the thing that you wouldn't want the public to know for anything? Now, mind you, after you tell me I am going to make you swear it is true on this Bible. No press agent stories for me."

"Well, if you must know," said Laura, "My most secret wish is to be able to wear my hair with a little curl in the middle of my forehead."

"Thanks," said the interviewer. "That's what I wanted to know," and she walked away.

The next star she encountered was beaming Jean Hersholt. With the same preliminaries for him, the girl popped the question: "What is your greatest heart's desire?"

Jean thought for a moment. Then the words of wisdom were uttered. "My secret hope is to be able some day to throw a drum stick in the air and catch it again like the boys do in the jazz orchestras." That concluded the interview with Hersholt.

The next victim of the feminine Diogenes was Norman Kerry. The handsome star hesitated a long while before he said: "At last I've found some one that I think I can confide in. If you must know, my burning desire is that some day I will be able to get down on one knee and play marbles with the kids on the street."

In rapid order, the curious girl found that innocent-looking Barbara Kent would like to be a lady automobile mechanic. Glenna Tryon wants to own and operate a chicken ranch. beautiful Barbara Worth craves to walk down Hollywood Boulevard in her bare feet, and the rough George Siegman yearns to throw an egg into an electric fan.

"There's one more," said the girl after completing her devastating course with the above stars. She approached Rex, the King of Wild Horses and whispered the question in his ear.

The intelligent equine gazed at her a moment and then stalked haughtily away.

Why should a horse with the most "It" in Hollywood tell all he knows?

Frankie Darrow

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stood him in good stead and enabled him in a surprisingly short time to become one of the finest trick riders for his age in the west. And his familiarity with animals gained in the years under the big tops contributed much toward making his work with the other "pals," the dog "Beans" and the trained pony, "Midget," a great success. . . .

After a dozen or more westerns with Tyler, Frankie was called upon to play a part for F. B. O. which called forth all his dramatic possibilities. This was a featured role in "Judgment of the Hills," with Virginia Valli. Frankie brought into play the entire resources of his able little self in this epic film of the Kentucky Hills and scored such a triumph that the officials of the studio could in justice to themselves do nothing but sign him on a starring contract. His first starring vehicle, "Little Mickey Grogan," has just recently been completed under the direction of Leo Meehan.

And thus we come to date with the history of the little child of the circus, who was trained in the lore of the rings, raised in the atmosphere of the theater, and in a moment of stress manfully shouldered the responsibility of aiding to keep the family budget straight by bringing to bear the talents which were the result of both his heredity and environment.

One Hundred Years of the Cinema

(Continued from Page 18)

ed the book, the cinema with the audacity of its youth and with its powerful means was bound to be an insidious menace to the theater.

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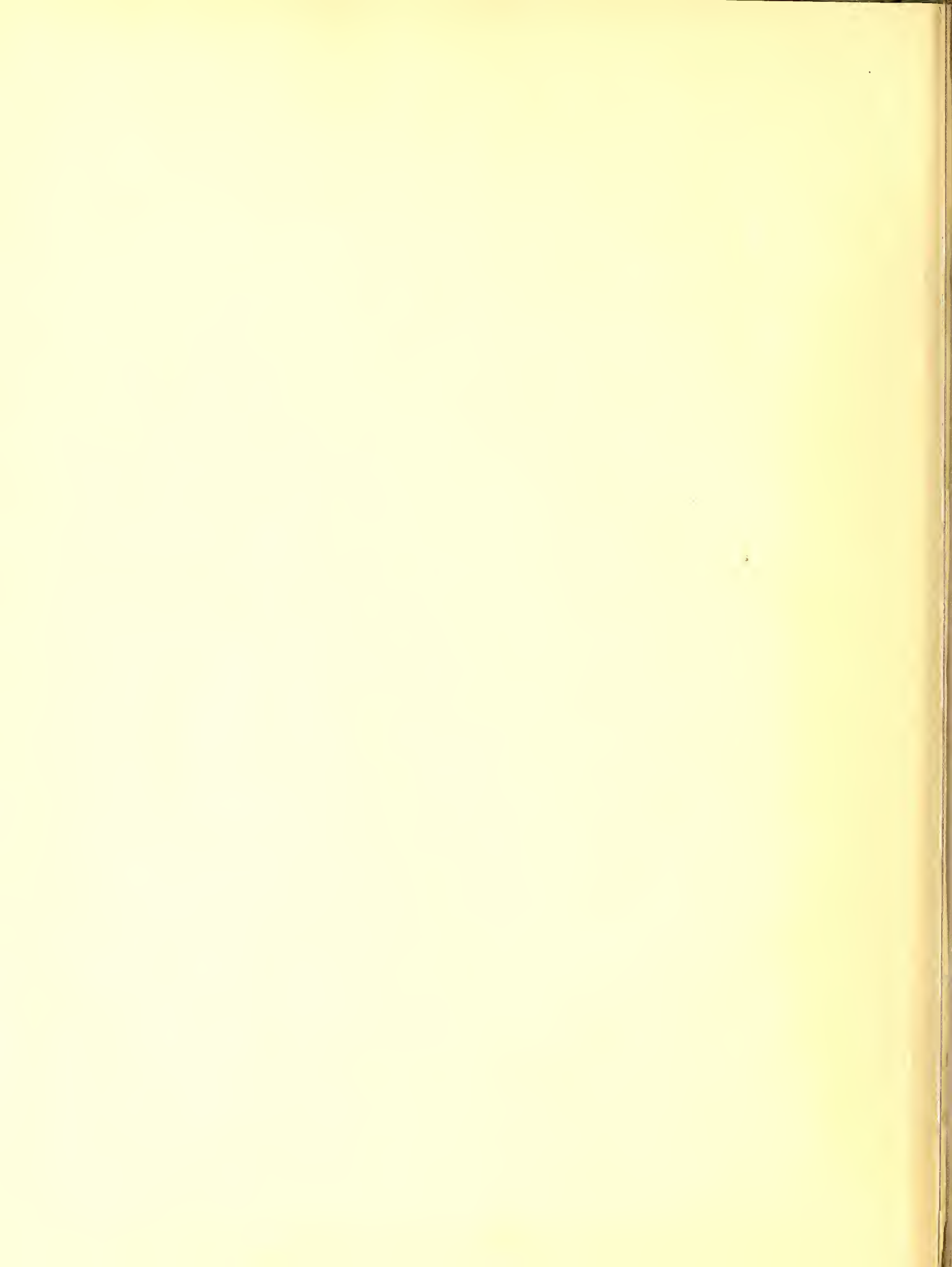
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